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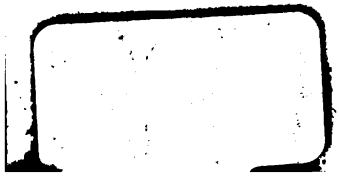

FRANCE,

SOCIAL, LITERARY, POLITICAL.

BY

HENRY LYTTON BULWER, ESQ. M.P.

Nature and truth are the same every where, and reason shows them every where alike. But the accidents and other causes, which give rise and growth to opinions both in speculation and practice, are of infinite variety.—*Bolingbroke on the true Use of Retirement and Study.*

Revere conditores Deos, numina Deorum. Reverere gloriam veterem, et hanc ipsam senectutem quæ in homine venerabilis, in urbibus sacra est. Sit apud te honor antiquitati, sit ingentibus facti, sit fabulis quoque, nihil ex cujusquam dignitate, nihil ex libertate, nihil etiam ex jactatione decerpseris.—*Plinius Maximo Suo S.*

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DEDICATION

TO

B. G. KING, ESQ.

My dear King,

We have so few opportunities afforded us of testifying esteem, that I feel inexpressible gratification in thus being able to present you with this very unworthy token of the sentiments with which a long acquaintance has inspired me. Nor is this all:—the present dedication is not only an ordinary tribute paid to friendship—it is a tribute paid to a friend whom I esteem as much for his public principle as his private worth. And, indeed, it is no small consolation, in thus entering upon a new career, to feel that whatever may be my fate as an author—there must still remain to me the pleasure and the honour with which I shall ever look back to the temporary connexion of my name with yours.—This is not said, my dear King, in the formal and customary spirit of dedicatory addresses, but with the deepest and sincerest sentiments of regard and affection.

Yours most truly,

HENRY LYTTON BULWER.

Hill Street, September 3, 1834.

ГЛАВНАЯ
БИБЛИОТЕКА
МЕДИЦИНЫ

INTRODUCTION.

It is now very nearly four years ago,—at that memorable time when the great Bourbon dynasty went once more into exile—that I first contemplated a work on France. Not altogether a work such as many which have appeared, skimming lightly over the surface of things, and pretending merely to be the result of a six weeks' residence at Paris—but a work which, in describing the present, would connect it with the past—which, in speaking of what is daily and accidental, would separate it from what ages have sanctioned, and distant ages are likely to see;—a work, which in showing the effect which time, and laws, and accident produce upon the character of a people, would also show the manner in which the character of a people traverses times, enters into laws, dominates over accident. I thought such a work might be useful in England: because it might at once teach us where we *could* or *could not* imitate our neighbours; and at the same time convince us that a wise imitation does not consist in copying the laws or the customs of another nation, but in adapting those laws and customs that we wish to imitate to our own dispositions.

I thought such a work might be useful; I thought too such a work might be interesting; and that in order to make it useful and interesting, it would be necessary to make it amusing. The English writer of the present century is placed in many respects in the same situation as the French writer of the last. I do not say that he has the same instruction to give, but he has in the same manner to render instruction popular: and this I trust will be my excuse for having sometimes adopted a lighter tone, and introduced lighter matter into the following volumes than the gravity and importance of their subject might seem to require.

Thus, it is some time since I first conceived the project of this work—but I had not long proceeded to collect materials for my undertaking before I abandoned the pursuit. Carried

along in the active rush of passing events—called upon to consider, and to take a humble part in, advancing a great revolution, far greater than many of its originators supposed—a revolution therefore before which it was wise to pause ere you began it—as it is wise to complete it now that it is commenced—a member of two reforming parliaments, and one reformed parliament—obliged to give eight or nine hours at the very least to daily attendance in the House of Commons—where the public affairs of the week, like the fabled islands of the Mediterranean, for ever flit before you, and for ever vanish at your approach—I soon resigned an idea* which I had only imperfectly formed, or rather reserved it for some moment of golden leisure—such as we never cease to hope will one day arrive to us. In a visit, however, that I paid to Paris last year, I recurred to a design so long meditated, and pursued with some diligence my former researches. As far as the materials with which those researches furnished me are concerned, I feel almost convinced that I obtained what in the hands of most writers must have imparted entertainment and information—but no one can be more sensible than I am, that I have not profited as I ought to have done by this advantage. The greater part of these pages was written during the heat and fever of a London existence; many of them, begun before the ordinary pursuits of the day were commenced, have been finished on returning home, after a late parliamentary division; and thus, independently of those faults into which my inability would have involuntarily led me, there are others for which I am deeply sensible that I have to request the consideration of the reader, and the indulgence of the critic.

It is also true that I have been not able to comprize within the compass of two volumes all that I have written. I have here shown something of the character, something of the habits, something of the history—of the state of parties, of the predominant influences, and the literature of France—but many great questions which relate to the government and industry of the

* There was also, let me add, another difficulty thrown in my way by the late publication ("England and the English") of a near and dear relation, in whose literary success no one more deeply sympathizes than myself. For as the nature of our several works in some degree assimilated, so where I differed from him I might appear—to censure, and where I agreed with him—to imitate. This feeling damped at first my inclination to an enterprise, which afterwards his own kind wishes and my secret predilections induced me to hazard; with the hope, indeed, that I might steer through the obstacles I have referred to, as well as those even still greater, which I had also to encounter.

country—to the state of the daily press, to the state of property (now only glanced at)—much that must govern the foreign and domestic prospects of the French, I have been obliged to defer to the volumes by which those I am now publishing will be succeeded. Still, I venture to hope that the curious and good-natured reader will find even in the following pages sufficient to repay him.

I have endeavoured to paint France—France as France is—not only France serious, but France gay. I have endeavoured to paint France in her studies, in her crimes, in her pleasures; whether the latter might be found in the guinguette and the ball-room, or the former might be tracked from the ball-room to the prison. In political as in domestic life, happiness depends as well on little things as on great things. And so saith the Scripture most sublimely of the wisest of men—"his heart was as the sands of the sea;" "one of the largest bodies," observes Bacon, "consisting of the smallest proportions."

In passing from one subject to another, I have written with a feeling which I have long entertained, viz., that ideas are most naturally introduced into the minds of others, in the form and order in which they most naturally introduce themselves into our own minds;—in endeavouring to cut and to square, and to press and to clip, our thoughts into exact forms and proportions, we most frequently injure every part of a work on the false idea of improving the whole, and make our book on the plan which presided over that royal palace, where all the pictures of Italy were systematically mutilated to the form and size of an apartment.

The plan I have adopted, then, is not without its method; but, however in some respects I might deem it desirable, I have not attempted to throw the colouring of one particular idea over the whole of my work, or to connect every effect that I have observed with one particular cause. Indeed I confess, for my own part, that when I pursue speculations of this kind, I advance on my way with considerable hesitation and doubt. I confess that I am one of those who believe there to be so many chains, visible and invisible, in the connexion of human affairs—so much mystery and intricacy in the government of human actions—that oftentimes I hesitate involuntarily even at the moments when I feel most inclined to be presumptuous.

The plague breaks out at Florence; all the pious virgins, the religious matrons, and even the sacred sisters devoted to seclu-

sion and God, give themselves up, in a species of voluptuous delirium, to the wildest excesses of prostitution and debauch. The same pestilence visits Aix, and the oldest courtezans of the place rush in a pious frenzy to the hospitals, and devote themselves to the certain death which seizes those who attend upon the sick. Yet a religious education does not lead necessarily to debauch—nor are brothels the best seminaries of charity and christian zeal.

What happened once may never happen again. Yet that which forms no ground for a theory, is often interesting as a fact.

I will now allude to one difficulty I have laboured under in this work—a difficulty which I particularly feel, and which if I had been writing of England I should have been spared. In speaking of our own country, we speak in a spirit which induces us to believe that we may take any liberty we think proper with our friends. We are at home, and we have the privilege of relationship. But it is different in a foreign land. Received as a stranger, but received with kindness and hospitality—the seal of courtesy is placed upon our lips, and we ought to shrink with disgust from being, or seeming, guilty of ingratitude. If then I could suspect myself of any of that national hostility which might induce me to find unnecessary fault with my hosts—if I disliked the French because they wear wooden shoes, or if I despised them because they do not live upon roast beef and plumb-pudding—if I felt that kind of antipathy or rather jealousy towards them which I have remarked among some of my countrymen—if I thought all their women had the features of Calmucks, and all their men the principles of Count Fathom—if I deemed the New Road infinitely superior to the Boulevards, and the Louvre a hovel by the side of St. James's palace,—if I believed all this, and even believed it conscientiously, I should hesitate long, after the kindness I have experienced, before I stated my opinions. But France to me is a country in which repose many of my affections. I visited it young—its scenes and its people are connected with some of my earliest, and therefore with some of my dearest, recollections. I never touch its soil, but the green memory of fresher and happier times rises up around me. Some of those whom I have most valued—some of those whom I have most loved, link me with the land of which I write, and infuse into my thoughts a colour which is assuredly not the hue of jealousy or aversion. I ask myself, then,

whether the opinions of a friend, even if they are delivered with impartiality—of a friend, who, seeing with foreign eyes, gazes as it were through a magnifying glass, on all around him, and discerns at once both beauties and blemishes which are imperceptible to persons, who, under the influence of long habit and custom, regard without observing—I ask myself whether the opinions of such a friend, even if they do not always contain praise, ought to be considered as any derogation from that amity which he is bound to feel, and very distant from forswearing. It is told of Hercules (a great reverer of the gods), that when he saw the statue of Adonis in the temple of Venus, he exclaimed with indignation "nil sacri es." And so surely there are objects which a traveller may venture to criticize, even when he finds them in a nation which he is most inclined and bound to respect.

But enough of this—the preceding pages have been written too much for the sake of the author—the few introductory remarks I have to add will concern the reader only—and I imagine that he may like to have submitted to him a rough sketch of the form, and a brief summary of the materials of the country to which he is about to be introduced.

A SHORT ANALYSIS OF FRANCE.

The extent of France from north to south, from Dunkirk to Perpignan, is 575 French miles: its breadth from east to west, from Strasbourg to Brest, is 499 French miles; its total superficies about 53,000,000 hectares;* its population in 1833, 32,560,934 inhabitants.† This population is divided between the towns and the country in the following manner:—

* An hectare is equal to two acres, one rood, thirty-five two-fifths perches English measure.

† In France the population increases every sixteen years by one-tenth. The proportion of male to female births is as sixteen to fifteen, and not as twenty-two to twenty-one—a proportion anciently established. The average of life calculated fifty years ago at twenty-eight years, is now calculated at thirty-five.

35,384 little communes contain	23,725,809 inhab.
1,620 towns, from 1,500 to 50,000 inh. contain .	7,209,855
8 great cities, varying from 59,000 inh. to near 800,000*	1,625,270

so that 23,725,809 may be considered the agricultural population, and 8,835,125 the population devoted to other pursuits—a result entirely different from that which the population of Great Britain gives us.†

The division of France, according to law, is into 86 departments, 363 arrondissements, 2,835 cantons, 37,012 communes.

The division which nature seems to have established is of a different description: for Nature seems to have divided France into four great plains, round which are grouped other parts less important, and which amalgamate less with the general character of the kingdom. Each of these plains or platforms is confined, as it were, by a net of streams, rivulets, and rivers, which intersecting it in every direction, keep it at once in communication with itself, and separate from the adjoining districts.

For the south you have the Saône and the Rhône, which meet at Lyons, and fall into the Mediterranean, between Marseilles and Montpellier, after having received into their bed all the rivers and rivulets which flow through this division.

For the north you have the Seine, communicating between Paris and Rouen.

For the east the Loire, with its various tributary streams falling into the sea beneath Nantes.

And, lastly, you have the Gironde, forming the other great division, which has always had its peculiar characteristics.

Round these four great fluvial divisions are, to the south—the little basins of the Hérault, and the Aude. To the west—the Landes, so.

* Paris.	774,338	
Lyons.	292,370	
Marseilles.	145,115	1,625,270
Bordeaux.	104,467	7,209,855
Rouen.	88,076	23,725,809
Nantes.	87,198	32,560,934
Lille.	69,073	
Toulouse.	59,639	

† In England, as appears by the census of 1821.

1,350,239	families engaged in trade and manufacture.
978,656	in agriculture.
612,488	other objects.
2,941,383	families.
46 per cent.	in trade.
33	in agricultural.
21	other pursuits.

different from the rest of France, the country watered by the Charente, La Vendée, and that ancient Britanny, with its old manners, its peculiar language, and peculiar history. To the north—Normandy and the basin of the Orne. And to the north-east—that region bordering on the Rhine, only half French, where three millions of men still talk German and Flemish—that region of which France covets the entire possession, and over which Germany will not permit the progress of France—that region which must be attacked and defended in the next war that breaks out in Europe.

Here then is France as divided by pursuits, as divided by law, as divided by nature. Another division exists in cultivation; and the 53,000,000 hectares which constitute her surface, are thus distributed:

	Hectares.	
Land in ordinary agricultural cultivation.	22,818,000	
In vines.	2,000,000	
In fruit gardens, vegetable gardens, olives, chestnuts, hops, &c.	2,500,000	
		27,318,000
Parks and shrubberies.		39,000
Forests.		6,522,000
Meadows and pasturage.		7,013,000
Buildings.	213,000	
Mines, stone pits, and turf pits.	35,000	
Canals.	900,000	
Roads, rivers, mountains, and rocks.	6,755,000	
		7,903,000
Uncultivated.		4,240,000
		53,035,000

Thus out of the 53,000,000 of hectares capable of cultivation in France,

There are under the plough or spade. . 27,318,000

France being the only country in the world, perhaps, where ten-elevenths of the land fit to be cultivated is actually under cultivation. But at the same time there are few countries where upwards of 22,000,000 of cultivated hectares (54,000,000 English acres) are hardly sufficient to supply food to 32,000,000 of inhabitants.* These two facts are conected together by another, for which France is more especially remarkable, viz. the allotment of her soil.

There are in France about 10,200,000 of distinct properties charged to the land tax. This tax is about the sixth of the revenue from the land. Of these 10,000,000 properties there are not much above 34,000,

* See imports.

as will be seen by the annexed table, that pay upwards of 300 frs. *i. e.* that yield an income of 1,800 frs.—little more than £70.

Number of properties paying from

300 frs.	to 400 frs.	.	34,594
400	500	. 17,028	
500	600	. 9,997	
600	700	. 6,379	
700	800	. 4,254	
800	900	. 3,044	
			40,702
900	1,000	.	2,495
1,000	1,500	. 8,684	
1,500	2,000	. 3,313	
2,000	3,000	. 832	
3,000	4,000	. 861	
4,000	5,000	. 939	
			14,579 *

Properties, however distinct in their taxation, may belong to the same proprietor. M. Dupin, taking this union of properties into consideration, reckons 5,000,000 of landed proprietors; and from the best sources from which I can derive information, there would be 1,400 or 1,500 persons paying from 4,000 to 5,000 francs, *i. e.* receiving a landed income of from 24,000 to 30,000 francs a year, instead of 939, which is the number of distinct properties paying that sum, or yielding that income, in the separate departements. †

This division of land produces two remarkable effects on the government, which it will be sufficient here merely to point out.

In the first place, property being distributed in such small portions in the country, twelve-fifteenths of the electors are from the towns, though three-fourths of the population are, as I have said, from the country.

Secondly, The want of any wealthy class in the nation invests in the state much of the power, and much of the business, which in more aristocratical countries would be performed by individuals. The demand, then, which the landed nobility make for a lower suffrage, is a demand natural to their situation, interests, and position, while the force and centralization of the French government is the consequence of that with which it is sometimes considered inconsistent, viz. the equality that exists among the French people.

There are upwards of 32,000,000 of people, then, in France—distributed between the towns and the country. In the country there are 10,200,000 landed properties paying the land tax, and 5,000,000 at least landed proprietors. In the towns there are 1,118,500 persons exercising trade and paying for a patent. § Add these 5,000,000 of

* Taken from the returns of the different préfets.

† The proprietors of forest lands are not included in this calculation.

§ A license to exercise a trade.

landed proprietors, and these 1,118,500 persons exercising trade by patent together—and you have a total of 6,118,500.

Suppose there to be four persons to the family of each of these proprietors, and tradespeople, or merchants—*i. e.* patentees—and you have 24,474,000 families possessing property in land or in trade. To this number again add the persons possessing property on mortgage, or in the funds,* and who do not come under either of the above denominations—and amidst this immense mass of proprietors, shopkeepers, fundholders, &c. behold 400,000 soldiers,† 55,000 placemen,‡ and 200,000 electors!

Such is the population of France—its total revenue is estimated at about 8 milliards fr.—§

Agriculture . . .	5 milliards.
Commerce and manufactures . .	3 ditto.
Total,	8 ditto.

Of this there is only 696,282,132 frs. (1832) exported, the principal

* In 1824, the total amount of the interest, at five per cent. on the national debt was 197,014,892 frs. divided as follows—

Holders of stock.	Amount of stock.	Total.
10,000 from	10 to 50 frs. .	310,000 frs.
36,000 .	50 . 99 . .	2,750,000
76,000 .	100 . 1,000 . .	30,600,000
15,000 .	1,000 . 4,999 . .	42,500,000
5,000 .	5,000 . 9,999 . .	27,290,000
10,000 .	10,000 and upwards. .	36,550,000
152,000		140,000,000 frs.

Goldsmith's Statistics of France.

† The standing army in France of 1833 consisted of 406,399 men fit for active service, and 93,509 horses;—thus divided: staff, 2,586 officers; gendarmes, 622 officers, 15,277 subalterns and privates, and 12,260 horses; 89 regiments of infantry, 9,864 officers, 263,077 subalterns and privates; 52 regiments of cavalry, of which 24 are heavy—2,885 officers, 51,043 subalterns and privates, and 45,665 horses; 11 regiments of artillery, 1,190 officers, 32,594 subalterns and privates, and 5,126 horses. Veteran corps, 466 officers, 12,841 subalterns and privates.

The naval force of France afloat in 1833 consisted of 289 vessels of various descriptions; namely, 33 ships of the line, 39 frigates, 17 corvettes, 9 advice boats, 54 brigs, 8 bomb-ships, 6 gun-brigs, 18 galliots and cutters, 36 flotilla-boats, 17 steam-ships, 52 sloops, transports, and yachts.

‡ I have a curious statement of these places now before me.

§ M. C. Dupin. During the empire, France, with its various additions and dependancies, was estimated at a revenue of 7,035,600,000 frs., of which 5,031,000,000 was the product of the soil.

exports being stuffs, and felts, and drinks; and the principal countries exported to being England, the United States, and Switzerland.*

The imports in the same year amounted to 652,872,341 frs. The principal articles imported being skins, other animal matter, and farinaceous aliments; the principal countries imported from, being the United States, Sardinia, and Belgium.

The commercial shipping entering and leaving the ports of France, for the year 1832:—

		Tonnage.
Inward:	83,663 French.	2,873,520
——	5,651 Foreign.	714,638
Outward:	82,134 French.	2,768,307
——	4,634 Foreign.	161,704

The duties levied were—export duty, 1,421,477 frs.; import duty, 133,174,809 frs.

The manufacture most natural to France, and for which the French are the most suited, is perhaps the manufacture of silk. We find from the Archives Statistiques of the Department of the Rhône, the average of raw material employed in the silk manufactures of Lyons amounts to 55,000,000 francs; of which 30,000,000 francs are imported, and 25,000,000 francs are home grown. The following have been the vicissitudes in this manufacture during the space of forty years. In 1786, there were in Lyons and the neighbourhood; 15,000 looms; in 1789, there were 7,000; in 1800, there were 3,500; from 1801 to 1802 there were 10,720; in 1827, there were 30,000.

This manufacture, then, seems to have been reduced by the Revolution more than one-fourth; and augmented during the Restoration by two-thirds.†

There has been an exposition this year of the industry of France, the details of which are in every way interesting to those who trace the character of a people even in their manufactures. But this is not the place where I can enter at any length into a consideration of the facts connected with this subject. Neither have I space here to add many of the interesting details relative to French commerce, which are to be found in Dr. Bowring's reports.

The expenses of the country (according to the budget of 1832)§ amounted to about 1,106,618,270 frs.; of which ordinary expenses 962,971,270—extraordinary 143,647,000; out of this there are the

* See Dr. Bowring's reports for a great variety of information respecting the commerce of France, and more especially its commerce with this country.

† In 1831, when the sale in this manufacture decreased one-half, *i.e.* from 45,835,257 frs. to 26,981,303 frs., its export sale remained the same.

§ 1834—1,058,080,547 frs. I have taken 1832, since I happen to have all the details by me for that year, and there is no very great difference in the amount.

public debt, amounting to 344,954,303,* and the expenses of collecting, &c. 114,759,433.

The public departments cost 586,786,672 frs.; that is,

Minister of justice. . .	18,374,700
——— of foreign affairs. .	6,939,700
——— of public instruction and worship.	36,327,883
——— of home department. .	3,889,600
——— of commerce and public works.	122,894,589
——— of war. . .	209,030,400
——— of marine. . .	65,172,900
——— of finances. . .	24,156,900
	586,786,672

The expenses of religion, as apart from the minister of public instruction, are 33,507,600 frs., *i. e.* 65,000 frs. to the Jews, 750,000 frs. to the Protestants, the rest to the Catholics. The Catholic religion alone cost before the revolution of 1789, 135,000,000 frs.; 100,000,000 frs. more than all the religions cost at the present day.†

The direct taxes of France amount to 353,136,909. These taxes are, on the land, which alone amounts to 244,873,409 frs., on the person and on furniture, on houses and windows, and on patents for the exercise of trade.

The indirect taxes are estimated at. .	171,000,000
Re istry, stamps, &c. at. . .	198,225,000
Customs. . . .	160,910,000

The post brings in a revenue of 34,290,000 frs.: the lottery 8,000,000. The total amount from different resources 1,116,323,058.

According to a calculation given in the Journal Statistique, the proportion which certain of these taxes bear to the population of France, taking her population at 33 millions,§ and the superficies of her territory at 53,000,000 hectares, *i. e.* nearly 27,000 square leagues (French), would be;

* There are charged upon the debt pensions to the amount of 56,038,500 f. The Journal Statistique de Paris gives the following calculation for 1833:

Pensions included in the Debt are	Persons.	Francs.
To the peerage. . .	128	1,564,000
To persons for civil services.	2,490	1,733,000
To persons for service of July.	1,408	632,700
To the clergy. . .	28,186	4,602,469
To persons for military services	127,011	46,683,221
	159,223	55,274,790

† The analysis of the French budget, and its comparison with our own, is a subject too interesting for me not to intend to return to it, while I am glad to find this occasion of saying, that some very able articles which appeared in the Spectator, and also a very interesting book, lately published by Mr. Wells, afford much greater facility for doing so than formerly existed.

§ It was, in 1832, about 32,600,000—as I have said.

Nature of Tax.	Sums included in the budget of 1834.	By inhab. and by year.	By square league.
	frs.	frs. c.	frs. c.
Land.	245,511,154	7 44	9,093 0
Personal and moveable property.	51,165,000	1 55	1,895 0
Doors and windows.	26,830,000	0 81	993 70
Patents.	29,818,500	0 90	1,104 37
Liquors.	87,000,000	2 64	3,222 22
Salt.	62,200,000	1 88	2,303 70
Tobacco	68,000,000	2 6	2,518 57
Tax on letters.	32,870,000	1 0	1,217 40
Lotteries.	32,000,000	0 98	1,185 18
Total.	635,394,654	19 26	23,533 14

Average per department, 7,383,310 frs., and 1,222 inhabitants to 22 square leagues.

As all the subjects I have thus hastily touched upon are subjects to which I shall subsequently return, I only add here one or two words on the state of education.

There are in France 45,119 schools of primary instruction, and the government now pays for instruction 8,000,000 frs. Whereas, it paid before the revolution of July only 800,000 frs.

The following are the principal provisions of the celebrated law of 28th June, 1833.

COMMUNES.

Every commune, by itself, or by uniting itself with others, must have one school of primary instruction.

All communes which have more than 6,000 inhabitants must support a higher school for superior instruction, as well as a school of primary instruction.*

All the poor incapable of paying for their education, shall be educated at schools of primary instruction, gratis; and a certain number selected after an examination shall be educated gratis at the schools of superior instruction.

Primary, or elementary instruction, consists in reading, writing, arithmetic, and the system as established by law of weights and measures.

Superior instruction comprises, in addition to these acquirements, the elements of geometry and its application; the elements of chemistry and natural history, as applied to the ordinary habits and pursuits of life; the elements of history and geography, and more especially the history and geography of France.

The communal schools are governed by a committee, consisting of

* There are also private schools, of course, but of these I say nothing. No man, however, can be a schoolmaster without a "brevet" of capacity obtained after an examination conducted according to the kind of school over which he is to preside.

the mayor, the "curé," and the chief inhabitants of each commune as appointed by the committee of arrondissement.

ARRONDISSEMENT.

In each arrondissement there is a committee appointed especially to watch over primary instruction.

The mayor of the "chef-lieu," the "juge de paix," the "curé," a minister of each religion recognized by law within the boundaries of the arrondissement, a schoolmaster or professor named by the minister of instruction, three inhabitants of the council of arrondissement, any members of the council general of the department who reside within the arrondissement, shall form this committee.

The préfet presides at all the committees of the department.

Part of the duty of the committees of arrondissement is to report annually to the minister of instruction the state of the different schools of their arrondissement, and to suggest any improvement.

DEPARTMENT.

Every department must have "one normal school" (school for the instruction of schoolmasters), either by itself, or by uniting with another department.

SALARIES OF SCHOOLMASTERS.

A residence, and 400 frs. yearly, for masters to a superior primary school.

A residence, and 200 frs. yearly, for masters to a primary school.

FUNDS FOR SUPPORTING.

The government, by gifts and by contributions.
The communes, separately or collectively.
The departments.
Founders, donations, and legacies.

In 1823, out of the number of communes, viz. 38,149, there were furnished with schools.	26,710
In 1829.	23,919
Difference.	2,791
In 1832 there were schools.	31,420
In 1829.	27,365
Difference.	4,055

The adjoining table gives pretty accurately the state of education in France.

DISTRIBUTION OF INSTRUCTION.

No. of Order.	DEPARTMENT.	Number of young men knowing how to read and write out of every 100.	No. of Order.	DEPARTMENT.	Number of young men knowing how to read and write out of every 100.
1	Meuse (maximum).	74	62	Ardèche (minimum).	27
2	Doubs.	73	63	Indre et Loire.	27
3	Jura.	73	64	Tarn et Garonne.	25
4	Haute Marne.	72	65	Vienne.	25
5	Haut Rhin.	71	66	Ile et Vilaine.	25
6	Seine.	71	67	Loire Inférieure.	24
7	Hautes Alpes.	69	68	Lot.	24
8	Meurthe.	68	69	Var.	23
9	Ardennes.	67	70	Maine et Loire.	23
10	Marne.	63	71	Creuse.	23
11	Vosges.	62	72	Haute Loire	21
12	Bas Rhin.	62	73	Tarn.	20
13	Côte d'Or.	60	74	Maine.	20
14	Haute Saône.	59	75	Mayenne	19
15	Aube.	59	76	Puy de Dôme.	19
16	Mozelle.	57	77	Arriège.	18
17	Seine et Oise.	56	78	Dordogne.	18
18	Eure et Loire.	54	79	Indre.	17
19	Seine et Marne.	54	80	Côtes du Nord.	16
20	Oise.	54	81	Finistère.	15
21	Hautes Pyrénées.	53	82	Morbiban.	14
22	Calvados.	52	83	Cher.	13
23	Eure.	51	84	Haute Vienne.	13
24	Aisne.	51	85	Allier.	13
25	Corse.	49	86	Corrège.	12
	Average of the kingdom.	38			

The average number of children at school in different states of Europe and America compared with the number of inhabitants in those states has been given as follows; *

United States.	1 scholar on	4	inhab.
Pays de Vaud.	1 ——	6	—
Wirtemburg.	1 ——	6	—
Prussia.	1 ——	7	—
Bavaria.	1 ——	10	—
England.	1 ——	11	—
Austria.	1 ——	13	—
France.	1 ——	20	—
Ireland.	1 ——	21	—
Poland.	1 ——	78	—
Portugal.	1 ——	88	—
Russia.	1 ——	367	—

And now I shall proceed without further delay to beg the reader to follow me with a kindly spirit to the book for which I have been thus endeavouring to solicit and prepare his attention.

* M. César Moreau.

ERRATA.

Page 16, *add, last line, after* translated, (freely).
— 26, *for* perforates, *read* perorates.
— 45, *for* illabitur, *read* illabatur.

BOOK I.

THE CAPITAL.

" Transportons l'Angleterre au milieu de la France."
CAHUSAC.

PARIS.

ENTRY.

The Entrance into London by the Thames.—The Entrance into Paris by the Champs Elysées.—Passing by the Caserne, intermingled with cafés and salons littéraires.—The Invalides; the Tuileries; the Chamber of Deputies. —The rue de Rivoli.—The universal movement of pleasure.—Paris not the climate of Paris.—View of an autumnal evening from the rue de la Paix. —Proverb respecting the Boulevards.

It is by the Thames that the stranger should enter London.... the broad breast of the great river, black with the huge masses that float upon its crowded waters—the tall fabrics, gaunt and drear, that line its melancholy shores—the thick gloom through which you dimly catch the shadowy outline of these gigantic forms—the marvellous quiet with which you glide by the dark phantoms of her power into the mart of nations—the sadness, the silence, the vastness, the obscurity of all things around—prepare you for a grave and solemn magnificence: full upon your soul is shadowed the sombre character of "the golden city;" deep into your thoughts is breathed the genius of the great and gloomy people, whose gloom and whose greatness are perchance alike owing to the restless workings of a stern imagination. Behold St. Katherine's Docks, and Walker's Soap Manufactory! and "Hardy's Shades!" Lo! *there* is the strength, the industry, and the pleasure—the pleasure of the enterprizing, the money-making, the dark-spirited people of England. "Hardy's *Shades!*"—singular appellation for the spot dedicated to festivity!..... Such is the entrance into London by the Thames.

Let us change the scene, reader!—you are at Paris!

To enter Paris with advantage, you should enter it by the Champs Elysées; visiting for the first time the capital of a mi-

litary nation, you should pass under the arch, built to commemorate its reign of victories. Coming to dwell among the most gay and light-hearted people in the universe, you ought at once to rush upon them in the midst of their festivities. Enter Paris, then, by the Champs Elysées! Here are the monuments that speak to you of the great soldiers; and here the *guinguettes* that display to you the great dancers of Europe. You pass by the old gardens of Beaujon; you find the caserne (and this tells you a good deal of the nation you are come to visit) intermingled with cafés and salons littéraires; and you see the chairs under the trees, and the open spaces left for the ball; and if you stop to read an advertisement, it will talk of the *Chevaux mécaniques*, and of the *Bal paré*, and of the *Concert des Champs Elysées*,—and the sun shines upon the golden cupola of the stately Invalides, and on the glittering accoutrements of the sauntering soldier; and before you are the Tuileries, with their trees and terraces, which yonder misplaced monument * cannot quite conceal; and to your right are the Seine and the Chamber of Deputies, and to your left the Corinthian architecture of those tall palaces that form the rue de Rivoli. The tricoloured flag floats from the gates of the Royal Gardens; the military uniform, mixed up with the colouring of every passing group, enriches it with its deep-blue and its bright scarlet; the movement about you is universal: equipages of all kinds are passing in all directions, the movement is universal, but differing from that you are accustomed to in England,—the movement is the movement of idleness and of pleasure; an indescribable mirth reigns in all you see, and the busy gaiety of Paris bursts upon you with the same effect as the glad brightness of Italy. The people, too, have all the habits of a people of the sun; they are not the people of one stock; collected in every crowd are the features and the feelings of divers races and different regions. In Paris you are not *in the climate of Paris*—France is brought into a focus, and concentrated in the capital you find all the varieties that vivify the many provinces of the kingdom. It is this which gives a city of the North the gracious and agreeable aspect of the South, and transports the manners that are

* The Egyptian column.

legitimate to the olives and the myrtles of Provence, to the elms of the Champs Elysées and the Boulevards. London is the city of the English, as Constantinople is the city of the Turks. —Paris is the city of Europe: it unites more than any city in the world the wants of a variety of classes, the habits of a variety of people. With the snow you have the sledge of St. Petersburg; with the summer the music, the nightly promenade, the ice, the lemonade, and all—but the sea and the sky of Naples.

I am now at the corner of the rue de la Paix. It is a beautiful autumnal evening. What a dazzling confusion of colours and images! white houses, green trees, and glittering lights. The rattling equipage rushes by me, the whispering saunterer lounges before me, and the group is seated round the café; and the music is far enough away to lose all harshness —and in the back-ground—behold! the piles of buildings, and the lines of lamps, rising one above the other, and broken at intervals by some dark mass of verdure. It is almost impossible to describe this scene, and as impossible to gaze upon it—without inhaling some portion of the spirit it breathes, without feeling a character more soft and southern—a ray of light that had not penetrated there before, stealing into the severe and sombre recesses of one's northern imagination. Here it is more especially that the Boulevards justify the old French proverb, which says,—"When *le bon Dieu* is out of humour, he opens one of the windows of heaven and recovers his spirits by a glimpse of this long line of trees." There is certainly nothing that I know of like the Boulevards in any other city in the world.

BOULEVARDS.

The Boulevards contain a part of every district of Paris, and exhibit every class of Paris.—Description from the Rue Royale to the Rue de la Paix.—Terraces of the Rue Basse du Rempart.—Stalls opposite, horses, equipages, &c. &c.—Description from the Rue de la Paix to the Rue de Richelieu.—Voluptuaries.—Gamblers.—Stockbrokers.—The man of La Bruyère.—Portraits.—Description after the Rue Montmartre.—Parisian Medici.—Further on, commerce more modest.—Gaieties.—Dubureaux, waxworks, &c.—Boulevard Beaumarchais.—Place Royale.—Elephant.—Boulevards the best place to see the French people, and to study the French history.—Paris, 1814.—Review by Louis Philippe.

Oxford street gives one aspect of London, Regent street another, the Strand another; but the Boulevards, running directly through Paris, display the character of the town in all its districts, and the character of its inhabitants in all their classes.

Go from the Rue Royale to the site of the old Bastille. You first pass by those zigzag and irregular houses that jut out upon the old rampart, and which have rather a picturesque appearance, from the gay little terraces and balconies, which, when there is a ray of sun, are sure to be lit up by it; and opposite, you have the stalls, gay also (notwithstanding their poverty), where you may get nailed shoes and cotton-net braces, and works "six sous the volume!" stalls which carry, even into this scene of wealth and pleasure, the democracy of the epoch, and say that the people are every where buying, lounging, reading. And here you have a happy opportunity of admiring the vast variety of Parisian equipages—the poor and the rich are on horseback, on foot, in carriages, in tilburies, in *citadines*, in *demi-fortunes*, in omnibuses, hurrying to or from the Champs Elysées.—but once passed the rue de la Paix, in the neighbourhood of the Bains Chinois, the Café de Paris, and Tortoni's, you are in a different region. It is not only a throng perpetually changing, which you now see—the

cavalcade has in a great measure ceased; and you perceive a new and a more lazy, and a more lounging crowd seated at the doors of the cafés, or strolling up and down before them. Those gentlemen who, to use the French expression, "*eat their fortunes*," are here; and here are the gamblers of the stock exchange, of *the salon*, and of Frascati's—the passionate race who crowd existence into a day, who live every minute of their lives, and who have come to enjoy the hour they have snatched from agitation. Here they saunter listlessly in the sun, or stand in clusters at the corners of the streets.

This is the spot, too, where you are sure to meet that smirking and happy gentleman, who, as La Bruyère says, "encounters one everywhere"—that gentleman whom we just met in the Tuileries, whom we saw the night before at the opera, and whom we should be sure to stare in the face at the Variétés. Sit for half an hour on one of those chairs—there is hardly any class, the type of which will not pass before you! The pretty nurse of the Chaussée d'Antin, the old bachelor of the Marais, the *gros bourgeois* of the rue St.-Denis, the English family of two sons and seven daughters—all these you are sure to see in turn. But there are portraits sacred to the place! Yonder elderly gentleman is one! He is about fifty-five years of age; tall, with a slight bend forward; he moves with a certain stiffness; his hair, closely cut, is a dark-grey; his features, rather delicate and aristocratic than otherwise, are weather-beaten, and perhaps in some degree worn and sharpened by debauch; he wears a black neckcloth; the part of his shirt that is seen is remarkably white; his coat, decorated with a red ribbon, is buttoned up to his chest, and only just shows a stripe of a pale yellow waistcoat; he walks with a cane, and has that kind of half-haughty, half-careless air by which Bonaparte's soldier is still distinguished. A little behind him are two men, arm in arm; the hat of one, elaborately adjusted, is very much bent down before and behind, and turned up in an almost equal proportion at the sides; his waistcoat is peculiar and very long; his trowsers large about the hips, and tightening at the foot; he wears long spurs, immense moustaches, brandishes a cane, spits, and swaggers. The other, as insignificant in appearance as his friend is offensive, wears a little round hat, a plain spotted summer waistcoat, light gray trow-

sers, and a thin stick, which he rather trails than flourishes. The inoffensive gentleman looks at nothing—the swaggering gentleman looks at everything: the inoffensive gentleman plays at whist, and creeps into society—the swaggering gentleman lives at the theatres, and drives about an actress.—And now see a man, tall, dark, with an air in which fierceness and dignity intermingle! He walks alone: sometimes he shuts his eyes, sometimes he folds his arms; a variety of occasions on which he lost, a variety of chances by which he might have gained, give every now and then a convulsive twitch to his overhanging eyebrow—he meets a red-nosed gentleman, of sleek and comely aspect, and who steps upon his toes;—the two walk arm-in-arm together towards the rue de Richelieu. . . . . .

Pass on to the rue Montmartre and the Boulevard takes a different aspect. The activity of business mixes itself with the activity of idleness; here are the large magazines of the Parisian Medici; the crowd, less elegant, has the air of being more employed. Pass on again—commerce assumes a quieter appearance; its luxurious companions have disappeared; there are no chairs, for there is no leisure; but go a little further, and the gaieties recommence; the gaieties, this time, not of the *nobilace*, but of the *populace*,—not of the aristocracy of the Chaussée d'Antin, but of the aristocracy of the Temple. Grouped round yonder stage, much resembling the antique theatre of Thespis, you see the mob of modern Greece, enchanted with the pleasantries of Dubureaux:* and here you may put into the lottery for a cake, and here you may have your destiny told for a sou; and the great men—the great men of France—the Marshals and Generals of the empire, the distinguished orators of the Restoration, the literary celebrities of the day—Ney, Foy, Victor Hugo,—are there before you, as large—a great deal larger, indeed—than life; for the multitude are rarely satisfied with things just as they are; they like to see their heroes fresh, fat, and magnificently dressed; and all this is easily accomplished when their heroes are—in wax. Where these great men at present exhibit themselves, there

* The famous street-actor, whose ambulatory stage has been celebrated by *Monsieur Janin*.

used formerly to be tumblers; but the people's amusements have changed, though the people must still be amused.

And, at last we have come to the silent and tranquil Boulevard of the agitated and turbulent Beaumarchais; and behind are the tall palaces of dark-red brick, and the low and gloomy arcades of the Place Royale, where you find the old-fashioned magistrate, the old-fashioned merchant, the retired respectability of Paris: and yonder—before us is the memorable spot, witness of the first excesses and the first triumphs of the Revolution—but the spectres of its old time are vanished, and the eye which rests upon the statue of yonder gigantic and sagacious animal,* tries to legitimatize the monument—by considering it as a type of the great people who raised the barricades in July, 1830, and overthrew the Bastille in July, 1789.

And now, my dear reader, in parading you thus systematically from the Madelaine to the Temple, I have given you the best introduction, I believe, to Paris and its population. If you want to know the people of Paris, you must seek them abroad. They love the sun, and the air, and the sauntering stroll; they love, if it be only for a moment, to glide across the broad street—amidst the turnings and windings of which, society changes its colours at every instant, like the shifting forms of a kaleidescope: the idle loiter there for amusement, the busy steal there for distraction. Besides, it is not only the present I have been showing you: I do not know where you may better study the past. What has not even our own generation looked on from yonder windows? Robespierre, Barras, Bonaparte, the Republic, the Directory, the Empire—have all passed in triumph and defeat before them.

—"By twelve o'clock at noon the Boulevards were crowded with people of every class, all appearing in high spirits; the number of white cockades increased; many of them wore only bits of white handkerchiefs, bits of white paper, *Vivent nos libérateurs!*" "*Vivent les Bourbons!*" I put down the book I was reading the other morning ("Events at Paris in 1814") at this passage, and went out—to see Louis Philippe reviewing the very men who had driven these same Bourbons into exile. The

* The elephant.

Boulevards now too, were crowed with people of all classes, appearing in high spirits; and, looking down the street, I saw the straight red feather and the white belt mingling with the scarf, and the shawl, and the plain cap, and the splendid bonnet. The new king was on horseback, smiling graciously on his *faithful* people; and behind him rode the prince, on whose head repose the future destinies of France—as gay, as handsome, as full of hope, as the Comte d'Artois in the reign of Louis XV.

PALAIS ROYAL.

Every thing in Paris that is remarkable, remarkable for its gaiety.—Evening there in 1830, in the Palais Royal.—The Jubilee of the Revolution.—The King of the middle classes had his palace supported by shops.—Fête Napolitaine.—Vicissitudes of history.—Description of the Palais Royal, and changes.—Gambling houses; description from M. Balzac.—Must civilization be accompanied by its curses?. . . . .

There are countries in which you may yet find a few of those solemn temples which defy the destruction of time, and the imitation of man. In Italy, in Greece, and in Asia, there are shrines at which your footsteps too fondly linger: in the silence of the great place of St. Mark, in the solitudes that surround the Coliseum, you feel the mystery of the spot, and sigh for the pleasant days of Venice—for the virtue and the glory of the antique Rome. It is not the magnificence of these scenes: it is their melancholy—the melancholy that magnificence has left which sinks into your soul, and enchants you with the hue of by-gone memories—of hopes and happiness no more. There is nothing of this here: whatever is most remarkable in Paris is remarkable for its gaiety. This is why I spoke of the boulevards: this is why I now speak of the Palais Royal.—It will be long before I forget an evening that I spent there in the beginning of August, 1830. I had come from the quiet corners of the city, more and more struck at every step by the tranquillity into which a revolution could so suddenly subside. It

could hardly be said there was a government, and there seemed nothing to require one: the storm that had raised the barricade and swept over the throne, was lulled completely to rest. The poor population of the distant faubourgs slept in forgetfulness of the recent triumphs they had won; and the streets through which I had passed were lone and silent, and traversed by no light, save that of the pale *réverbère*. It was fresh from this dim and solitary walk, that I burst at once upon the splendour and the crowds of the Palais Royal. Every chair, every stone bench was occupied, and, instead of the dark and deserted street, I found myself lost in an immense throng, and bewildered by a blaze of light, which ostentatiously displayed shawls and silks, and gold and silver, and crystal and precious stones; and amidst this gorgeous and confused glitter, sate in sedate satisfaction the epicurean *rentier*, now recounting to his wife the change that was to be made in the new uniform of the *garde nationale*—now pointing out some pupil of the polytechnic school, or some dark-haired student of the *école de droit*, who had been particularly conspicuous at the spot where he himself had performed miracles: and the waiters rushed from side to side, bustling, shouting; and the laugh, and the gay voice in which the Frenchman tells the tale of his exploits, resounded everywhere.

It was impossible not to connect the festivity around me with the events of the three days preceding: it was impossible not to imagine I was present at the jubilee of the new regime: and in each accent of gaiety I fancied there was to be discerned a peculiar tone, and in each look of joy I fancied there could be read a peculiar expression—and what place more proper to celebrate the triumphs of July? Installed amidst the commercial opulence around me, was at that time the residence of the citizen king—the monarch of the middle classes; his palace was supported by shops; his wealth * was connected with the wealth, and his fortune supplied by the fortune of the tailor, the watchmaker, the jeweller, and the restaurant: France, in reconstituting her monarchy, had meetly and involuntarily taken—the counter as a substitute for the buckler—noble cradle of her military kings! But two months before, and the

* The chairs alone give a revenue of 80,000 francs.

windows of the palace, which at that moment were dark and gloomy, blazed with light! The royal exile of Cherbourg, then in all the pageantry of power, had deigned for the first time to visit the cousin who now sat upon his throne. More than one branch of the Bourbons were assembled on the eve of that catastrophe which was to affect the order of their race. The fête given was in honour of the King of Naples. "*C'est une fête toute Napolitaine, Monseigneur*," said Monsieur de Salvandy; "*nous dansons sur un volcan.*" *

* "*C'est une fête toute Napolitaine, Monseigneur*," said M. de Salvandy; "*nous dansons sur un volcan.*" And brilliant must have been that fête! extending from the terrace to the trees, from arcade to arcade, the lights of the palace confounded themselves with the lights of the vast amphitheatre around, and mingling the prince with the people, the monarch with the mob, in one confused blaze—you saw the court, the city—the two parties in presence who were soon to dispute the victory. At this fête a conversation took place, so singular and so interesting that, having mentioned the fête, I cannot omit it. I give it as M. de Salvandy has himself related it:

"It took place as the consequence of the bon-mot, '*C'est une fête toute Napolitaine, Monseigneur: nous dansons sur un volcan.*' The Prince (Duc d'Orléans), standing behind the fauteuils of the Princesses and the King, seized my arm quickly as I said this; and doing me the honour to draw me towards him, 'That there is a volcano,' said his Royal Highness, 'I believe as well as you; and at all events the fault is no fault of mine: I shall not have to reproach myself for allowing the bandage to remain unlifted that covers the King's eyes. But what can one do? nothing is listened to, and God only knows where this will lead us.'

"Far! Monseigneur, it will lead us far!—that is my conviction. I feel also in the midst of this fête, so animated and so beautiful, a profound sentiment of sorrow: I ask myself where in six months will be this brilliant society? where will be these crowds so joyous, that Princess so gay (alluding to Madame la duchess de Berri, who was 'galloping' with Count Rodolph d'Appony), where in fact will be our country? Within six months, we shall probably be divided into the proscribed and the proscribing.

"'Certes,' answered his Royal Highness, 'I do not know what will happen; I do not know where those you speak of will be in six months: but I know where I shall be, whatever comes. I and my family will remain in this palace; it is enough to have been twice an exile through the faults of others. Whatever be the dangers, I shall not move from this spot: I shall not separate my lot and the lot of my children from the fate of my country. What I say to you I make no secret of elsewhere; lately, indeed, at Rosny, I said pretty fully what I think of all this; and there is the King of Naples, who was with us, and who saw clearly our position. That Prince, whom you see so broken, and who nevertheless is four years younger than I am, is a man of a good deal of sense; circumstances oblige him to be an absolute king," (Austrian bayonets), "but his own inclinations would have led him differently. He has made, I assure you, some very sensible observations. By the by, we spoke at Rosny of some remarks of yours.'

Such are the vicissitudes of history!—The same Richelieu who tore down the pillars of the ancient monarchy, built the

"I said that I was convinced that the monarchy was falling, and that I was not less convinced that the fall of the throne would compromise for a hundred years the prosperity and the liberty of France.

"'In afflicting myself as much as you can do,' said the Prince, 'at the conduct whch the King is pursuing, I am not so frightened as you are at its probable results. There is in France a strong love of order—that France which the government will not understand, is excellent, is admirable; see how the law is respected amidst so many provocations! The experience of the Revolution (1789) is present to all; its conquests, its follies, and its crimes are detested. *I am convinced that a new Revolution would in no respects resemble that which we have seen.*'

"'Monseigneur, that is to believe in a Revolution of 1688. But when England departed from the path of legitimacy, the aristocracy remained as an element of order; with us there is no aristocracy to be called an aristocracy, and what there is of one will perish with the Bourbons; every thing will again be smoothed down to a level, and I do not think a pure democracy capable of founding any thing that is to have duration.'

"'Monsieur de Salvandy, you do not do justice to the effect of that diffusion of intelligence which follows the diffusion of fortunes. The world has completely changed since forty years; the middle classes are not all society, but they form its force, they have a constant interest in order, and they join to that knowledge which communicates the wants of a great empire that power necessary to combat and suppress bad passions. *Jacobinism is impossible where the greater portion of the community have possessions to lose.*

"'I have always thought, Monseigneur, and I still maintain the same opinion, that it is a dangerous error to consider that property alone is the guarantee of a desire for order. Property with us is so divided that it has its multitude, envious of every superior and inimical to every power. I should fear that that multitude being the most numerous party, and always disposed to satisfy its hatred of the higher classes, would soon, by its levelling schemes, bring us to anarchy—if anarchy were not the commencement of the new regime.'

'"Monsieur de Salvandy, believe me, all that the country wants is the sincere establishment of a constitutional government,—this is all it asks: the evil has arrived from the impossibility, among certain persons, of accepting at once, *et de bonne foi*, all the results of the Revolution, and of the Charta more particularly. The faults of the last Revolution sprang from the false distribution of rank and fortune, which was united with the wretched education that characterized the ancient regime. We have left all that behind us. My political religion consists in the belief, that with constitutional opinions all may be directed right. These principles I have always held. When an exile, at the Court of Sicily, I was asked, in order to obtain my wife, to make certain concessions. I declared that my opinions were invariable, that in those opinions I would bring up my children, and that I would do this as much for their interest as for a love of truth. The misfortune of princes is, that they do not know the people, and that they entertain and cherish ideas and opinions different from those whom they govern. This is why I gave a public education to my sons; and in every respect it has succeeded. I wished them at once to be princes and citizens. I wished that they should not deem themselves a

palace from which the new monarchy was to be taken;* at once an emblem of the man, who united the habits of the prince with the ambition of the priest, and of the time, which saw no dissimilarity in the titles "cardinal" and "courtier," this palace was adorned with all the taste and the luxury of the seventeenth century; and combined, in a singular manner, the avocations of the church with the pleasures of the world. It had its boudoirs, its gallery, its theatre, and its chapel.†

The ancient garden of the Palais Royal, much larger than the present one, comprehended, besides the present garden, the streets de Valois, de Montpensier, and de Beaujolais, as

favoured race—that they should not participate in the habits of a corrupt circle—that they should not always have before their eyes the veil of a court education:—that they should not be bound by the tastes of childhood to those interested in deceiving them, and moreover frequently deceived. Such has been my object; and I am certain that I have to congratulate myself on the course I have pursued.'

"The Duke of Orleans was at first standing; he afterwards made me sit down by his side; we were exactly behind Charles Xth, who might have heard every word we were saying."

Let us do justice to the King of the French! Henri IV. never delivered a speech which contained so much goodness, sense, and truth, as there is to be found in these remarks: they offer a fair justification of Louis Philippe's conduct to the family he dethroned: they would offer the best security to the people whom he governs, if we had not unfortunately so many examples of the corrupting influence of power, of the heart being changed and the understanding blinded by a successful ambition.

* The Palais Royal, constructed after the plans of Lemercier, was one of the works of his magnificent reign, and was called, during his lifetime, Palais Cardinal.

Funeste bâtiment autant que magnifique,
Ouvrage qui n'est rien qu'un effet des malheurs,
Pavillons élevés sur les débris des mœurs,
Qui causez aujourd'hui la misère publique,
Ordres bien observés dans toute la fabrique
Lambris dorés et peints de divines couleurs,
Si trempés dans le sang et dans l'eau de nos pleurs,
Pour assouvir l'humeur d'un conseil tyrannique;
Pompe rouge du feu de mille embrasemens:
Balustres, promenoirs, superflus ornemens:
Grand portail, enrichi de piliers et de niches,
Tu portes en écrit un nom qui te sied mal;
On te devait nommer l'hôtel des mauvais riches
Avec plus de raison que—Palais Cardinal.

† Louis XIV. gave the Palais Royal to the Duke of Orleans. In this palace have successively dwelt Richelieu, Louis XIII., Anne of Austria, Henrietta of England, and six Princes (including the present King) of the House of Orleans.

well as that space now occupied by the sides of the palace, which have been more recently built. Its great ornament was a large alley of mulberry-trees, old, and "thick of leaves;" and beneath this alley's venerable shade were usually collected the idle and inquisitive of one sex, the profligate and purchaseable of another: seventeen hundred and eighty-two, that revolutionary epoch, laid low even the mulberry-trees, in spite of the songs and epigrams with which the improvement was received.* Three sides of the present square were then completed; the fourth, constructed provisionally of wood, was that singular and shabby row of stalls which we still remember, originally called Camp des Tartares, and which has but lately given way to the superb gallery constructed by the present king.

There are spots to which a certain destiny seems attached. As early as Anne of Austria the troubles of the Fronde might be said to commence at the Palais Royal. Here it was that the parliament, assembled in the royal gallery, declared in favour of the wishes of the people! and here it was, about a hundred and fifty years afterwards, that a young man (Camille Desmoulins), jumping upon one of the straw chairs, harangued the populace on the night of the famous charge of the Prince de Lambesch, and sounded the first notes of that revolution which commenced by the assault of the Bastille and ended by—the expulsion of the senate! It was in the Palais Royal that the club of the Jacobins was formed; it was in the Palais Royal that its rival club of the Thermidorians was held; the centre of action, discussion, politics—every café in this historical spot is sacred for its recollections and its opinions. The café de Foy was the theatre of the Dantonists—the café de Chartres of the Gironde. The Hundred Days had its café of patriots; and the Restoration its café of enthusiastic youth and dissatisfied soldiers. I do not know a better description of the kind of gentlemen who frequent this resort than is contained in the simple fact mentioned by M. de Roch, viz.—that "there is not an *hôtel garni*

* It was then that the Duc d'Orleans replied to some one who asked whether he would not find the building very expensive, "*Point du tout, car tout le monde me jette la pierre.*"

in the place." The persons you meet—are a population of strollers—of wanderers from every part of Paris, and from every part of the world—of men who seek no rest but such as may be found in a chair—who desire no information not contained in a newspaper; no excitement beyond that which is offered by certain houses in the vicinity.

The police, by no means less punctilious since the revolution than during the pious *regime* that it destroyed, have completely driven away those improper ladies, who used to horrify all more decent and respectable matrons, by appearing as indecorously dressed, as if they had been going to a ball in good society. This no, doubt, has very much improved the evening company of the Palais Royal. But the most virtuous have a tide-mark in their morality, and neither the *Jesuits* nor the *Doctrine* have allowed theirs to overflow the point at which it might do injury to the revenue. No: the gambling-house is to be open night and day to all adventurers, and the Morgue and the Treasury are filled by the same miserable contrivance.

The following passage, taken from a popular French novel, presents a picture of one of these iniquitous resources of the exchequer:—

"Enter! how bare! The walls are covered with coarse paper to the height of your head! The floor is dirty, and a number of straw chairs drawn round a cloth, threadbare from the rubbing of gold, manifest a strange indifference to luxury, amongst those who are sacrificing themselves for its sake! Four old men, with bald heads, and visages as impassive as plaster, sit round the table; and by them a young Italian, with long black hair, leans quietly on his elbows, and appears to seek those secret presentiments which whisper so fatally to the gambler—'Yes,' 'No.' Seven or eight spectators are standing silent, motionless, and attentive as the mobs at the Place de Grève, when the guillotine is about to fall on the neck of the victim. A tall, sour looking-man, in a threadbare coat, holding a card in one hand, a pin in another, pricks in *rouge* or *noir*, according to the turn of the card. This is your Tantalus of modern days—one of those who live upon the brink of all the pleasures of their time—this is a miser

without a treasure, playing an imaginary stake; a sort of reasonable madman, who consoles himself for the misery of his fate by carressing a terrible chimera.

"Opposite the bank, one or two players, skilled in all the chances of the game, and like those thieves who are no longer frightened at the galleys, are come to make their three *coups*, and to carry off immediately the probable winnings on which they live. An old waiter walks nonchalantly up and down the room, his arms folded, and stops now and then at the window, as if to show to the passengers beneath "the sign of the house." The dealer, the banker, cast upon the players that sombre look which thrills the soul of the young gambler, and say with a hoarse voice, *Faites le jeu!* *

* As there are many things untranslateable, or which would seem ridiculous in the translation, I subjoin the original forcible and fantastical description:—

"Entrez:—Quelle nudité! Les murs couverts de papier gris à hauteur d'homme, n'offrent pas une image qui puisse rafraîchir l'âme; pas même un clou pour faciliter le suicide. Le parquet est toujours malpropre. Une table ronde occupe le centre de la salle, et la simplicité des chaises de paille, pressées autour de ce tapis usé par l'or, annonce une curieuse indifférence au luxe chez ces hommes qui viennent périr là pour la fortune et pour le luxe. . . . . Trois vieillards à têtes chauves sont nonchalamment assis autour du tapis vert. Leurs visages de plâtre, impassibles comme ceux des diplomates, révèlent des ames blasées, des cœurs qui depuis long-temps avaient désappris de palpiter en envisageant même les biens paraphernaux d'une femme. Un jeune Italien aux cheveux noirs, au teint olivâtre, était accoudé tranquillement au bout de la table, et paraissait écouter ces pressentimens secrets qui crient fatalement à un joueur 'oui'—'non'—cette tête méridionale respirait l'or et le feu. Sept ou huit spectateurs debout, rangés de manière à former une galerie, attendaient les scènes que leur préparaient les coups du sort, les figures des acteurs, le mouvement de l'argent et des rateaux. Ces désœuvrés étaient là, silencieux, immobiles, attentifs, comme est le peuple à la Grève, quand le bourreau tranche une tête. Un grand homme sec en habit rapé tenait un registre d'une main, et de l'autre une épingle pour marquer les passes de *la rouge* ou de *la noire*. C'était un de ces Tantales modernes, qui vivent en marge de toutes les jouissances de leur siècle; un de ces avares sans trésor qui jouent en idée une mise imaginaire; espèce de fou raisonnable, se consolant de ses misères en caressant une épouvantable chimère—agissant enfin avec le vice et le danger comme les jeunes prêtres avec Dieu, quand ils lui disent des messes blanches.

"Puis, en face du banque un ou deux de ces fins spéculateurs experts aux chances du jeu, et semblables à d'anciens forçats qui ne s'effraient plus des galères, étaient venus là pour hasarder trois coups et emporter immédiatement le gain probable dont ils vivaient. Deux vieux garçons de salle se promenaient nonchalamment, les bras croisés, regardant aux carreaux par intervalles, comme pour montrer aux passans leurs plates figures en guise d'enseigne. Le tailleur et le banquier venaient de jeter sur les positeurs ce regard blême

Such are the scenes of the Palais Royal—such are the scenes of that fatal place, in which the vice and the villany, the industry and the arts, the force and the weakness, the power and the pleasure, the idle and voluptuous habits, the morbid and active spirit of our race—all that advances and instructs, and degrades and disgraces the age in which we live—are found side by side together. Must civilization be accompanied by its curses? * * * The electricity which creates the thunder guides us to the pole, and the same terrible energy which disturbs the world, has carried knowledge and religion over its deep and mysterious ways.

THE QUAYS AND THE TUILERIES.

Quais, irregularity.—Diversity.—Paris on a fine day a picture of modern Civilization.—Business, crowd.—Different from the Quais of the Thames.—Powder-mill replaced by the Pantheon.—Tuileries.—Alterations.—The arts should be as inviolable as the laws.—Tuileries, last refuge of the aristocracy.—The population of the Tuileries.—Remarkable as the birth of a new age.—Description of that age.—The Tuileries still represent it.

The four great features in the physiognomy of Paris are the Boulevards, the Palais Royal, the Tuileries, and the Quais. The Quais, though animated differently, are, perhaps, more animated than the Boulevards. Here, again, too, you see the charm of variety and irregularity; what so irregular as those islands jutting out into the Seine, and mingling their low and dirty hovels with the splendid palaces of the Tuileries and the Louvre?—what so irregular as that variety of roofs which, standing on any eminence, you behold rising everywhere around you, one above the other, roofs of all shapes, mansions and domes of all sizes?—what so diversified as that mixture of boats and carriages,—of pavement and of water,—of masts

qui les tue, et disaient d'une voix grêle: "FAITES LE JEU!" *Balzac, Peau de Chagrin.*—(I have translated into the present tense).

and men,—of washer-women and soldiers,—of stalls, temples, manufactories and mausoleums? Paris, on a fine day, seen from one of the bridges, is a picture of modern civilization: brilliant, confused, gay, various; but the picture (and such is the colouring of our times) is a picture in water colours; the shades bright, are not deep: there is not the darkness and the force which we admire in the paintings of Rembrandt and Murillo: there is not the richness that a southern sun spreads around you; but here, as elsewhere, there is a gaiety that veils the northern nature of the clime.

As the population of the Boulevards is the lounging population of Paris, the population of the Quais is rife with Parisian business and activity: as the one breathes a certain ease, the other moves under the spirit of agitation; everybody here has something to do, something to sell, something to buy, somewhere to go; and behind this living wave, ebbing and flowing,—this moving mass of white caps, dark bonnets, red feathers, tattered hats, and gleaming casques—rises darkly the old city, and the stately Faubourg St. Germain. And there is St. Geneviève! and there is Notre Dame! the tomb of Voltaire and the monument of de Sully—uniting the present with the past,—the twelfth century with the eighteenth,—the power of literature with the dominion of the church. One finds a happiness and a glow about the squalid river of the Seine, which all our wealth and grandeur have not bestowed upon the magnificent Thames. The broad quays which ennoble the aspect of this miserable stream betray its poverty,—its poverty as the canal of commerce,—as the carrier and ministrant of that wealth which creates the magazine and fills the warehouse. But there is another wealth, another greatness; that greatness which arises from the cultivation of the arts, from the knowledge and the love of the beautiful; a greatness which the traveller loves and which the statesman should cherish; a greatness which is the greatness of France, and before which you bow as you see the Louvre on the site of the coal-wharf, and find the powder-mill replaced by the Pantheon. And now look to the palace, which, according to the fable of the Dervise, has been of late years a caravanserai for so many travellers! to the palace where kings and water-carriers have so lately re-

velled! * A short time since, and Paris was alarmed by a long line of scaffolding, behind which a conspiracy was supposed planned and executing against the liberties of the people. At length the plot was exposed; where we presumed ramparts, we found a flower-garden: the monarchy this time merely exposed itself to the reproach of bad taste; "the charta insulted was the charta of le Nôtre;" and the *chef-d'œuvre* of Philibert De Lorme, too, has been defaced, but—not with impunity. The young man yonder stretching out his hand with vehemence and vociferating impetuously to his companion,—and the old man there, with arms folded and shoulders uplifted, regard the filling up of that colonnade as something worse than a *fournée* of peers, and declares that "*in France the arts should be as inviolable as the laws.*" One peculiarity distinguishes these gardens, the last refuge of aristocratical pretensions: the people—the people without a hat and a coat—are forbidden to appear in them. A custom will always survive a constitution, and the same

* "La chambre à coucher du roi était pleine de porteurs d'eau qui se faisaient rebondir en riant sur le matelas de son lit."—*Chron. de la Révolution de Juillet*, 1830.

Francis the First bought the Tuileries, then a house between court and garden, and in the neighbourhood of a spot where tiles (*tuiles*) were manufactured for his mother; Catherine de Medicis purchased the buildings, and the ground in the vicinity, and laid the foundations of a new edifice, which, if the original plans of Bullan and De Lorme had been adopted, would have been even larger than the present one. But the Pavilion in the middle and the light buildings on each side of it were all which formed at that time, and for many years afterwards, the Chateau of the Tuileries. It was not till the reign of Louis XIV that the Tuileries were completed by Leveau. Before this time the garden was separated from the palace by a street called Rue des Tuileries. This garden at that time contained a menagerie, an orangery, and a preserve of game for the royal *chasse*. It was defended by a high wall, a moat, and a bastion. Le Nôtre changed all this, surrounding the garden with two terraces planted with trees, that one by the Seine, and that one by the Rue de Rivoli, called from the old convent Terrace des Feuillans. Here ran the gardens of the Feuillans and the Capucins, and a long court which led to the old *manèges* of the Tuileries. On this royal and religious spot was erected the edifice which saw the destruction of the monarchy and the church,—the edifice in which sat the constitutional assembly, the legislative assembly, and the conventional assembly.—Occupied by the Five Hundred during the Directory, it shared in the new changes, was destroyed with its masters, and afforded Bonaparte the space on which he built the Rue de Rivoli.

population that in the three days of July stormed the Tuileries in defiance of an army, retreated on the first of August before the solitary centinel stationed at their gate.

The population of the Tuileries varies naturally with the hour and the heat. The morning is for the sedate and serious old gentleman; the noon for the *bonne* and the children; the afternoon for the more ambitious crowd, in whose midnight dreams yonder walks and orange trees are strangely mingled. There is the theatre of their glory!—the theatre on which a new bonnet is to be tried, a new compliment to be adventured; there is the stage where the elegance of a mistress is to be diplayed, the reputation of a rival to be destroyed. But if the Tuileries are remarkable, they are remarkable—not only as the lounge of nursery maids, and of that modern race of time-killers who go to these gardens rather for the sake of being seen than of being amused—they are remarkable as the birth of a new epoch, which they still represent,—the epoch of gallantry and of the arts,—of Catherine de Medicis, and of Marot—of Marot, who said with so much grace,

> "Si j'étais roi d'Asie,
> J'aimerais mieux quitter mon sceptre que ma mie;
> L'homme peut aisément, dans ce mortel séjour,
> Vivre sans un royaume et non pas sans amour:
> Ah! le jour et la nuit coulent pleins de tristesse
> A celui, fût-il Dieu, qui languit sans maîtresse."

Then wrote Rabelais and Montaigne,—then commenced the assemblies which intermingled the two sexes,—the royal and courtly assemblies which Brantôme defends as a more honest system of libertinage than that which flourished under the *Roi des Ribauds*,*—then Lescot revived the science of architecture in the Louvre, and Goujon the graceful art of

* Tu voudrais sçavoir qu'estoit il plus louable au roy ou recevoir une si honneste troupe de dames et damoiselles en sa cour ou bien de suivre les erres des anciens roys du temps passé qui admettaient tant de p. . . ordinairement en leur suite desquelles le roy des Ribauds avait charge et soin de leur faire despartir quartier et logis, et là commander de leur faire justice, si on leur fesait quelques torts.

. . . Et que ces Dames étant trèz nettes et saines (*au moins aucunes* ne pouvaient, &c. &c.—Vide Brantome, t. v.

sculpture,—and bishops, proud of their disobedient beards,* and ladies under the voluptuous sanctuary of the mask,† filled the churches, loitered on the new quay, or circulated in the dark and narrow streets peopled with magicians, and sorcerers, and devils:—‡ epoch celebrated for the invention of silver forks and silk stockings,—epoch of necromancy, of idolatry, of pleasure and of religion,—epoch when you might have seen the farce "*Du débat d'un jeune moine et d'un viel gendarme par devant le Dieu Cupidon pour une fille*"—epoch, when the imagination, still given to magic and devotion, was beginning to decorate debauch! and cruelty and lust, passions which nature seems to have intermingled, had each their horrible sacrifices, and their pompous and voluptuous fêtes; while now the mistress of Henry II.,§ now the mother of Charles IX., demanded holocausts for their revels, and mingled the accents of pleasure with the cries for protestant blood. And with the arts came the vices of Italy: robed in sackcloth, the chapelet at his neck, the sovereign of France** paraded the streets of Paris; or, dressed as a woman, his breast open and bare, and adorned with necklaces, his hair dyed, his eyelids and his face besmeared and painted, delivered himself up in the secret recesses of his palace to the infamies of his *mignons;* amongst whom (wild mixture of debauch and devotion!) he distributed the relics and the blessed beads solicited from Rome. Lo! by the side of the bonfire, the banquet!—by the side of the temple dedicated to the holy worship of the meek Jesus, the column†† consecrated to the impieties of profane astrology! And yet when Catherine from yonder height looked down on the masked and mysterious city at her feet, she saw the same people—here oc-

* The custom of long beards, which commenced under Francis I., who allowed his beard to grow in order to hide a wound, became general. Adopted by the clergy, it was forbidden by the Parliament, the respectable magistracy of which manfully persevered in shaving.

† Masks, which came into fashion towards the end of the reign of Francis I., were intended to preserve the complexion, and persevered in for the sake of other conveniences.

‡ De l'Estoile in speaking of a supposed magician, hung in the reign of Ch. IX., says, that according to that magician, there were thirty thousand sorcerers then in Paris.

§ Diane de Poitiers.

** Henry III.—De l'Estoile, vol. iv.

†† Erected by Catherine de Medicis, for her astrological observations.

cupied with magic—there assassinating from superstition—she saw the same people that we see now—that we saw but a very short time ago—dressed in the costume of the Carnival,* and pulling down the palace of their archbishop. "July 4, 1548, the scholars armed, rushed fiercely upon the Abbaye St. Germain des Prés, besieged it, made breaches in its walls, broke down the trees, the trellices, demolished the neighbouring houses. In January, 1549—in May, 1550—similar seditions; but the scholars *were not alone* on these occasions; the working classes (*ouvriers*), the shop-boys (*varlets de boutiques*), joined with the mob. In 1557 the troubles became yet more serious."... The same troubles preceded the reign of Louis XIV:—for every period of improvement is a period of agitation; and the brave and capricious populace, the rebellious and tumultuous youth of Paris, ever ready for battle, ever eager for change, ever impatient of rule, receiving the character of each era of civilization, have always retained their own—have always been valiant, fickle, insolent, and gay.

It was amidst this mixture of gross and barbarous luxury, of abandoned licence, of mysterious rites, of terrible and sanguinary superstition, that the arts, as I have said, arose; and that love, no longer the guerdon of adventurous chivalry, became the prize of the gentle smile, the whispered compliment, and the graceful carriage. Born of this epoch, the Tuileries, I repeat, represent its character. The ghosts of the Medici may still rove complacently through their gardens, and, amidst the statues of ancient Greece, move a crowd that would have done honour to the groves of Epicurus.

I have been anxious to give a general idea of the aspect of Paris, as it is in such descriptions, as well as in more philosophical disquisitions, that the character of a people is to be found; but I have no intention to speak of all that is interesting or curious in this metropolis. Who has not been fatigued with details of the Jardin des Plantes, the Luxembourg, the Louvre, and the numberless et cætera of modern tourists?

* The most formidable, and certainly the most picturesque of modern emeutes. Here you saw the mob pulling down the *fleurs de lys*, and ransacking the episcopal palace; here you saw the harlequin and the domino, and all the buffooneries of a Parisian masquerade.

DIVISIONS.

Divided in 1702; in 1789, by the Convention.—More divided by manners than laws.—Description of the Chaussée d'Antin.—The Faubourg St. Germain.—The *Quartier* of the Students.—The Marais.—Faubourg St. Antoine.—The old city.

This city has undergone a variety of divisions. In 1702 it was divided by Louis XIV. into twenty *quartiers* or districts; a division which did not suffice in 89, when it was necessary to make a new distribution in order to elect the Deputies of the States-General. Finally, by a decree of the Convention, Paris was formed into twelve municipalities, each of which contained four *quartiers;* and this arrangement is still maintained. But it is not so much by its laws, as by its manners, that Paris is divided. There are districts differing as widely, one from the other, in the ideas, the habits, and the appearance of their inhabitants, as in the height and size of their buildings, or the width and cleanliness of their streets. The Chaussée d'Antin breathes the atmosphere of the Bourse, the Palais Royal, and the Boulevards; it is the district of bankers, stock-brokers, generals of the empire, rich tradespeople—and represents May-fair and Russel-square intermingled. The Chaussée d'Antin is the district fullest of life, most animated, most rife with the spirit of progress, of change, of luxury, of elegance. Here you will find all new buildings, all new arcades, all new passages; here first appear all new inventions; here are first opened all new shops; here are given the richest and most splendid balls; here you meet a race who go to bed late, frequent the theatres, fill the opera, whitewash their houses every year, and new paint their carriages; here you see the insolence of *parvenu* power—the contempt of the thick lip and the turned-up nose—contempt which is adequately returned by the possessor of yon dim and vast hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain—for we are come to another district—to the district of

the long and silent street; of the meagre repast and the large and well-trimmed garden; of the great court-yard—of the broad and dark staircase. This is the *quartier* inhabited by the Administrations—by the old nobility; this is the *quartier* which manifests no signs of change, no widening and straitening of streets, no piercing of passages: it hardly possesses a *restaurant* of note, and has but one unfrequented theatre. And now, not far from where we are, is the *quartier* of the students; *quartier* at once poor and popular; amidst which—monument legitimate to the district, inhabited by that brave and exalted youth, who knew how to vanquish for an opinion in July, to suffer for an opinion in June—monument legitimate to the district, inhabited by those eloquent and illustrious professors who give to France a glory superior to that of arms—rises the Pantheon! And yonder is the Observatory, and the Jardin des Plantes, and the memory of Cuvier.

Then there is the Marais—the retreat of the old-fashioned judge and the old-fashioned merchant, where the manners have been changed, almost as little as the houses, by the philosophy of the eighteenth century—no carriages, no equipages, not a solitary cabriolet in the streets! All is still, silent; you are amongst the customs of the provincial village and the grand hotels of the time of Louis XIII. Then there is the Faubourg St. Antoine—residence of those immense masses which an event so mysteriously produces—of those masses who reigned under Robespierre, and whom Bonaparte, after Waterloo, refused to summon to his assistance. And behold! the ancient city of Paris, "the dear Lutetia" of Julien surrounded by the Seine, and filled by a vast and wretched population! There, proud amidst the sordid roofs around them, rise the graceful and splendid towers of Notre-Dame, that temple of the twelfth* century, which in spite of the Madelaine has not been surpassed in the nineteenth!—and there is the Hôtel Dieu, the antique hospital to which Philippe Auguste gave the straw that had covered the royal chambers of the palace!—and there is the Palais de Justice, where sat the parliament of Broussel, remarkable in the Chronicle of De Retz!

* Built by Maurice de Sully in 1163.

ET CÆTERA,

&c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

Though a nation perpetually changes, the features remain the same.—Letter of a Sicilian gentleman in the time of Louis XIV.—The likeness between Paris then and Paris now.—We see what new ideas and laws have changed.—What they have left unaltered.—The character of the French displayed in different circumstances.—Aspect of Paris in many respects the same.—Manners of people illustrated by facts.—What the Revolution did.—The manners of the old aristocracy have had greater effect upon the manners of the middling classes, than the manners of the middling classes upon those of the old aristocracy.—The personages who have disappeared—What you now see in their places—Many places where people may live upon as little, no place where they live so *magnificently* upon a little as Paris.—Mons. Bontin.—Few rich in Paris, few poor.—The climate.—The hero of a fine day.—The lion.—The student.—Future of Paris.—The past.

I CONFESS, for my own part, that I have often been struck by the resemblance which Time (that touches and alters, piece by piece, almost all that relates to the existence of a people) still leaves between century and century. During the life of a nation, as during the life of an individual, the body changes more than once every particle of its materials; but the features, the proportions, the likeness remain, and, as on looking to the dial, we discover from the hour which is marked the course which the hand has had to run, so in regarding a country with intelligence, we may divine its history from the newspapers on our table. The letter of a Sicilian gentleman gives the following description of Paris in the time of Louis XIV. "It is no exaggeration," says he, "to remark that Paris is one vast hotel. You see every where cafés, estaminets, taverns, and the frequenters of taverns. The kitchens smoke at all times, and at all times eating is going on. The luxury of Paris is something extraordinary and enormous— its wealth would enrich three cities. On all sides you are surrounded by rich and splendid shops, where every thing is sold that you don't want, as well as every thing which you require. All would wish to live splendidly, and the

poorest gentleman, jealous of his richer neighbour, would live as well as he does. Ribbons, looking-glasses, are things, without which the French could not live. Fashion is the veritable demon of the nation; one sex is as vain and as desirous of pleasures as the other; and if the women never stir without a mirror, the men also may be seen arranging and combing their wigs publicly in the streets. There is not a people so imperious and so audacious as these Parisians; they are proud of their very fickleness, and say that they are the only persons in the world who can break their promises with honour. In vain you look for modesty, wisdom, persons who have nothing to do (a Sicilian is speaking), or men who have grown old. But if you don't find modesty, wisdom, or old age, you find obsequiousness, gallantry, and politeness. Go into a shop, and you are cajoled into buying a thousand things you never dreamt of, before you obtain the article you want. The manner of the higher classes is something charming—there are masters who teach civility, and a pretty girl the other day offered to *sell me compliments*. The women dote upon little dogs. They command their husbands and obey nobody. They dress with grace. We see them at all hours, and they dote on conversation. As to love, they love, and listen to their lovers, without much difficulty—but they never love long, and they never love enough. I have not seen a jealous husband, or a man who thinks himself unhappy and dishonoured because his wife is unfaithful.

"During the Carême, the people go in the morning to a sermon, and in the evening to a comedy, with equal zeal and devotion. The Abbés are in great number, and the usual resource of ladies in affliction. The young men are perpetually in the racket-court—the old men pass their time at cards, at dice, and in talking over the news of the day. The Tuileries are the resort of the idle and those who wish, without taking any trouble about it, to be amused. It is there that you laugh, joke, make love, talk of what is doing in the city, of what is doing in the army; decide, criticize, dispute, deceive. Chocolate, tea, and coffee are very much in vogue; but coffee is preferred to either tea or chocolate; it is thought a remedy for low spirits. A lady learnt the other day that her husband had been killed in battle: —"Ah, unhappy that I am!' said she, 'quick, bring

me a cup of coffee!' The inhabitants of Paris are lodged upon the sides of the bridges, and even upon the tops and tiles of the houses. Although it does not rain often, you can't help walking in the mud, for all the filth of the town is thrown out into the streets, which it is impossible for the magistrates, however strict, to keep clean. The ladies never go out but on mules—the gentlemen walk in large high boots. The hackney-coaches are old, battered, and covered with mud. The horses which draw them have no flesh on their bones. The coachmen are brutal; they have a voice so hoarse, and so terrible, and the smacking of their whips so horribly increases the noise, that no sooner is the rattling machine in movement, than you imagine all the furies at work in giving to Paris the sounds of the infernal regions."

Such was Paris above a century ago; let any one reflect upon the immense changes that have taken place since that time. Let any one reflect that we have had since then, Law, Voltaire, Rousseau—the orgies and bankruptcy of the Regent, the reign of Louis XV., the decapitation of Louis XVI., the wars and terrors of the republic, the tyranny of the empire, the long struggle of the restoration,—let any one reflect, that since then have been born the doctrines of equality and liberty, which will probably change the destinies of the world. Let any one, I say, reflect on all this, and tell me, as he reads the passage I have cited, whether the resemblance is not strong between the past and the present?—whether, in looking at Paris under Louis Philippe, he cannot trace all the main features of its picture taken during the time of Louis XIV.?

Paris is certainly altered; the ladies no longer ride on mules, and the gentlemen do not arrange their head-dress in the public streets. The shopkeepers have lost their extraordinary civility, the noblesse have lost the exquisite polish of their ancient manners; there are no longer masters to teach you civility, nor young ladies who sell you compliments. The Parisians under a serious government are not so frivolous as of yore: the vanity then confined to the toilette and the drawing-room has taken a prouder flight, and prances on the Champs de Mars, or perforates in the chamber. The passions are the same, but a new machine works them into a different shape, and produces another manufacture from the same

materials. We see the change that other laws and other ideas produce, and the popular spirit which has elevated the character of the people,* has civilized the hackney coaches, widened the streets, and saved two hundred per annum of the lives of his majesty's subjects.† We see what new ideas and new laws have changed, but we see also how much new ideas and laws have left unaltered. The wish to outvie, the desire to please, the fondnesss for decoration, the easy transition from one passion or one pursuit to another, the *amour-propre*, the fickleness of the Parisian, are still as visible as they were under the Grand Monarque: while, alas! the morals of society (if I may venture to say so) even yet remind you of the saying of Montesquieu," "Que le Français ne parle jamais de sa femme, parce qu'il a peur d'en parler devant les gens qui la connaissent mieux que lui." I have said that the Parisian is almost as fickle as he was. During the old hierarchy of ranks and professions, he could be fickle in little but his pleasures. The career which conducted him to the grave was traced at his cradle, and if he were born a footman, all he could hope was—to die a butler. The life of the Parisian has changed; you may see it in the aspect of Paris itself. A new spirit,—a spirit of commerce, of gain, of business, has made the city and its citizens different from what they were: the Bourse is the monument of the epoch; even the firework and the dance have been driven from their old resort, and lo! Beaujon and Tivoli § are destroyed by a building speculation. But the same character which presided over the amusements has entered into the affairs of this volatile and light-hearted people, and among the causes of that distress so severely felt in 1830, we had to remark the careless, unreflecting, and variable disposition which induced the capitalist now to enter into a business with which he was wholly unacquainted; now to transport his capital, suddenly and without reflection, from one branch of industry to another;—impatient of delay, uncalculating of

* "We see," says Mercier, who wrote just previous to the revolution of eighty-nine, "we see at every step we take in the mud, that *the people who go on foot have no share in the government.*"

† Two hundred was the average calculation of persons run over in the streets of Paris: this species of amusement was much in fashion during the latter days of the old regime.

§ Public gardens.

consequences, and incessantly tormented by the unproductive appetite for novelty and adventure.* *Du reste*, Paris might still pass for a vast hotel. There are eight hundred cafés and one thousand restaurants, and here you are served on silver, amidst gilding, and painting, and glass; while the *garçon* who says, *Que voulez-vous, Monsieur?* presents a carte with upwards of two hundred articles,† and lo! there are still cafés and estaminets, taverns and the frequenters of taverns, and it is at night, as you see these places, brilliant with light, filled with guests, surrounded by loungers, that you catch the character of Paris, such as it is, such as it was a century ago, when tempted by Law with those prints of Louisiána,‡ in which a people, as the *beau idéal* of happiness, were represented indulging themselves in the sun; rich without labour, and deriving most of their pleasures from their senses. In this city there are one hundred and ninety-two§ places of public amusement,—of amusement for the people, without counting the innumerable guinguettes at the barriers where the populace usually hold their Sunday revels. To those who are fond of facts, the manners of Paris may be thus described:—

There are twenty thousand persons every night at the theatres; five public libraries are constantly full; and one hundred *cabinets de lecture*. You will find about an equal number of celebrated dancing masters, and of celebrated teachers of mathematics;** and the municipality pays *one-third more for its fêtes than it does for its religion*.††

A passion for enjoyment, a contempt for life without pleasure,

* M. Béres "Causes du Malaise, 1831."

† In 1819 Paris received 801,524 hectolitres of wine, 70,819 oxen, 6,481 cows, 67,719 calves, 329,000 sheep, 64,822 pigs and wild boars, 1,267,364 kilogrammes of dry cheese, and above 479,000 pounds of bread per day, or 113,880,000 kilogrammes per year; add to this 323,610 hectolitres of potatoes. Besides which were sold chickens, ducks, game, &c. to the amount of 7,601,402 francs, butter to the amount of 7,105,531 fr. eggs, 3,676,302 fr.—See note (in Appendix, under Paris), for principal articles of consumption before the revolution of eighty-nine, and for a bill of fare at a restaurant's.

‡ One of the devices of Law to favour the success of his scheme was to publish these prints, addressed to the passions and dispositions of the populace he seduced.

§ A calculation in 1817, since which they are much augmented.

** I have taken this from "Le Livre d'Adresses," "livre," says Fontenelle, "qui contient le plus de vérités."

†† See account of the *Préfet de la Seine*.

a want of religion and morality, fill the gambling-house, the Morgue, and the Enfans trouvés. Such have been the effects of the revolution!.... No; the revolution has had little to do with these misfortunes. Before the revolution there were forty thousand prostitutes,* there are now six thousand. Before the revolution there were fifteen licensed *maisons de jeu*, there are now eight. Before the revolution, observes Mercier, "all the money of the provinces passed to the capital, and all the money of the capital passed to its courtezans." Before the revolution, says Chamfort, I remember to have seen a man who quitted the ladies at the opera, because they had *no more honour than the ladies of the world*. It is not then to be lamented that political events have changed the manners of the Parisians so much, but that they have changed their manners so little; this is the subject for lamentation. There is a change, however, to which political events have no doubt contributed, but which, during the later years of the old government, time and the character of the French were tending to produce. The gradual fusion of the different classes, which ancient usages had kept apart, would, without the shock that blended and confused all ranks violently together, have naturally given to one set of persons many of the ideas and habits of another. You see no longer in Paris a nobility that lives upon credit, and boasts of its ruin with ostentation.† The families that still inhabit the great hotels of the Faubourg St. Germain are more orderly, more economical, more moral in their habits than heretofore. But, as in a voluptuous people the habits of the lower classes mount up to the higher, so in a vain nation the habits of the higher classes descend more naturally to the lower. The manners of the old aristocracy then have had a greater effect upon the manners of the middling classes, than the manners of the middling classes have had upon those of the aristocracy. Among the nobility of the stock exchange, the office and the counter, there reigns a luxury at present, which, sometimes sighed for by such persons, was rarely seen of old. If you want a proof of this, you have the best,—you have the theatres, where the antique scenery, the

* This calculation is given by Mirabeau.

† On vit sur crédit . . . on publie avec ostentation qu'on est ruiné. . .—See Mercier, Tableaux de Paris.

scenery which represented the apartments of the aristocracy, and the bourgeoisie of the old regime, too costly for the first, too meagre for the last,—is obliged to be laid aside, in order to give place to new decorations, where Monsieur Magnon and Monsieur de Montmorency, the rich notaire and the rich noble, equally display an elegant opulence unaccompanied by pomp. Wealth has lost its ancient and aristocratic splendour, but, in becoming more citizenlike in its air, it has become more complete and finished in its details. "There was greater state in my time among the rich," said an old gentleman to me the other day, "more horses, more plate, more servants,—but the table-cloth was not so fine and so clean, the rooms were not so well lighted. The bourgeoisie, however, was a different race, —they lived frugally and laid by their money, not with the idea of becoming gentlemen themselves, but with the hope and expectation that their great grandchildren might become so. People rose gradually; the son of a shopkeeper purchased a charge, his son purchased one higher, and thus by degrees the family which had begun at the shop rose to the magistracy and the Parliament." The diffusion of knowledge, the division of fortunes, have descended and spread tastes formerly more exaggerated and more confined. The few have lost a habit of extravagance,—the many have gained a habit of expense. There is a smaller number of persons who squander away their fortune,—there is a smaller number of persons who save. In this, as in everything else, the striking characteristic of Paris,—of Paris in 1834,—is the kind of universal likeness that reigns throughout it. The great mass of Parisians (whether we observe their habits, their manners, or their language) are so many casts struck from the same coin. The last revolution seems to have completed the decree of Procrastes, and every one appears before us cut and stretched to the same measure.

The grand seigneur on his charger, covered with pearls and dressed in a coat that cost him the price of an election (57,000 francs), was seen no more after the early days of the reign of Louis XIV.* The archbishop with his ecclesiastical pomp,—the courtier with his coach and six, his splendid liveries and

* See Bassompierre.

his running footmen, disappeared shortly after '89. The marshal of the empire with his fierce familiarity,—his prancing horses and his military magnificence, bade adieu to Paris in 1817. The old provincial noble, stiff in the rattling carriage magnificently empanelled, proud of his long genealogy, his written discourse, the smile of the minister, and the praise of the Quotidienne, has vanished from the streets since 1830—and lo! before you are the almost undistinguishable mass of eighty thousand national guards, and fifteen thousand electors. In this community are confounded journalists, generals, bankers, barbers, the richest capitalist and the poorest patentee,—all classes are comprised in one immense middle class,—a class not, like the middle class of England, merely occupied in making money, and born of parents who have spent their lives in the same pursuit, but a middle class of all degrees and all professions,—a middle class that does not stand between the gentry and the people, but between the mob and the monarch. In the streets, the walks, the theatres,—this class,—sauntering on the boulevards,—laughing loud at the Variétés—undressed at the opera—spreads every where its own easy and unceremonious air; and Paris is fashioned to its habits, as it was formerly to the habits of the spendthrift and the sober bourgeois; and the same causes that have carried more seriousness into one portion of society have carried more amusement into another. Few are poor,—few are rich; many are anxious to enjoy; and every thing is contrived to favour this combination of poverty and pleasure. There are many places where a person can *live* upon as little, but there is no place where a person can *live so magnificently* upon a little as Paris. It is not the necessaries that are cheap, but the superabundances. Monsieur Bontin, an old bachelor, whose few remaining locks are carefully adjusted, prefers enjoying his rent of sixty napoleons a year in idleness, to gaining six times as much by an occupation. You conclude immediately that M. Bontin is a man who has acquired in the world the best rules of philosophy, that he is a sample of unsophisticated tastes, and that it is precisely the same thing to him whether he dine upon a suprême de volaille at the restaurant's, or crunch a hard piece of dry bread in solitary discomfort. Here is the mistake—Monsieur Bontin dines not at Véry's, but at La Place des Petits Pères;—this is all the

difference: he pays twenty-two sous, instead of eight francs, for his soup, his two dishes, his wine, and his desert. You say the meat is bad, the wine is sour, the desert is meagre,—it may be so; he does not enter into these details. His dinner is composed of the same number of dishes, and has the *same appearance* that it would have if he were six times as rich. This is all he knows, and with this he is perfectly contented. Does he fancy a bath to quicken his flagging pulse, and flatter himself into the belief that he is not yet what should be called aged? Do you suppose that he is to abstain from this bath because he is poor? No; he is merely to abstain from the Bains Chinois where he would pay three francs, and go to the Bains rue Montmartre, where he has the same portion of warm water for ten sous. Is he of an amorous propensity? He sighs not, it is possible, in the *foyer* and the *coulisses*. He repudiates from his midnight dreams the voluptuousness of the opera dancer, the *agacerie* of the actress; he seeks not his bonne fortune at the banker's ball, or the duchess's *conversazione*—but he inspires with his flame the fair *lampiste* opposite; or reposes more languidly in the easy arms of the fair fringemaker,* whose aërian habitation is approximate to his own. Has he that incongruity of disposition which distinguished our roving forefathers,† holds he in equal abomination the quiet of his quarter and the exercise of his legs,—and is he compelled to choose either dread alternative, because to him neither horse, nor groom, nor cabriolet appertains? Heaven forbid! neither does he call to the cabriolet or the hackney-coach on the stand, which, in the first place, would be an exertion, and the next, an extravagance. No; he abides inertly at his door, with threepence in his hand, and the first omnibus that passes transports him from the Jardin des Plantes to the Rue de Rivoli.‡ Paris, we know, even in these times of civilization, is but miserably furnished with one necessary convenience. Don't let our poverty-stricken Petronius complain! The magnificent Vespasienne§ anticipates his wants, and supplies the deficiency which the archi-

* A class very numerously circulated throughout the topmost regions of Paris.

† Mirâ diversitate naturæ cum idem homines sic ament inertiam et oderint quietem.—*Tac.*

‡ That is, from one extremity of Paris to the other.

§ Des commodités ambulantes qui s'appelent ainsi.

tect has left in his humble dwelling. What is denied to him? is there a passion he cannot indulge?—even that passion of the rich man, the strongest perchance that the rich man possesses—the passion which filled the pension-list of Louis XVI., and has crippled the pride of our nobility? Is he deprived of its indulgence? can he not ruin himself if he pleases? can he not throw his fortune avariciously away with piles of accumulated gold before his eyes? Here the state provides for his desires, and the gambling-house and the lottery ticket are accommodated to the ambitious prodigality of his miserable purse. I said that few in Paris are rich, few poor. No workman employed gains upon an average less than about eight hundred francs per annum. Hardly any workman, willing to work, is without employment; and the average income of each Parisian, taking one with the other, has been considered one thousand francs. On this fact reposes the equality which strikes us, and the reign of that middle class, whose dominion and whose aspect I have described. This income of one thousand francs Mr. Millot has divided, and according to his calculation —the washerwoman costs the Parisian more than the schoolmaster; the new-year's gift more than the accoucheur; the theatre twice as much as the nurse; the librarian and bookseller half as much as the theatre; the bath the same as the bookseller and librarian; and the money spent in luxury and amusements considerably more than that which is expended in the purchase of fuel, the dearest article of Parisian existence. Nor let it be thought that Parisian gaiety is owing to a Parisian climate entirely! They who are now watching the weather-glass in our land of fogs, may like to know that the Parisians themselves have, in the way of weather, something to complain of.

Paris has in the year (on an average of twenty years) but one hundred and twenty-six days tolerably fine.*

* 234 days of cold damp wind.

142	of rain.
180	of fog.
148	obscure (couverts.)
181	cloudy.
58	of frost.
12	of snow.

But what may not be said of these one hundred and twenty-six days! They contain the history of France. The sun shines; and behold that important personage who has so frequently decided the destiny of Paris! See him in his black and besmeared blouse, his paper cap, and his green apron. There he is on the quays, on the Boulevards, in the Palais-Royal; wherever Paris is more essentially Paris—there he is, laughing, running, shouting, idling, eating. There he is at the fête, at the funeral, at the bridal, at the burial, above all—at the Revolution. Hark, as he cries *Vive la France! vive la liberté!* And he rushes on the bayonet, he jumps upon the cannon, he laughs at death—he fears nothing—but a shower of rain; and was ever found invincible until Marshal Lobau appeared against him,—with a water-engine. Such is the *gamin* of Paris, who, in common with the gods, enjoys the privilege of perpetual youth. Young at the League, young at the Fronde, young in 1789, young in 1830, always young and always first when there is frolic or adventure; for the character of the Parisian is the character of youth; gay, careless, brave at all ages; he is more than ever gay, and careless, and brave, when he is young.* Such is the gamin of Paris; and in spite of his follies and his fickleness, there is something in the rags darkened by gunpowder, in the garment torn by the sword, and pierced by the ball, that a foreigner respects. But who is that young man, fantastically attired, a buffoon at the carnival, a jockey at the race-course—the beloved of prostitutes and parasites, gorged with the gluttony of pleasure, besmeared with the dirt of brothels and debauch? Who is that modern Polemon, to whom philosophy would address herself in vain?—who is that "*bourgeois Bassompierre*," that "*rentier Richelieu*," who imitates the vices without having the wit, the arrogance without having the nobility, of a by-gone age; who might be the roué of the regent, but for his dulness—the courtier of Louis XV., but for his vulgarity—who thinks to disguise the stupidity of his ideas under the coarseness of his language, and to illustrate the sordidness of his birth by the glare of his extravagances?†

* It is thus that the boy, taking with superior energy the universal direction, never fails to be at the head of every Parisian movement.

† Such is the type of one of that clique of young men, vulgarly called

At least there was talent and intelligence among the *élégans* of Versailles, and the force and the character which they wanted at the court they found on the scaffold.

But let us turn from those windows where you see light and music, and champagne, and tumult, to yon dim and learned square, overshadowed by the Sorbonne! There, opposite the miserable building, where Rousseau dreamt of Heloise in the arms of his grisette (Thérèse), there is a small but clean and neat restaurant. The name over the door is Flicoteau—name sacred to the early dinners of the wise and eloquent of France. Enter between three and four o'clock, and take your seat at one of the small tables, the greater number of which are already occupied! To your right there is a pale young man: his long hair, falling loosely over his face, gives an additional wildness to the eye, which has caught a mysterious light from the midnight vigil; his clothes are clean and threadbare; his coat too short at the wrists; his trowsers too short at the legs; his cravat of a rusty black, and vaguely confining two immense shirt collars, leaves his thin and angular neck almost entirely exposed. To your left is the native of the south, pale and swarthy; his long black locks, parted from his forehead, descend upon his shoulders; his lip is fringed with a slight moustache, and the semblance of a beard gives to his meditative countenance an antique and apostolic cast. Ranged round the room, with their meagre portions of meat and bread, their pale decanter of water before them, sit the students, whom a youth of poverty and privation are preparing for a life of energy or science. With them is the future*—but where is

"beau," whose lives are spent on the Boulevards, in the Bois de Boulogne, at the theatre, the gambling-house, and the brothel. Their conversation is an account of their disgusting orgies—their vulgarity, their bad taste, their ostentatious and licentious manners have not even the excuse of fashion, and their birth is usually as low as their morality.

*I have sketched, as the portraits most characteristic of the place, two young men belonging to that class called "la jeune France." The picture would not be faithful if universally applied. Neither are all students so serious and so learned as I presume my students to be. Many who go to the École de Droit" merely fulfil a certain form, and visit their college as we do our university, without much intention of benefiting by the instructions they receive there. These are chiefly the young men of wealthy families. Their allowance from four hundred to eight hundred francs a month, enables them to lead an idle and joyous kind of life. There is a café at the corner of the Rue de l'Odéon, famous for the pretty lady at the counter, where they usually

the past? Come with me, reader: it is our last pilgrimage: come with me to that spot, where, unhallowed as the flame that gleams about corruption, an unnatural gaiety lives among the dead!—come with me to those tombs, fantastically ar-

breakfast, and occupy two or three hours in the morning in eating, reading the newspapers, and making love. In the evening they cross the water, dine in the Palais-Royal, and frequently treat themselves to the theatre. The vacant time thus not disposed of is occupied in smoking, talking, (still a favourite amusement of the French), and reading the light works of the day, which fill the innumerable *salons littéraires*, or circulating libraries, in that part of Paris where the schools are situated. This indeed is a circumstance worth remarking; no young Frenchman is ever completely idle, completely illiterate, and completely uninformed. In our universities the great mass of those who are called 'gay men' in contradiction to 'reading men,' the great mass of these never open a book, never take up a newspaper, never read three lines even of Byron or Walter Scott, or the most popular living authors of the day; they hunt, they shoot, and drive; or, if they cannot afford the reality of these amusements, they gratify themselves with the shadow, and are to be seen smoking in a shooting-jacket, or lounging in the livery stables, or leaning out of the windows and flourishing a tandem-whip. The theatre, which would have afforded this set of scholars some resource and some education, is peremptorily forbidden, though it would be easy, by proper regulations, to obtain in it a means for elevating the taste, and giving a literary turn to the mind of many who are otherwise inaccessible to instruction or improvement. In Paris the most idle of these gay men I have been describing have a certain elegance of taste and love of *letters*. They read, they admire, they frequently worship the popular genius of the time, and youth is not passed without producing some of those elevating and poetic emotions which ennoble the after-passages of life. But to few of the students is literature merely an amusement, few are the idle and jovial possessors of three or four hundred francs a month. The medical students, more particularly those born of poor parents, and struggling expressly for a profession, are frequently in a state of almost absolute destitution, and forty, fifty, and sixty francs a month is the allowance of many of these young men, who have lodging, food, and fire, and clothing, to procure as they can out of this pittance; bad living, unhealthy air, and hard study, produce a frightful proportion of deaths amongst these unhappy youth. The only comfort and consolation which their misery receives is at the hands of the grisette. This friend, and honest, though perhaps too indulgent, personage, who has no parallel in our society, is the student's beneficent genius. Between the grisette and the student there exists a species of fraternity: they lodge frequently in the same house. If the student be ill, the grisette attends him; if the student's linen be out of repair, which happens frequently, the grisette mends it for him. The student, in his turn, protects the grisette, gives her his arm on a Sunday in the Luxembourg, or pays the necessary penny, and conducts her across the bridge. Equally poor, equally in need of kindness and protection, brought together by their mutual wants, they form naturally and immediately a new link in society.

All this part of Paris, in the neighbourhood of the Luxembourg, is tinged by the character of its youthful inhabitants. They feel this; they feel they are in their own domain; they walk with their heads high, and their caps, or hats,

ranged, where a frivolous affection miserably displays itself, in hanging an artificial garland, bought at the gate for two sous, upon the tomb of the lover who was adored! There lie Abelard and Heloise—the monk and his mistress: how many thoughts, customs, doctrines, chances, changes, revolutions, in that sepulchre! There is Masséna, general of the empire—De Foy, statesman of the restoration; for yonder cemetery, opened only twenty years ago, already contains two dynasties. But pass through the crowd of pyramids, obelisks, mounds, columns, that surround you on either side; turn from the tombs that are yet fresh, and look down from yonder elevation on the monuments that mingle ages!—what a mass of history is there! Behold the ruins of that palace, built for the modern King of Rome!—behold the church of Saint Louis, the statue of Bonaparte!—look for the site of the temple of Jupiter!—for the house of Ninon de l'Enclos!—for the apartment of Danton—the palace of Richelieu! It is time that gives a magnificence to vastness: it is memory that gives a venerability to age.

Let your imagination darken that river by the overshadowing gloom of the wood, sacred to the weird mysteries of Druidical superstition! Lead through the narrow streets of yonder isle the gay procession of Bacchus and of Ceres! People the city that I see with the flitting and intermingling figures of cowled monks and steel-armed warriors! Paint the tumults of the League—the massacre of St. Bartholomew! Paint Charles, with the fatal arquebuss in his hand, at yonder window, and the Seine red and tumid with Protestant blood! Behold the Parliament, stiff and sombre, marching on foot to the Palais Cardinal, in deliverance of Broussel; and the town, distracted with the fêtes, and the duels, and the ambition, and the quarrels, of the gay and noble cavaliers of that courtly and gallant time! And now see the

socked on one side. The poor and more studious carry a book under their arm, the richer and more adventurous brandish a stick.

In the same quarter as the students, and mingling with them, live a great number of the young literary men of France; of the journalists, of the novelists, of the dramatists, melodramatists, writers of tales, reviewers, &c., &c.; less seriously occupied than the poorer students, not so idle as the wealthier ones, they form an intermediate link between the two, and tend doubtless to inspire both with that love of polite learning, that passion for lighter literature, with which all the young part of France is imbued.

stalls of the Rue Quincampoix, miserable exhibition of the degraded chivalry of France! and lo! Mirabeau in the tribune!—Lafayette, on his white horse, in the Champs de Mars!—Napoleon returning from Egypt, and walking to the Institut!—the Grande Armée, drawn up on the Place de Carrousel!—the Cossacks encamped in the Champs Elysées!—the Garde Royale flying from the Louvre!—and the Garde Nationale reviewing on the Boulevards!

THE CHARACTERISTICS.

"La nature montre partout la lutte de l'ombre et de la lumière."—VICTOR HUGO.—*Littérature et Philosophie mélées.*

"The truth is, they be not the highest instances that give the securest information; as may be well expressed in the tale so common of the philosopher, that while he gazed upwards to the stars he fell into the water; for if he had looked down, he might have seen the stars in the water, but looking aloft he could not see the water in the stars. So it cometh often to pass, that mean and small things discover great, better than great can discover the small."—BACON'S *Advancement.*

CHARACTERISTICS.

POLITENESS.

Beggar like the Courtier in the time of Louis XV.—Arrival at Calais.—Innkeeper at Rouen.—Comparison between Hotel at Paris and Hotel in London.—Manners of Servants and Tradespeople in the two Countries.—Our idea of Civility—The manners, checquered in England by softness and insolence, are not sufficiently courteous and gentle in France.—You see no longer in France that noble air, that *great manner*, as it was called, which you found formerly.—Grace in the Creed of Père Enfantin.—Expression of old Ségur.

We have arrived in France. We have seen Paris—the epitome of France—now let us take within our view some of the characteristics of the French people! Many are those landmarks of manners in every nation which laws and circumstances will alter and efface; and many are those which laws and circumstances will alter, will modify, but which they cannot efface:—I proceed to consider both. What, reader, should I say of the ancient reputation which France enjoyed for politeness?.....

"Je me recommande à vous," was said to me the other day by an old gentleman dressed in very tattered garments, who was thus soliciting a sou. The old man was a picture. His long grey hairs fell gracefully over his shoulders. Tall—he was so bent forward, as to take with a becoming air the position in which he had placed himself. One hand was pressed to his heart, the other held his hat. His voice, soft and plaintive, did not want a certain dignity. In that very attitude, and in that very voice, a nobleman of the ancient régime might have solicited a pension from the Duc de Choiseul n the time of Louis XV. I confess that I was the more struck by the manner of the venerable suppliant from the contrast which it formed with the demeanour of his countrymen in general.

It is rare now a days, I acknowledge, to meet with a Frenchman with the air which Lawrence Sterne was so enchanted with during the first month, and so wearied with at the expiration of the first year, which he spent in France. That look and gesture of the petit marquis, that sort of studied elegance, which, at first affected by the court, became, at last, natural to the nation, exist no longer, except among two or three grands seigneurs in the Faubourg St. Germain, and as many beggars usually to be found on the Boulevards. To ask with grace, to beg with as little self-humility as possible: here perchance is the fundamental idea which led, in the two extremes of society, to the same results: but things vicious in their origin are sometimes agreeable in their practice.

"Hail, ye small sweet courtesies of life, far smoother do ye make the road of it—like grace and beauty which beget inclination at first sight, 'tis ye who open the door and let the stranger in." I had the Sentimental Journey in my hand—it was open just at this passage, when I landed not very long ago on the quay of that town which Horace Walpole tells us caused him more astonishment than any other he had met with in his travels. I mean Calais. "Hail, ye small sweet courtesies of life," was I still muttering to myself as gently pushing by a spruce little man, who had already scratched my nose, and nearly poked, out my eyes, with cards of "Hôtel ——." I attempted to pass on towards the inn of Mons. Dessin. "Nom de Dieu," said the Commissionaire! as I touched his elbow, "nom de Dieu, Monsieur, *je suis Français*, il ne faut pas me pousser, moi—*je suis Francais*,"—and this he said, contracting his brow, and touching a moustache that only wanted years and black wax to make it truly formidable: I thought that he was going to offer me his own card instead of Mr. Meurice's. This indeed would have been little more than what happened to a friend of mine not long ago. He was going last year from Dieppe to Paris. He slept at Rouen, and on quitting the house the following morning, found fault with some articles in the bill presented to him. "Surely there is some mistake here," said he, pointing to the account. "Mistake, sir," said the *aubergiste*, adjusting his shoulders with the important air of a man who was going to burthen them with a quarrel—"mistake, sir, what do you mean,—a mistake—do you think

I charge a sou more than is just? Do you mean to say that? *Je suis officier, monsieur, officier Francais, et j'insiste pour que vous me rendiez raison!*" Now, it is undoubtedly very unpleasant to an Englishman, who has the same idea of a duel that a certain French marquise had of a lover, when, on her death-bed, she said to her grand-daughter, "Je ne vous dis pas, ma chère, de ne point avoir d'amans, je me rappelle de ma jeunesse. Il faut seulement n'en prendre jamais qui soient au dessous de votre état." It is doubtless very unpleasant to an Englishman, who cares very little about fighting, but a great deal about the person he fights with, to have his host present him a bill in one hand, and a pistol in the other. In one of the islands, which we ought to discover, whenever the king sneezes all his courtiers are expected to sneeze also: the country of course imitates the court, and the empire is at once affected with a general cold. Sneezing here, then, becomes an art and an accomplishment. One person prizes himself on sneezing more gracefully than another, and, by a matter of general consent, all nations who have not an harmonious manner of vibrating their nostrils are justly condemned as savages and barbarians. There is no doubt that the people of this island are right; and there is no doubt that we are right in considering every people with different usages from ourselves, of very uncivilized and uncomfortable behaviour. We then decidedly are the people who ought justly to be deemed the most polite.

For instance—you arrive at Paris: how striking the difference between the reception you receive at your hotel, and that you would find in London! In London, arrive in your carriage! (that I grant is necessary)—the landlord meets you at the door, surrounded by his anxious attendants: he bows profoundly when you alight,—calls loudly for everything you want, and seems shocked at the idea of your waiting an instant for the merest trifle you can possibly *imagine* that you desire. Now try your Paris hotel! you enter the court-yard—the proprietor, if he happen to be there, receives you with careless indifference, and either accompanies you saunteringly himself, or orders some one to accompany you to the apartment, which, on first seeing you, he determined you should have. It is useless to expect another. If you find any fault with

this apartment, if you express any wish that it had this little thing, that it had not that, do not for one moment imagine that your host is likely to say with an eager air that "he will see what can be done—that he would do a great deal to please so respectable a gentleman." In short, do not suppose him for one moment likely to pour forth any of those little civilities with which the lips of your English innkeeper would overflow. On the contrary; be prepared for his lifting up his eyes, and shrugging up his shoulders (the shrug is not the courtier-like shrug of antique days), and telling you "that the apartment is as you see it, that it is for Monsieur to make up his mind whether he take it or not." The whole is the affair of the guest, and remains a matter of perfect indifference to the host. Your landlady, it is true, is not quite so haughty on these occasions. But you are indebted for her smile rather to the coquetry of the beauty, than to the civility of the hostess: she will tell you, adjusting her head-dress in the mirror standing upon the chimney-piece in the little *salon* she recommends—"que Monsieur s'y trouvera fort bien, qu'un milord Anglais, qu'un prince Russe, ou qu'un colonel de ——ieme régiment de dragons, a occupé cette même chambre"—and that there is just by, an excellent restaurateur, and a *cabinet de lecture*—and then—her head-dress being quite in order—the lady expanding her arms with a gentle smile, says—"Mais après tout, c'est à Monsieur de se décider." — It is this which makes your French gentleman so loud in praise of English politeness. One was expatiating to me the other day on the admirable manners of the English.

"I went," said he, "to the Duke of Devonshire's, *dans mon pauvre fiacre:* never shall I forget the respect with which a stately gentleman, gorgeously apparelled, opened the creaking door, let down the steps, and—courtesy of very courtesies! —picked, actually picked, the dirty straws of the ignominious vehicle that I descended from, off my shoes and stockings." This occurred to the French gentleman at the Duke of Devonshire's. But let your English gentleman visit a French *grand seigneur*! He enters the anti-chamber from the grand escalier. The servants are at a game of dominos, from which his entrance hardly disturbs them, and fortunate is he if any one conducts him with a careless lazy air to the salon. So, if

you go to Boivin's, or if you go to Howel's and James's, with what politeness, with what celerity, with what respect your orders are received, at the great man's of Waterloo Place—with what an easy *nonchalance* you are treated in the Rue de la Paix! All this is quite true; but there are things more shocking than all this. I know a gentleman, who called the other day on a French lady of his acquaintance, who was under the hands of her *coiffeur*. The artist of the hair was there, armed cap-à-pie, in all the glories of national-guardism, brandishing his comb with the grace and the dexterity with which he would have wielded a sword, and recounting, during the operation of the toilette—now a story of *Monsieur son Capitaine*—now an anecdote, equally interesting, of *Monsieur son Colonel*—now a tale of *Monsieur son Roi*, "that excellent man, on whom he was going to mount guard that very evening." My unhappy friend's face still bore the most awful aspect of dismay, as he told his story. "By G—d, there's a country for you!" said he; "can property be safe for a moment in such a country? There can be no religion, no morality, with such manners—I shall order post-horses immediately."

I did not wonder at my friend—at his horror for so fearful a familiarity;—what are our parents always, and no doubt wisely, repeating to us!—"You should learn, my dear, to keep *a certain kind of persons* at their proper distance.'"

In no circumstance are we to forget this important lesson. If the clouds hurled their thunders upon our heads, if the world tumbled topsy turvy about our ears,

"Si fractus illabitur orbis,"

it is to find the well-bred Englishman as it would have found the just Roman—and, above all things, it is not to derange the imperturbable disdain with which he is enfeoffed to his inferiors.—Lady D. was going to Scotland: a violent storm arose. Her ladyship was calmly dressing her hair, when the steward knocked at the cabin door. "My lady," said the man, "I think it right to tell you there is every chance of our being drowned." "Do not talk to me, you impertinent fellow, about drowning," said her aristocratical ladyship, perfectly unmoved —"that's the captain's business, and not mine."

Our great idea of civility, is, that the person who is poor should be exceedingly civil to the person who is wealthy: and this is the difference between the neighbouring nations. Your Frenchman admits no one to be quite his equal—your Englishman worships every one richer than himself as undeniably his superior. Judge us from our servants and our shopkeepers, it is true we are the politest people in the world. The servants, who are paid well, and the shopkeepers, who sell high, scrape, and cringe, and smile. There is no country where those who have wealth are treated so politely by those to whom it goes; but at the same time there is no country where those who are well off live on such cold, and suspicious, and ill-natured, and uncivil terms among themselves.

The rich man who travels in France murmurs at every inn and at every shop; not only is he treated no better for being a rich man—he is treated worse in many places, from the idea, that because he is rich he is likely to give himself airs. But, if the lower classes are more rude to the higher classes than with us, the higher classes in France are far less rude to one another. The dandy who did not look at an old acquaintance, or who looked impertinently at a stranger, would have his nose pulled, and his body run through with a small sword—or damaged by a pistol bullet—before the evening were well over. Where every man wishes to be higher than he is, there you find people insolent to their fellows, and exacting obsequiousness from their inferiors—where men will allow no one to be superior to themselves, there you see them neither civil to those above them, nor impertinent to those beneath them, nor yet very courteous to those in the same station. The manners, checquered in one country by softness and insolence, are not sufficiently courteous and gentle in the other. Time was in France (it existed in England to a later date), when politeness was thought to consist in placing every one at his ease. A quiet sense of their own dignity rendered persons insensible to the fear of its being momentarily forgotten. Upon these days rested the shadow of a by-gone chivalry, which accounted courtesy as one of the virtues. The civility of that epoch, as contrasted with the civility of ours, was not the civility of the domestic or the tradesman, meant to pamper the pride of their employer, but the civility of the noble and the gentleman, meant

to elevate the modesty of those who considered themselves in an inferior state. Corrupted by the largesses of an expensive and intriguing court, the grand seigneur, after the reign of Louis XIV., became over-civil and servile to those above him. Beneath the star of the French minister beat the present heart of the British mercer: and softly did the great man smile on those from whom he had anything to gain. As whatever was taught at Versailles was learnt in the Rue St. Denis, when the courtier had the air of a solicitor, every one aped the air of the courtier; and the whole nation, with one hand expressing a request, and the other an obligation, might have been taken in the attitude of the graceful old beggar, whose accost made such an impression upon me.

But a new nobility grew up in rivalry to the elder one; and as the positions of society became more complicated and uncertain, a supreme civility to some was seen side by side with a sneering insolence to others—a revolution in manners, which embittered as it hastened the revolution of opinions. Thus the manners of the French in the time of Louis XVI. had one feature of similarity with ours at present. A monied aristocracy was then rising into power in France, as a monied aristocracy is now rising into power in England. This is the aristocracy which demands obsequious servility—which is jealous and fearful of being treated with disrespect. This is the aristocracy which is haughty, insolent, and susceptible; which dreams of affronts and gives them. This is the aristocracy which measures with an uncertain eye the height of an acquaintance. This is the aristocracy which cuts and sneers. This aristocracy, though the aristocracy of the revolution of July, is now too powerless in France to be more than vulgar in its pretensions. French manners, then, if they are not gracious, are at all events not insolent; while ours, unhappily, testify on one hand the insolence, while they do not on the other represent the talent and the grace of that society which presided over the later suppers of the old régime. We have no Monsieur de Fitz-James, who might be rolled in a gutter all his life, as was said by a beautiful woman of his time, "without ever contracting a spot of dirt?" We have no Monsieur de Narbonne, who stops in the fiercest of a duel to pick up the ruffled rose that had slipped in a careless moment from his lips,

during the graceful conflict? You see no longer in France that noble air, that "*great manner*," as it was called, by which the old nobility strove to keep up the distinction between themselves and their worse-born associates to the last, and which of course those associates most *assiduously imitated.*

That manner is gone; the French, so far from being a polite people at the present day, want that easiness of behaviour which is the first essential to politeness. Every man you meet is occupied with maintaining his dignity, and talks to you of *his* position. There is an evident effort and struggle, I will not say to appear better than you are, but to appear *all* that *you are*, and to allow no person to think that you consider him better than you. Persons, no longer ranked by classes, take each by themselves an individual place in society. They are so many atoms, not forming a congruous or harmonious whole. They are too apt to strut forward singly, and to say with a great deal of action, and a great deal of emphasis, "I am nobody." The French are no longer a polite people, but in the French nation, as in every nation, there is an involuntary and traditionary respect which hallows what is gone by; and among the marvels of modern France is a religion which ranks an agreeable smile and a graceful bow as essential virtues of its creed.

Nor does the Père Enfantin stand alone. There is something touching in the language of the old *seigneur*, who, placed as it were between two epochs, looking backwards and forwards to the graces of past times and the virtues of new, thus expresses himself:

"Les progrès de la lumière et de la liberté ont certainement fait faire de grands pas à la raison humaine; mais aussi dans sa route n'a-t-elle rien perdu? Moi qui ne suis pas un de ces opiniâtres prôneurs de ce bon vieux temps qui n'est plus, je ne puis m'empêcher de regretter ce bon goût, cette grace, cette fleur d'enjouement et d'urbanité qui chassait de la société tout ennui en permettant au bon sens de sourire et à la sagesse de se parer. Aujourd'hui beaucoup de gens ressemblent à un propriétaire morose, qui ne songeant qu'à l'utile, bannirait de son jardin les fleurs, et ne voudrait y voir que du blé, des foins et des fruits."

GALLANTRY.

The small piece called "*Pourquoi*."—The French are not to expect at the same time in their wives chastity and good-temper.—What is to be said for England.—In France there is not even a shocking or humiliating idea attached to sexual improprieties.—Mademoiselle de Lenclos' observation.—There is nothing of passion in French love.—A poet irresistible on the Banks of the Rhine.—A lord on the Banks of the Thames.—The Italian women, the English women, the French women.—A courtship in France a series of bon-mots.—Fate of unmarried ladies.—Marriages *de St. Jacques*.—Number of illegitimate births in Paris.—More libertinage in France than elsewhere, and leads less, perhaps, than elsewhere to other depravity.—The gallantry and licentiousness of the French not sprung from the revolution.—Saying of the mother of the great Condé.—The love which you find in France made for society.—Gallantry national in France.—The French cherish the memory, not only of their great men, but of their great men's mistresses.—

THERE is a small piece now acting at one of the minor theatres called "*Pourquoi*." It is very popular; every body goes to see it, and says, "it is so true." What tale lies hid under this mysterious title?

There are two married friends living together. The wife of one is charming, always ready to obey and to oblige; her husband's will is her law. Nothing puts her out of humour. This couple live on the best of terms, and the husband is as happy as husband can desire to be.—Now for the other pair! Here is continual wrangling and dispute. The wife will have her own way, in the merest trifles as on the gravest matters—storms when contradicted, still tosses her head when humoured. In short, nothing can be so disagreeable as this good lady is to her grumbling but submissive helpmate. Happiness and misery were never to all appearances brought more fairly face to face than in these two domestic establishments. "Why" is one wife such a pattern of good nature and submission? "Why" is the other such a detestable shrew? This is the *pourquoi*.

The spouse whom you shrink from in such justifiable terror

is as faithful as woman can be. The spouse whom you cling to as such a pillow of comfort, is an intriguing hussy.

Hear, oh! ye French husbands! you must not expect your wives to have at the same time chastity and good-temper: the qualities are incompatible. Your eyes must be picked out, or horns on your heads must grow. This is the farce which is 'so popular.' This is the picture of manners which people call 'so true.' Miserable man, if the lips you press to yours are chaste to such endearments! Miserable man, if the wife of your bosom should be so singular as to be faithful! There is this to be said for England—if the poor-houses of the country swarm with children without a father—if the streets of the metropolis are almost turbulently infested with ladies of a most improper character—if Grosvenor Square, and St. James's Square, and Hill Street, and Charles Street, are witnesses to some mysterious and unconjugal indecorums,—the crime of unchastity is still spoken of and considered as deadly and damnatory as any to be found on the Newgate Calendar. It was but the other day that a poor woman charged, I think a chimney-sweep, with grossly ill-treating, *i. e.* beating her. What says the chimney-sweep? Does he refute the charge? No: but he asks the plaintiff at once whether she is not guilty of a criminal intercourse with a certain cobbler of her acquaintance; and when this unhappy fact is established—turning round triumphantly to the magistrate—"Now, your honour, vot does your honour say after that?" says the chimney-sweeper.

In France there is not even a shocking or humiliating idea attached to these sexual improprieties. The woman, says La Bruyère, who has only one lover says she is *not* a *coquette*. The woman who has more than one lover says she is *only a coquette*. To have a lover is the natural and simple thing—nor is it necessary that you should have a violent passion to excuse the frailty. Mademoiselle de Lenclos, whose opinions have descended in all their force and simplicity to the present generation, says, "What attaches you to your lover is not always love—but a conformity of ideas, of tastes, the habit of seeing him, the desire to escape yourself—*la nécessité d'avoir quelque galanterie*." "Gallantry"—that is the word which, in spite of all our social refinement, we have hardly yet a right

understanding of. I remember in some novel of Crébillon a scene in which the lady gently repulses the addresses of a gentleman who is laying what we should call violent hands on her, by the remark, that she did not love him—"Nay," but says the gentleman, nothing abashed, "if you only give what I ask to love, what do you keep for friendship?" Gallantry is a kind of light, and affectionate, and unplatonic friendship, which just suits the amiable and frivolous nature of the French.

There is nothing of passion in it—never expect a folly! Not one lady in a hundred would quit the husband she deceives for the lover whom (*soi-disant*) she adores. As to the gentlemen—I remember a case the other day: Madame de ——, hating her husband rather more than it is usual to hate a husband, or liking her lover rather better than it is usual to like a lover, proposed an elopement. The lover, when able to recover from the astonishment into which he was thrown by so startling and singular a proposition—having moreover satisfied himself that his mistress was really in earnest—put on a more serious aspect than usual.

"Your husband is, as you know, ma chère," said he, "my best friend. I will live with you and love you as long as you like, under his roof—that is no breach of friendship; but I cannot do M. de —— so cruel and unfriendly a thing as to run away with you." * In Italy love is fierce, passionate, impregnated with the sun: in England, as in Germany, love is sentimental, ideal. It is not the offspring of the heart, but of the imagination. A poet on the banks of the Rhine is irresistible—a lord on the banks of the Thames is the same. The lord indeed is a kind of poet—a hallowed and mystic being to a people who are always dreaming of lords, and scheming to be ladies. The world of fancy to British dames and damsels is the world of fashion: Almack's and Devonshire House are the "fata morgana" of the proudest and the highest—but every village has "its set," round which is drawn a magic circle; and dear and seductive are the secret and undefinable, and frequently unattainable, charms of those within the circle to those without it. You never heard in England of a clergyman's daughter seduced

* This is a fact.

by a baker's son—of a baker's daughter seduced by a chimney sweeper's boy.

The gay attorney seduces the baker's daughter; the clergyman's only child runs away with the Honourable Augustus——, who is heir, or younger brother to the heir, of the great house where the races are given to the neighbourhood. When the Italian woman takes a lover, she indulges a desperate passion; when the Englishwoman takes a lover, it is frequently to gratify a restless longing after rank; when a Frenchwoman takes a lover, it is most commonly to get an agreeable and interesting companion. As Italy is the land of turbulent emotion—as England is the land of aristocratic pretension—so France is *par excellence*, the land of conversation; and an assiduous courtship is very frequently a series of bon-mots. It is very possibly the kind of gentle elegance which pervades these relations, that makes the French so peculiarly indulgent to them; you hear of none of the fatal effects of jealous indignation—of the husband or the lover poignarded in the dim-lit street; * you hear of no damages and no elopements; the honour of the marriage-bed is never brought before your eyes in the clear, and comprehensive, and unmistakeable shape of 20,000*l.* You see a very well-dressed gentleman particularly civil and attentive to a very well dressed lady. If you call of a morning, you find him sitting by her work-table; if she stay at home of an evening for the *migraine*, you find him seated by her sofa; if you meet her in the world, you find him talking with her husband; a stranger, or a provincial says, "Pray, what relation is Monsieur —— to Madame ——?" He is told quietly, "Monsieur —— is Madame ——'s lover." This gallantry, which is nothing more nor less than a great sociability, a great love of company and conversation, pervades every class of persons, and produces consequences, no doubt, which a love of conversation can hardly justify.

In a country where fortunes are small, marriages, though

* These connexions, however, produce more crimes than, judging from appearances, you would conceive. Adultery, as it will be shown, causes many of the poisonings—but it is the wife who kills her husband—not from jealousy, but disgust—not because she loves, but because she wants to get rid of him.

far more frequent than with us, have still their limits, and only take place between persons who can together make up a sufficient income. A vast variety of single ladies, therefore, without fortune, still remain, who are usually guilty of the indiscretion of a lover, even though they have no husband to deceive. Many of these cannot be called s—mp—s in our sense of things, and are honest women in their own. They take unto themselves an affection, to which they remain tolerably faithful, as long as it is understood that the *liaison* continues. The quiet young banker, the quiet young stockbroker, the quiet young lawyer, live until they are rich enough to marry in some connexion of this description. Sanctioned by custom, these left-handed marriages are to be found with a certain respectability appertaining to them in all walks of life. The working classes have their somewhat famous *mariages de St. Jacques*, which among themselves are highly respectable. The working man, and the lady who takes in washing, or who makes linen, find it cheaper and more confortable (for the French have their idea of comfort) to take a room together. They take a room, put in their joint furniture (one bed answers for both); the lady cooks; a common menage and a common purse are established, and the couple's affection usually endures at least as long as their lease. People so living, though the one calls himself Mr. Thomas, and the other Mademoiselle Clare, are married *à la St. Jacques*, and their union is considered in every way reputable by their friends and neighbours during the time of its continuance.

The proportion of illegitimate to legitimate children in the department of the Seine, as given by M. Chabrol, would be one to two;* add to this proportion the children born in marriage and illegitimately begotten!.....

The hospitals of the "Enfans trouvés," which, under their present regulation, are nothing less than a human sacrifice to sensual indulgence, remove the only check that in a country without religion can exist to illicit intercourse. There is, then, far more libertinage in France than in any other civilized country in Europe; but it leads less than in other countries to further depravity. Not being considered a crime, incontinence does

* Naissances par an.—Département de la Seine.
in marriage, 20,782,
out of marriage, 10,139.

not bring down the mind to the level of crime. It is looked upon, in fact, as merely a matter of taste; and very few people, in forming their opinion of the character of a woman, would even take her virtue into consideration. Great indeed are the evils of this—but it also has its advantages: in England, where honour, probity, and charity are nothing to the woman in whom chastity is not found,—to her who has committed one error there is no hope,—and six months frequently separate the honest girl of respectable parents and good prospects from the abandoned prostitute, associated with thieves, and whipped in Bridewell for her disorders.

But the *quasi* legitimate domesticity consecrated by the name of St. Jacques, is French gallantry in its sober, modern, and republican form: it dates, probably, from the revolution of '89; while the more light and courtly style of gallantry, which you find not less at the Elysées, Belleville,* and the Chaumière, than in the stately Hôtels of the Faubourg St. Germain and the Chaussée D'Antin, mingles with the ancient history of France, and has long taken that root among the manners which might be expected from the character of the nation.

Commencing with François I., it succeeded that chivalric adoration with which the fair had been hitherto superstitiously adored. The veil which till then had been drawn about the sex was of that pure and ethereal nature which suited the barbarism of an age that could not be trusted to see things with the naked eye. On first ceasing to be a divinity, woman became little better than a harlot; and amidst the masked debauchery of the Medici, there was not even the pretence of sentiment to sanctify the passionate caprice. A more gentle refinement breathed over the gallantry of the Fronde, when still in the memory of Buckingham's romantic passion, a sovereign was braved for the smile of a mistress, and the cavalier who has come down to us as a sage, said so gracefully to the queen of his affections—

> "Pour mériter vos charmes, pour plaire à vos beaux yeux,
> J'ai fait la guerre au roi, je l'aurais faite aux dieux." †

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* See the excellent caricature of "Le Diable hors des barrières."

† De la Rochefoucault.

No! Monsieur le Chevalier de St. Louis! it is not from the destruction of the Bastille that we are to date those soft indecorums you so religiously deplore. I forget the cardinal's name (perhaps you will remember it) whom the conclave ought to have elected in order to suit the tablets of the mother of the great Condé, and of that beautiful Duchesse de Longueville, to whom the graceful couplet I have quoted was addressed. Is it not Madame de Motteville, who says that this great lady, sitting one day with Anne of Austria and the ladies of her court, was informed that the cardinal, whose name I cannot at this moment call to mind, had been unsuccessful in his candidature for the papal chair?—"*Ah!*" said the good princess, "*j'en suis fâchée: il ne me manquait qu'un pape pour dire que j'avais eu des amans—pape, roi, ministres, guerriers, et simples gentilshommes.*"

The excellent Ninon, whom I have already quoted, and who lived and loved at this time, as she lived and loved long afterwards, has left us, in her farewell letter to Monsieur de Sévigné, a charming description of that French gallantry which existed in her day, and survives in ours. "It is over, Marquis; I must open my heart to you without reserve: sincerity, you know, was always the predominant quality of my character. Here is a new proof of it. When we swore, by all that lovers hold most sacred, that death alone could disunite us—that our passion should endure for ever—our vows, on my side, at all events, were sincere. Admire the strangeness of this heart, and the multitude of contradictions of which, alas! it is capable. I now write in the same sincerity that breathed in my former oaths, to assure you that the love I felt—I feel no longer. Instead of endeavouring to deceive myself, and to deceive you, I have thought it more worthy of both to speak frankly. When the thing is true, why not say, '*I love you no more*,' with the same sincerity with which one said, '*I love you*.'" Nor was this levity in love the lady's peculiar characteristic. A little history in Madame de Sévigné describes a scene in which the gentleman acts perfectly à la Ninon. "The Chevalier de Lorraine called the other day upon the F——; she wished to play *La Désespérée*. The chevalier, with that beautiful air which you recollect, endeavoured to do away at once with her embarrassment. 'What is the matter, Mademoiselle?' said he; 'why are you out of

spirits? What is there extraordinary in the accident that has happened to us? We loved one another—we love one another no longer. Constancy is not the virtue of our age. We had much better forget the past, and assume the ordinary manners of the world.——*What a pretty little dog you have got!*' And thus," says Madame de Sévigné, "ended this *belle passion.*"

How many modern anecdotes do I remember of the same description! It was but the other day that a lady called upon a friend whom she found in despair at the fickleness of men. Surprised at this extraordinary display of affliction: "Be comforted," said the lady to her friend; "be comforted, for heaven's sake; after all, these misfortunes are soon replaced and forgotten. You remember Monsieur C——, he treated me in the same way; for the first week I was disconsolate, it is true—but now—*mon Dieu!*—I have almost forgotten that he ever existed."—"Ah! my dear," said the lady, who was in the wane of her beauty, and whom these soothing words failed to console, "there is, alas! this great difference between us—*Monsieur C—— was your first lover*—Monsieur R—— *is my last!*" Love, that cordial, heart-in-heart kind of love which our English poets have sometimes so beautifully depicted, is not to be found in France. In every step of a French amour you are overpowered by words, you are adored, idolized; but in all the graceful positions into which gallantry throws itself, as amidst all the phrases it pours forth, there wants that quiet and simple air, that deep, and tender, and touching, and thrilling tone which tell you beyond denial, that the heart your own yearns to is really and truly yours. The love which you find in France is the love made for society—not for solitude: it is that love which befits the dazzling salon, the satined boudoir; it is that love which mixes with intrigue, with action, with politics, and affairs; it is that love which pleases, and never absorbs; which builds no fairy palace of its own, but which scatters over the trodden paths of life more flowers than a severer people find there.

With this love the history of France is full. So completely is it national, that the most gallant reigns have never failed to be the most popular. The name of Henri IV. is hardly more historical than that of the fair Gabrielle; nor has it ever been

stated, in diminution of the respect still paid to this wise and beloved king, that his paramour accompanied him in the council, kissed him publicly before his court, and publicly received his caresses. No: the French saw nothing in this but that which was *tout Français;* and the only point which they consider of importance is, that the belle Gabrielle was really *belle.* On this point, considering their monarch's mistress as their own, they are inexorable; and nothing tended so much to depopularize Louis XIV. as his matrimonial intrigue with the ugly old widow of Scarron. Nor is it in the amours of their *monarchs only* that the French take an interest. Where is the *great man* in France whose fame is not associated with that of some softer being—of some softer being, who has not indeed engrossed his existence, but who has smoothed and rounded the rough and angular passages of public and literary life?

Where is the Voltaire without his Madame de Châtelet? and yet, what was the nature of the poet's love for the lady whose death-bed he wept over, saying—"Ce grossier St. Lambert l'a tuée en lui faisant un enfant?"

Where is the Mirabeau without his Sophie de Ruffay? and yet, what was the patriot's passion for his mistress whom he sacrificed to the payment of his debts, and with whose adoration he blended the nightmare reveries of a satyr's mind?*

How many gentle episodes throw their softening colours on the sanguinary superstitions of the League—on the turbulent and factious gatherings of the Fronde—on the fierce energies and infernal horrors of the revolution? How gracefully, in defiance of Robespierre, did the gallantry which decorated the court survive in the prison, and sigh forth its spirit on the scaffold!.....

I shall elsewhere have to speak of the power which women still exercise in France over public affairs. Here I shall merely observe, that though not so great as it was, it is still considerable; nor when we speak of the influences of our own aristocracy may it be amiss to remember that influences something similar, and equally illegitimate, may exist among a people of equals, when a cause is to be found in ancient manners and national character.

* See the publication written at the same time as "Les Lettres à Sophie."

VANITY.

Story of Escousse and Lebras.—French vanity not *only* ridiculous.—Cause of union.—Do any thing with a Frenchman by saying, "Français, soyez Français!"—French passion for equality because France is "toute marquise" —Story of a traveller sixty years ago.—A fortunate prince in France easily despotic.—Bonaparte's exemplification of the force of a national passion.—His proclamation on landing at Elba.—Vanity causes fine names, gave force to old corporations, gives force to modern associations.—Applied to the nation, vanity not ridiculous; applied to individuals, ridiculous.—Old men and old women gratify one another by appearing to make love.—The principle of making a fortune by spending it.—The general effects of vanity.

The beautiful song—to be found in the note at the bottom of this page—was the tribute paid by M. Béranger to two youthful poets who destroyed themselves after the failure of a small piece at the 'Gaieté.' "Je t'attends à onze heures et demie," writes M. Escousse to his friend Lebras—"The curtain shall be lifted so that we may precipitate the *dénouement*."* On the receipt of this theatrical little billet, M. Lebras goes

* LE SUICIDE.

SUR LA MORT DES JEUNES VICTOR ESCOUSSE ET AUGUSTE LEBRAS, FEV. 1833.

Quoi! morts tous deux! dans cette chambre close,
Où du charbon pèse encor la vapeur!
Leur vie, hélas! était à peine éclose.
Suicide affreux! triste objet de stupeur!
Ils auront dit: le monde fait naufrage;
Voyez pâlir pilote et matelots;
Vieux bâtiment usé par tous les flots,
Il s'engloutit: sauvons-nous à la nage.
Et vers le ciel se frayant un chemin,
Ils sont partis en se donnant la main.

Pauvres enfans! l'écho murmure encore
L'air qui berça votre premier sommeil.
Si quelque brume obscurcit votre aurore,
Leur disait-on, attendez le soleil.

quietly to M. Escousse's lodgings, and sits with him over the charcoal that had been duly prepared for precipitating the *dénouement*. M. Escousse did not, however, pass away from the world without leaving behind him, both in prose and poesy, a record of his sentiments. "I desire," said he, "that the

Ils répondaient : Qu'importe que la sève
Monte enrichir les champs où nous passons !
Nous n'avons rien ; arbres, fleurs ni moissons.
Est-ce pour nous que le soleil se lève ?
Et vers le ciel se frayant un chemin,
Ils sont partis en se donnant la main !

Pauvres enfans ! calomnier la vie !
C'est par dépit que les vieillards le font.
Est-il de coupe où votre âme ravie,
En la vidant, n'ait vu l'amour au fond ?
Ils répondaient : C'est le rêve d'un ange,
L'amour ! en vain notre voix l'a chanté.
De tout son culte un autel est resté ;
Y touchions-nous ? l'idole était de fange.
Et vers le ciel se frayant un chemin,
Ils sont partis en se donnant la main.

Pauvres enfans ! mais les plumes venues,
Aigles un jour, vous pouviez, loin du nid,
Bravant la foudre et dépassant les nues,
La gloire en face, atteindre à son zénith.
Ils répondaient : Le laurier devient cendre,
Cendre qu'au vent l'envie aime à jeter.
Et notre vol dût-il si haut monter,
Toujours près d'elle il faudra redescendre.
Et vers le ciel se frayant un chemin,
Ils sont partis en se donnant la main.

Pauvres enfans ! quelle douleur amère
N'apaisent pas de saints devoirs remplis ?
Dans la patrie on retrouve une mère,
Et son drapeau nous couvre de ses plis.
Ils répondaient : Ce drapeau qu'on escorte
Au toit du chef, le protége endormi,
Mais le soldat, teint du sang ennemi,
Veille, et de faim meurt en gardant la porte.
Et vers le ciel se frayant un chemin,
Ils sont partis en se donnant la main.

Pauvres enfans ! de fantômes funèbres
Quelque nourrice a peuplé vos esprits.
Mais un Dieu brille à travers nos ténèbres ;
Sa voix de père a dû calmer vos cris.

journals which announce my death, will add to their article this declaration :—

"Escousse killed himself because he felt that his place was not here—because he wanted force at every step he took before him or behind him—because the love of glory *did not* sufficiently animate his soul, if soul he have."—"Madman," says the journalist who obeys his wish; "you die—*non pas parce que la gloire vous manque, mais parce que vous manquez à la gloire.*" But M. Escousse left also poetry behind him—"I desire that this be the motto of my book—

"Adieu, trop inféconde terre;
Fléaux humains, soleil glacé,
Comme un fantôme solitaire
Inaperçu j'aurai passé:
Adieu, palmes immortelles,
Vrai songe d'une âme de feu!
L'air manquait, j'ai fermé les ailes.—Adieu!"

The air of the world was too heavy for the poetical wings of this unfortunate vaudevillist—and . . . .*

Thus did these two young gentlemen perish, victims of a vanity which left them in their dying hour no more solemn thought than that of their puny reputation. Every one will

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Ah! disaient-ils, suivons ce trait de flamme.
N'attendons pas, Dieu, que ton nom puissant,
Qu'on jette en l'air comme un nom de passant,
Soit, lettre à lettre, effacé de notre âme.
Et vers le ciel se frayant un chemin,
Ils sont partis en se donnant la main.

Dieu créateur, pardonne à leur démence.
Ils s'étaient faits les échos de leurs sons,
Ne sachant pas qu'en une chaîne immense,
Non pour nous seuls, mais pour tous nous naissons.
L'humanité manque de saints apôtres
Qui leur aient dit: Enfans, suivez sa loi;
Aimer, aimer, c'est être utile à soi;
Se faire aimer, c'est être utile aux autres.
Et vers le ciel se frayant un chemin,
Ils sont partis en se donnant la main.

* A young man who killed himself not long ago, left behind him a variety of articles which he had written upon his suicide and himself, and which he begged his friends to get inserted in the different papers.

re-echo me when I say "the French are the vainest people in the world;"—but I do not know whether every one will treat their national vanity in the same manner, or take the same view of it that I do.

That vanity is not *only* ridiculous; it contains a power which many more lofty and serious qualities would fail to supply. With that vanity is combined a capability for great things; a magnificence of design and a daringness of execution, rare amongst the pale and frigid nations of the north. In that vanity is security to France; for in that vanity is—union. That vanity it is which concentrates and connects a people different in their manners, different in their origin, different in their climate, different even in their language. That vanity it is—which gives to *thirty-three* millions of individuals—*one* heart and *one* pulse. Go into any part of France, some districts of Brittany perhaps excepted, and let any body of persons be assembled! address them to soothe or to excite! Say "vive la liberté!" there are times when you will not be listened to—"Vive le roi!—vive la charte!—vive la république!" these are all rallying cries which will now be hissed, and now applauded: but cry "Vive la France"—"Vive la belle France! songez que vous êtes Français!" and almost before the words are out of your mouth, your voice will be drowned with cheers, and a circulating and sympathetic thrill will have rushed through the breast, and brought tears into the eyes of every one of your audience. If you were to say to an Englishman, "Give me up your property, and give me up your liberty, and give me up your life, for the sake of England; he would say, "Stop a little! what is England to me without my property, and my liberty, and my life?—my liberty, my property, and my life, are England to me all the world over."—Not so the Frenchman: talk to him of France; tell him that what you wish is for the interest and the glory of France, and he will let you erect scaffolds, and send his children to the guillotine and the battle—he will stop in the highest fever of freedom to bow to the most terrible dictatorship, and stick the red cap of democratism on the triumvirate tyranny of Robespierre, Couthon, and St. Just. There is nothing you may not do with him under the charm of those irresistible words—"*Français, soyez Francais*!" "The Englishman," as an author lately observed, "is proud of his

nation because it belongs to himself;* the Frenchman is proud of himself because he belongs to his nation." This is true—and this is true, because a Frenchman's vanity induces him to prefer to himself the association which connects him with something greater than himself;—so merit is more honoured in France than in England—because the Frenchman at once connects his own fame with the fame of the sage or the warrior of his land, and loves and cherishes his countryman's reputation as a part of himself. "It was not from a massive bar of iron, but from a small and tiny needle," as my Lord Bacon observes, "that we discovered the great mystery of nature:" and thus is it often by marking carefully those passions, which, looked at superficially, appear the smallest and the meanest—that we trace the causes of a nation's principal distinctions.

Let me also remark that things which appear the most incomprehensible, as we regard the institutions of a country, explain themselves frequently as we inform ourselves of the character of its people. A fierce republican asked a friend of mine the other day, to procure him the order of St. Anne from the Emperor of Russia. How do you account for, and how do you reconcile, that passion for equality, and that avidity for distinction which burn at the same moment in a French bosom? Do you believe in the one, and doubt the other? They both in reality exist—and they both exist—because the Frenchman is—vain. France is republican, because France is, as Madame de Staël said, *toute marquise*——a general desire for honours forbids a privilege to exist.

I have said that merit is more honoured in France than in England, because the Frenchman at once associates himself with the greatest glory to which he can possibly claim affinity. For this reason—a government strong and lucky will find little difficulty in doing what it pleases. Instead of being *afraid* or *jealous* of its power, the French will be *vain* of it. The greater and more terrible such a government is, the greater and more terrible they will think *themselves* to be.—"I was stopping one night at a country inn," says an English traveller, whose journey took place about sixty years ago; "the court-yard was filled with the equipage, and the kitchen with the retinue, of a 'grand

* England and the English.

seigneur,' who was proceeding to his government in the south. My room was not very distant from the French nobleman's, and just as I was going to bed, I heard a tremendous noise in the passage, and the mingled ejaculations of threatening and supplication. What is the cause of this?—thought I—with the nervousness of a traveller in a strange country—and wrapping a cloak around me, I sallied forth into the dimly-lit corridor, which ran from one end of the 'auberge' to the other. I was not long in as tate of suspense: before me, in a brocaded dressing gown, was my illustrious neighbour for the night, laying a light cane—which actually clung to the form it curled round—on the back of his unfortunate valet. At my appearance the 'grand seigneur' ended his operations with one tremendous kick, and retired into his apartment. I could not refrain from going up to the miserable wretch who stood whining and shivering before me. 'Be comforted,' said I, 'my good fellow, your master has used you most shamefully, and I have no doubt the law will give you redress for his brutality.' 'My master, sir,' said the valet, immediately drawing himself up with dignity, 'is far too great a man for the law to reach; and indeed for the matter of that, all the masters whom I have ever served, could get a lettre-de-cachet for the asking.' D—n the fellow, if he was not proud of his master's being able to beat him with impunity!" Just so—he was much more alive to the vanity of having for a master a gentleman, who could beat his servants with impunity, than he was to the disgrace of being one of the servants beaten. A successful prince then may always, in France, be a despotic one; but wo to the unfortunate prince who would imitate his example.

In England there is usually a sympathy with the sinking cause—and after it has reached a certain mark there is almost sure to be an ebb in our displeasure. In France it is quite the reverse—the 'grand homme'—if you succeed:—you are a 'scélérat,' a 'coquin,' a 'parjure,' every thing that is atrocious, if you are guilty of—misfortune. It is not that the French are in private an ill-natured or an ungrateful people, but their vanity cannot endure being on the losing side, and they take all pains to convince themselves that they are called upon to quit it. The reign and career of Bonaparte was perhaps the strongest exemplification ever known of the force of a national pas-

sion. The French gazed upon his bridges, his harbours, his canals, his triumphal arches, his temples, and every individual said, 'What a great person I am, to have an emperor who has done all this.' Harassed, decimated, oppressed as the nation was,—faint and exhausted, it followed him on to the verge of his fortune, and left him—at the first defeat; and now that the statue of their ancient idol is again put up, was it justice that put it up? Ask those who are still in exile! Ask Lucien or Louis Bonaparte!—they could tell you that justice refuses a home to the 'citizen,' while vanity restores the monument of the 'hero.' We have wondered at the successes of the hundred days. If the marshal whose punishment remains a blot on our national escutcheon, had simply read in his defence that marvellous proclamation which made him an involuntary perjurer, not even the Chamber of Peers could have pronounced his condemnation. "Ceux que nous avons vus pendant vingt-cinq ans parcourir toute l'Europe pour nous susciter des ennemis, qui ont passé leur vie à combattre contre nous dans les rangs des armées étrangères, en maudissant notre belle France, prétendraient-ils commander et enchaîner nos aigles? souffrirons-nous qu'ils héritent du fruit de nos glorieux travaux? Soldats, dans mon exil j'ai entendu votre voix; je suis arrivé à travers tous les obstacles et tous les périls. Votre général, appelé au trône par le choix du peuple, et élevé sur vos pavois, vous est rendu: venez le joindre! Arrachez ces couleurs que la nation a proscrites, et qui pendant vingt-cinq ans servirent de ralliement à tous les ennemis de la France: arborez cette cocarde tricolore, vous la portiez dans vos grandes journées. Les vétérans des armées de Sambre et Meuse, du Rhin, d'Italie, d'Egypte et de l'Ouest sont humiliés, leurs honorables cicatrices sont flétries! Soldats, venez vous ranger sous les drapeaux de votre chef; la victoire marchera au pas de charge; l'aigle, avec les couleurs nationales, volera de clocher en clocher jusqu'aux tours de Notre-Dame." * I know nothing in history so

* Frenchmen! shall they who for twenty-five years traversed Europe to find enemies against us—shall they who have passed their lives in foreign ranks, execrating our beautiful France—shall these men command and enchain our eagles? Shall we suffer these men to inherit the fruit of our glorious labours? Soldiers! in my exile I heard your voice. I am here in spite of a thousand obstacles, and a thousand perils! Your general, called to the throne by the

eloquent as this proclamation for the army and the people it was addressed to. Not an expression is omitted that could touch the nation in its most sensible part; for nobody knew better than Napoleon that—*a great man* must embody *a great passion :* He presented himself to France as the vision of her vanity and her glory: we know how he was received.

But as a Frenchman will connect himself when he can with any thing greater than himself, so he will endeavour to make magnificent the meanest objects that he belongs to. In no country do ordinary things write themselves in such fine names as in France. Your miserable circulating library is a *Salon littéraire;* your blockless barber *un artiste;* your poor apothecary a *pharmacien;* your kitchen a *laboratoire;* your common copyist, "a man of letters." Every class in France has an extraordinary respect for itself. "J'ai l'honneur de vous *présenter* mes respects," says one scavenger; "Et comment se porte madame?" replies the other. So the garçons of the café take off their hats to one another; the lowest of the working classes do the same. This gives any body or order of men, once called into existence in France, such consistency and strength—this gives to all associations in France a force which it would be vain to calculate upon elsewhere—this is what contributed to give the ancient magistracy, the old corporations, and the old nobility of France, the immense power they possessed—this gives the literary institutions of France, and not only the literary institutions, but the men of France, such an immense power at the present day—and above all, this gives, as I have said, that spirit of combination and concentration to the French as a nation, which it is so important for a military people to possess. Applied to France then, French vanity is not ridiculous. Applied to the French

choice of the people, and educated under your banners, is restored to you. Come and join him! Tear down those colours, which the nation has proscribed, and which during twenty-five years served to rally all the enemies of France! Hoist that tri-coloured banner which you bore aloft on our great days! The veterans of the armies of the Sambre and Meuse, of the Rhine, of Italy, of Egypt, and of the west, are humiliated: their honourable wounds are disgraced. Soldiers, range yourselves under the banners of your chief. La victoire marchera *au pas de charge*: L'aigle avec les couleurs nationales volera de clocher en clocher jusqu'aux tours de Notre-Dame.

individually, it does, I confess, very frequently become so.* Just see that old man with a bald head, one dark tooth, and a light limp from the gout! That old gentleman said to a lady of my acquaintance the other day, "I am very unhappy, madam; what is to be done in society I am sure I do not know! I am a man of honour. I see those young creatures," (pointing out two or three of the prettiest women in the room,) "I see those young creatures, the tears in their eyes,—pierced to the heart by a gentle glance—I say to myself, *si je me lance....* the mischief is done: but I retire; I can't help pitying those beautiful flowers which a soft indiscretion might for ever tarnish; I can't help feeling pity for them, madam; I am a man of honour; but what distresses me is to find that every body has not the same pity that I have." The old gentleman spoke with perfect sincerity: by a kind of mutual sympathy for each other's weaknesses, both sexes in France cheerfully accord that old age is no impediment to the tender passion: nor is it so indeed, if the aged lady or the aged gentleman have any thing beyond their personal charms to gratify the self-love of an admirer.

That the infamous Duc de Richelieu at seventy desolated a province with his intrigues is perfectly conceivable to any one, who has seen the cold and disgusting manner with which French women even now prostitute themselves to a reputation. Nor is this all: where no such inducement exists—on Sawney's simple maxim, "I'll scratch you if you scratch me," you will frequently find, billing and cooing in some retired corner of a salon, two sexagenarian lovers, who with all the skill of old practitioners, go through the forms of a courtship which it is not to be presumed they can carry further than the form:—might not one have fancied oneself in that island of Mr. Moore's,

> "Where lips till sixty shed no honey,
> And grandames were worth any money:"

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* A good trait of *French self confidence* may be found in this anecdote:—Sir S. Romilly and Gen. S. . . . were discussing some point of *English law*. Sir S. Romilly stated his conviction. "Pardonnez-moi," said the French general, "*vous vous trompez* étrangement, mon cher Romilly, *je le sais*—car—*j'ai lu Blackstone ce matin*.

Might not one have fancied oneself in that island at the time when one saw Monsieur de Châteaubriand (sixty years old) desperately in love with a *duchesse* (of the same age), while Madame Récamier, (no younger)—flying France in jealousy of Mr. de Châteaubriand—completed the misery of her old lover, Benjamin Constant, who was at once tormented by the reproaches of his aged wife, and the disdain of his aged mistress. It is marvellous when a people have a predominant passion, how it insinuates itself into all their affairs: we have seen the influence of French vanity in the government, the history, the society of France, we may find it in a remarkable manner even in the commerce. It has established this principle, a very agreeable one, no doubt, viz.—that the way to make money is to spend it. If you ask the editor of a certain newspaper why he has race horses, he tells you that a race horse is 'an advertisement.' His carriage is 'an advertisement;' his dinners are 'advertisements;' his mistress is 'an advertisement,' and the more expensive, and the more faithless she is, the better 'advertisement' of course she becomes. This is a system: and as an Englishman toils for wealth in order to increase his comforts, so a Frenchman displays his extravagance in order to make his fortune. Well, then, you find this vanity the predominating genius of the camp, the court, the counter,—it reigns no less at the Bourse, the Morgue, or the prison. The Frenchman wishes to live with ostentation;* if he cannot do this, he does not care whether he lives or not: like most passions, this vanity is good and bad, little and great; now sublime, now ridiculous; but upon the whole, perhaps, it appears in France as more good than bad, more great than little, even more sublime than ridiculous. Absurd in the drawing-room; fatal in darker scenes; it has made the French army the most renowned in the world, and the French nation the most united. But it has also made of the French—a people eminently volatile: eager for changes that promise much: disgusted with utility that cannot boast show, and impatient of plans that run in a slow and quiet course to their perfection.

* In 1810 a *notaire's* clerk killed himself, leaving a piece of paper behind him, on which he declared that having duly calculated and considered, he did not think it possible for him to be so great a man as Napoleon—therefore he put an end to his existence.

WIT.

Saying of M. de Talleyrand.—How many events in France a *bon mot* has prepared.—Vanity is the principal passion, wit is the principal talent and supplies the chief amusements of the French.—They laugh at all things.—Their ridicule only lowers you when it lowers themselves in their estimation.—Definition of Champfort of the old régime.—Power of wit against a government.—Discours d'un roi citoyen, 1830.—M. Philippon and the pear.—Béranger, "Nain jaune," &c.—Dramatic caricatures.—Bons mots or good sayings found among all classes and all ages.—Connexion between the French language, and the French wit, and French manners—How far it exists at present in literature and society.

"C'est bien, c'est très-bien; et tout ce qu'il faut maintenant, ce sont les feux d'artifice et *un bon mot pour le peuple*." This is the saying with which M. de Talleyrand is reported to have closed one of those revolutions which his talent and his times have given him the opportunity of deciding—*un bon mot pour le peuple!*—saying well worthy of Pericles, when he captivated that polished and clever people of Greece,—to whom it is impossible to deny, that the gay, the inconstant, the frivolous, and witty people around me, bear a marked resemblance.

How many events in this country has a *bon mot* prepared!—How many has a *bon mot* completed! A series of *bons mots*, (begun by Voltaire, augmented by Diderot, collected and systematized by Helvetius)—a series of *bons mots* destroyed the ancient religion, sapped the foundations of the throne, and travailed the destinies of the monarchy, which Louis XIV. imagined he had fixed for centuries, under the weight of his solemn and imposing genius. "Ce ne sont pas les dépenses générales, ce sont les états-généraux qu'il nous faut,"—said M. Despremesnil—and a *bon mot* put that immense machine in motion which rolled heavily over the gay and graceful court of France. "Je ne veux pas être un cochon à l'engrais dans le château royal de Versailles,"—said the first consul, with the coarse energy of his character; and the laugh being excited in his

favour, he kicked over the speculative pyramid of Abbé Siéyes —"Il n'y a qu'un Français de plus"—is put into the mouth of the Comte d'Artois;* and as he rides into Paris, all the world are enchanted at the restoration. Even the last revolution did not pass without its saying: It is "an old 'garde national,' going to visit his ancient general," said Louis-Philippe, as he rode up to the Hôtel-de-Ville: while they who put into Lafayette's mouth the unhappy phrase,—"the monarchy of July is the best of republics"—founded on a new *bon mot*, a new dynasty. You cannot pass twice round the Palais-Royal, or go once to the Variétés, without being sensible, that, as vanity is the predominant passion, so wit is the predominant talent, and supplies the principal amusements of the French. They must have wit: not the great world alone—not only your beaux esprits and your men of letters, but the people, the working classes, the mechanics, the watch-makers, the carpenters, the stone-masons, the people of the "trades' unions," these must have wit—must be delighted by wit in some shape or other: a joke is their opium—it has the effect of quieting and inspiring them, and sending them home to a good night and pleasant dreams. There is nothing which for the sake of a laugh the

* The following is the account given of the composition of this famous phrase by a late writer who had the opportunity of knowing the truth of what he says:—"Le gouvernement provisoire reçut le Comte d'Artois à la barrière, et M. de Talleyrand l'accueillit par ces paroles: Monseigneur, le bonheur que nous éprouvons sera à son comble, si Monseigneur reçoit avec la bonté divine, qui distingue son auguste maison, l'hommage de notre tendresse religieuse." Le Comte d'Artois répondit quelques phrases vagues; mais son esprit d'à-propos lui manqua. Le soir les membres du gouvernement provisoire et les *conseillers intimes* de son Altesse Royale, *sentant la nécessité* de faire quelques-uns de *ces mots populaires* qui pussent réussir dans l'opinion, et calmer les méfiances, *se réunirent en conseil.* Chacun d'eux composa de son mieux une de ces phrases d'apparat, une de ces réponses qui pussent se répandre dans Paris et la France. Les uns voulaient que son Altesse Royale parlât comme Lieutenant-Général du royaume, et promît des institutions; les autres, qu'elle se renfermât dans ces mots vagues et alors à la mode: 'Drapeau sans tache,' 'panache blanc' 'fils de saint Louis," &c. Mais enfin une rédaction commune à MM. Beugnot et Talleyrand fut adoptée: on l'envoya à son Altesse Royale, qui l'approuva, et elle fut consignée au Moniteur du lendemain dans les termes suivans: "Messieurs les membres du gouvernement provisoire, je vous remercie de tout le bien que vous avez fait pour notre pays; plus de division! la paix et la France! Je la revois—cette France—et rien n'est changé, excepté *qu'il y a un Français de plus.*" This reply gave universal satisfaction.

French will not contrive to render ridiculous: but there is this to observe in respect to their ridicule—it never lowers you in their estimation, except when by lowering you, it lowers themselves.

If a general be ridiculous, if a government be ridiculous, if a king be ridiculous, wo unto them!—For a general that is ridiculous makes the French army ridiculous, for a government or a king that is ridiculous makes the French nation ridiculous, and that is an unpardonable offence—but it does not signify two straws to an individual how ridiculous he may be made—no one will think the worse of him for it. Nobody then cares at being laughed at, except a king, or a public man. To either of these, the joke to others is no joke. Never was there a government in France that did not tremble at an epigram, and turn pale at a caricature, or a song. Lemercier says in his address to the Academy—"L'histoire de France est écrite par ses chansonniers!" and Champfort wittily designates the *old régime* as "an absolute monarchy tempered—by good sayings." The present king and the present government have not been spared.

DISCOURS D'UN ROI CITOYEN L'AN 1830.

Vous souvenez-vous de Jemmapes?
Vous souvenez-vous de Valmy?
J'étais dans vos rangs à Jemmapes,
J'étais dans vos rangs à Valmy.
Fidèle au drapeau de Jemmapes,
Fidèle au drapeau de Valmy,
J'aime le souvenir de Jemmapes,
J'aime le souvenir de Valmy.
C'était en hiver à Jemmapes,
C'était en automne à Valmy,
Et j'avais pour chef à Jemmapes,
Comme j'avais pour chef à Valmy,
Dumourier, vainqueur de Jemmapes,
Kellerman, vainqueur de Valmy.
Si nos ennemis de Jemmapes,
Si nos ennemis de Valmy,
Nous attaquaient comme à Jemmapes,
Nous attaquaient comme à Valmy,
Quoique moins jeune qu'à Jemmapes,
Et quoique plus vieux qu'à Valmy,
Je combattrais comme à Jemmapes,
En combattant comme à Valmy.
Voici mon épée de Jemmapes,
Et ma dragonne de Valmy;

Et quoique je fisse à Jemmapes,
Ce que je faisais à Valmy,
Je ne reçus comme à Jemmapes,
Aucune blessure à Valmy.
La nuit je rêve de Jemmapes,
Ensuite je songe à Valmy,
Le jour je parle de Jemmapes,
Ensuite je pense à Valmy.
Peut-on trop rêver de Jemmapes,
Peut-on trop parler de Valmy,
Aux fils des héros de Jemmapes,
Aux fils des héros de Valmy?
Fier de Valmy, fier de Jemmapes,
Fier de Jemmapes, fier de Valmy,
On ne dira jamais à Jemmapes,
On ne dira jamais à Valmy,
Que je n'ai rien dit de Jemmapes,
Que je n'ai rien dit de Valmy.

It is not only the pen, the pencil has been put into requisition; and a pretended resemblance between a pear and his majesty's head, has thrown the court into great agitation! This is a serious matter; and not very long ago the government prosecuted a hatmaker for insulting the king's person by vending *casquettes* that had some resemblance to the treasonable fruit. Mr. Philippon, the author of this diabolical comparison, has become in consequence the Béranger of the revolution; and his two newspapers, the Charivari and the Caricature, are a little more to fear than the two chambers.*

The sole merit of many of the drawings which adorn these papers, is, that they all introduce in things apparently the least susceptible of it, the odious shape. Through every variety of hat, bonnet, cap, wig, the faithful pencil pourtrays the not to be forgotten pear!—Some of the prints, however, have a higher merit than this: among the musicians *de la Chapelle*, that is, "the deputies of the Chambers," many of the caricatures are good likenesses, and a few little *jeux d'esprit*, as satirical sketches of men and manners, account for Mr. Philippon's reputation and the success of his journals.

But besides Mr. Philippon's, there are a number of small

* I remember a story of Louis XVIII. who, I think adopted the wiser policy. A person was arrested for having called him a *gros cochon*. "And has not the man been deprived of his place," said the monarch, "who could for a moment suppose that a Frenchman *could* mean to call his king—a gros cochon."

newspapers containing merely a series of epigrams; and these, when cleverly contrived, are equally formidable to the unfortunate minister, who spares no pains to silence them. Thus, I have been told that the first préfet made by Mr. Guizot, as minister of the interior, was—an editor of *Figaro*, while by a singular coincidence, the first exercise of his power was a claim —of his box at the Variétés. Even in this incident a trait of French character is to be found. . . . .

As no thorn goes more deep into the side of the King of the French than Mr. Philippon, so no enemies were so fatal to the restoration as Béranger, *le Nain Jaune*, and the *Tablettes politiques*. Nor was it Béranger's more serious and elevated odes, kindling the spirit of liberty, that was most dangerous to the Bourbons; it was the light and satiric songs that, wounding the *vanity*, inspired the *hatred* of the nation—for its bigoted and impotent rulers. The *Nain Jaune*, written at Brussels, during the earlier period of the restoration, obtained a celebrity which it is now difficult to account for. I have extracted one or two sentences, rather as a specimen of the style of this paper than as being very remarkable for their wit.

" Dimanche dernier on arrêta une mercière qui, n'ayant pas fermé sa boutique, selon l'ordonnance de police, avait dit: ' Ils veulent nous faire *détaler;* qu'ils y prennent garde, ils pourraient bien *détaler* avant nous.' "

" Dimanche: Entrée du bœuf-gras dans les Tuileries. *Sa majesté sortait de la messe;* on s'est empressé d'exécuter l'air: ' *où peut-on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille?* ' "

" On lit dans les journaux de Paris du 25, l'éloge de la clémence du roi, par maître Bellart; la *condamnation à mort du géneral Debelle, celle du général Travot; l'annonce des noces et festins du duc de Berri.—Que de sujets de fête pour la cour!*"

" On parle toujours d'un changement dans le ministère; c'est, dit-on, Monsieur ou plutôt Madame Angoulême qui doit remplacer Monsieur le duc de Richelieu, ce qui anéantit entièrement la résponsabilité ministérielle; car l'un et l'autre, comme on le sait, sont *inviolables.*"

" Chaque nation a ses usages. On assure que le grand-inquisiteur a offert au roi Ferdinand de *faire un auto-da-fé de six hérétiques le jour de son mariage;* et que Clarke a pro-

posé de *fêter celui* du duc de Berri, en *faisant fusiller deux maréchaux, quatre généraux, et six colonels!*" * . . . .

I have said that ridicule is only of consequence to those who, by being ridiculous, humiliate the vanity of their countrymen: a singular proof of this is constantly occurring. No sooner has any piece succeeded at any of the larger theatres, than it is sure to be travestied at a small one. The burlesque attracts crowds; every body laughs, every body is delighted; but nobody takes a dislike to the author, or fancies him one tittle the worse for the ridicule that has been cast upon him.

Some of the dramatic caricatures, written even as they are on the spur of the moment, are not without a certain cleverness. Rather hard on the modern school of dramatists, says one of them—

> "A croire ces messieurs, on ne voit dans nos rues
> Que les enfans trouvés et les femmes perdues."

I remember, too, being much amused by the last four lines of "Cricri et ses mitrons," a burlesque of Henry III., one of the best of the new plays, but depending altogether for its plot on the Duchesse de Guise's lost pocket-handkerchief.

> "Messieurs et mesdames, cette pièce est morale—
> Elle prouve aujourd'hui, sans faire de scandale—
> Que chez un amant, lorsqu'on va le soir,
> On peut oublier tout . . . . excepté son mouchoir."

Few people have ever been remarkable in France without having a witticism of some kind attached to their reputation.

Henry IV. reigned by bons mots — even Bonaparte made them. One evening, when he was better pleased with Madlle Georges, the present heroine of the Porte St.-Martin, than usual, pulling her by the ear (which was his favourite endearment), he told her, in the way that Emperors make love, "*to ask for any thing* she wanted." The actress, rather mistaking her part, asked very sentimentally for his Imperial Majesty's portrait. "O! if that is all you want," said Napoleon, who rather disapproved of the familiarity, "if that is all you want,"—and he took a five franc piece out of his waistcoat

* This was at the time of the proscriptions and executions.

pocket, "here is my portrait, and a very good likeness it is." M. de Talleyrand, at the present time, is the great monopolist of good sayings. The character of M. de S——e is pretty well known. He did not make his appearance one morning as usual, at the Chamber of Peers. "But why is not M. de S. here?" says M. de Talleyrand. "M. de S. est malade," said an acquaintance; "Ha! ha!" replies the old statesman, shaking his head, "M. S. est malade!—Mais qu'est-ce donc *qu'il gagne à être malade?*" So, talking one day with a lady, rather universal in her acquirements—"Which do you like best, M. de Talleyrand?" said the lady, "Madame de —— (a very pretty person), or myself?" The reply was not quite so decisive as the fair and accomplished questioner expected. "Well, now," said she; "but suppose we were both to fall into the sea, which should you first try to save?" "Oh! madame," said the prince, "*I shoulld be quite certain that you could swim.*" As many of these learned ladies are now writing their memoirs, and that in rather a liberal vein, I cannot help furnishing them with at once a motto and a lesson in the true and clever reply of Madame de Staël (Mademoiselle Delaunay) to an acquaintance—"Did you tell every thing in your memoirs?" said the acquaintance; "Je ne me suis peinte qu'en buste," said Mme de Staël.

Delille was remarkable for his dislike to have the unprinted works, which he was in the habit of declaiming, committed to paper. One day this poet, who was blind, was reciting his compositions as usual, when Madame Dubourg, with whom he was on terms of great intimacy, took a small crow quill and began writing very softly—not so softly, however, but that Monsieur Delille heard the scratching of the pen against the paper: continuing, however, in his usual tone of voice, instead of the lines that were expected from him, he said—

> "Et tandis que je dis mes chefs-d'œuvre divers,
> Un corbeau devient pie et me vole mes vers."

Voltaire was liberated from the Bastille (where he had been confined as the suspected author of a satire) on the success of Œdipe; at which the regent was so delighted, that he permitted the author to return to Paris. His first visit was a visit of

thanks to the prince who had granted him his liberty—"Soyez sage, et *j'aurai soin de vous*;" said the regent. "Je remercie votre altesse," said Voltaire, "de ce qu'elle veut bien se charger *de ma nourriture*, mais je la supplie de ne plus se charger *de mon logement*."

A lady being asked—why she married her son, who was poor, to an heiress *roturière*, said, "Il faut bien quelquefois *fumer* (manure) *ses terres*."

This point and quickness of repartee exists among the lowest classes in France, quite as much as amongst the highest. I remember, during a hard frost, and at a time when Monsieur de Villèle was at the height of his unpopularity, and every vision of courtly tyranny was believed—seeing a poor fellow fall down with some violence, while a couple of well-dressed young men stopped to laugh at him. "De quoi riez-vous, Messieurs?" said the unfortunate man, rubbing his side; "dans ce pays-ci les pauvres gens sont toujours par terre." What is more—the kind of wit I speak of is alive even at a nursery age. Monsieur de Ségur tells us the story of a child who being present at the opera of Castor and Pollux was asked by Prince Henry of Prussia (brother of the great Frederic), who Castor and Pollux were. "They are," said the child, "two twin brothers who came out of the same egg." "But you, you came out of an egg yourself—did not you?" The boy immediately said—

"Ma naissance n'a rien de neuf,
J'ai suivi la commune règle;
Mais c'est vous qui sortez d'un œuf,
Car vous êtes un aigle."

Certainly we cannot find little children quite so prompt or so poetical as Master Sebran every day; but even where there is not wit, there is frequently at this tender age a pretension to it, —a desire to astonish, and to produce effect, which we do not see among our own maternal progenies. I asked two little village boys, one seven, the other eight years old, what they meant to be when they were men? Says one, "I shall be the doctor of the village." "And you, what shall you be?" said I to the other. "Oh! if brother's a doctor, I'll be curé. He shall kill the people, and I'll bury them—so we shall have the whole village between us."

Any one who takes any pains to examine the French language will see the reciprocal effect which the wit produced upon the manners, the manners upon the wit of the French. No sooner was society formed, and that men and women, according to modern fashion, mixed freely together, than the grace which succeeded best in society, and gave the admirer the fairest chance with his mistress, was the grace of conversation;—that happy turn and choice of words, that brilliant and piquant 'setting' of ideas, that gay and lively method of being satirical and serious, which had been brought to such perfection at the time of the revolution. It had been brought to such perfection, because, while it was decreed the charm of society, society was the only road to ambition. The man of ambition and ability then went to a *soirée* or a *souper*, with the same intention to shine by his wit that our orators in going to the House of Commons had to shine by their eloquence. He gave that attention to his conversation that we gave to our discourses. A bon mot was as likely to carry a man as far in one country as a good speech would in another; and the position which Pym acquired in the long Parliament by his orations, De la Rochefoucauld obtained in the Fronde by his epigrams. But the talent so cultivated by one sex aspiring to power, was just the talent best calculated to be imitated and to be polished by that other sex which, during the long reign of royal mistresses, had the faculty of giving power. The women who mixed with the wittiest and cleverest men of their time, became themselves clever and witty. The courtier and the *courtezan* formed themselves on each other: where a phrase was a fortune, a thousand remarkable phrases were made; applauded, circulated, they became popular modes of expression. In this manner the language was perpetually enriched; in this manner it took its epigrammatic and sententious form; in this manner it became a collection of witticisms, that to talk French well was to be a witty man. Nor was this without its advantages—for in every evil there is implanted a germ of good, tending to its correction: and this style of conversation, sprung from a debauched and tyrannical court, became in time, as Madame de Staël has shrewdly observed, a powerful substitute for the liberty of the press. A course of events which brought new men into action, and which opened for politics a very different field of contention, has pro-

duced a considerable change in the language of the writers, and in the conversation of the society of Paris. The latter has even lost that epigrammatic tone of speaking, that dry and peculiar inflexion of the voice formerly general, now hardly preserved by any but by M. de Talleyrand, and which, arising from the habit of uttering witticisms, will frequently by itself pass for wit: but yet in no other society does one hear the same sharp and clever hits, the same pointed and philosophic aphorisms, the same happy and elegant turns of expression that one even yet meets in the society of Paris. So much for conversation—while literature, by the power, the pomp, and ostentatious expressions that it has acquired of late years, has enriched, but not lost its ancient genius. Wit is still the talent which in every department has the most success—for instance, who is the most *popular* prose writer of the modern day? P. Courier. Who is the most *popular* poet? Béranger. Who is the most *popular* dramatist? Scribe. Who is the most *popular* orator? M. Thiers.

GAIETY AND FRIVOLITY.

The Place de Vendôme during the Regency and at the time of Law.—The calamities of that time darkening every thing else, did not darken the gaiety of France.—Saying of M. de Rennes.—Is gaiety happiness?—Why the French were formerly so frivolous.—Little change in manner till the restoration.—Character of the Directory.—Aim of Bonaparte.—Warlike gaiety of the empire.—The return of the Bourbons.—The Constitutional Government established the first great change.—Tables of Dupin.—The French character changed, but not so much changed as he would infer.—The institutions of a country cannot change its former character, without that character operating upon existing institutions.—The influence of climate and race.—The French, if they do preserve a constitution, will still be gay.—Wise legislators improve what is good rather than eradicate what is bad in the character of a people.—Montesquieu in one extreme; Bentham in the other.

An old soldier is now standing by the column of the Place de Vendôme, and the carriage of a deputy is traversing the Square—the carriage rolls along quickly, for the deputy expects to be too late for the budget. I think I could paint

the place of Louis le Grand in livelier colours :—Lo ! there are tents: not the tents of war—the canvass is too white and delicate—There are tents—beneath the canopy of which you will find the cups of Venice, and the chains of Malta, and the cloths of Persia, and the silks of Ind ; and the avenues between are soft to the feet, for they are spread with the richest and most moss-like carpets, and at every corner you are offered the juice of the orange or the citron ; and if your pulse flag, it may be stimulated by the vintage of Champagne, and if your lip be feverish, it may be cooled by the ice of the Pyrennees ; and by night and by day, the musician, and the courtezan, and the juggler forbid the festivity to repose ; and the gay seigneurs, and the gentle and graceful ladies of the riotous court of France, form part of the many-coloured group, which, reader, I would bring before you ! What is the business for which these tents are pitched ? What cause has collected this crowd of musicians, courtezans, and jugglers ? And why are the great ladies, and the high dignitaries, who in days of state are to be seen in the royal chambers of the Regent, among the indolent loungers and the noisy speculators of yon unhallowed place ? Yea, speculators—for that scene, gay and brilliant as it appears to you, is the sombre and fatal spot from which bankruptcy is departing to every corner of the kingdom : it is there that, already degraded by a frantic avarice, a once chivalric people—amidst all the symbols of mirth and wealth, and flushed with the shameful passions of the Stock Exchange,* are witnessing, like the Hunchback's brother, in the Arabian story, the transformation of their gold into dry and withered leaves, which the wind, as so many signs and tokens of an avenging Providence, will soon scatter over the most fertile provinces of France. Thus was it :—but the nation had not merely to regret its gold ;—the honour, which Montesquieu calls "the education of a monarchy," and which, of such a monarchy as that of the French, was the vital principle, the only moral and enduring force—that honour sunk beneath the projects of Law, and the sentiment—which was the fortune of the ancient

* During the infatuation of Law and towards its decline, the Stock Exchange, to use a modern term, was transferred from the Rue Quincampoix to the Place de Vendôme, which exhibited a scene similar to that I have painted.

régime—never ceased to languish after being exposed to the infection which breathed amidst the flowers and the festivities of that voluptuous and terrible bazaar.

So much for ancient France—for France during the elegant reign of tyranny and pleasure. So much for France when she was careless and gay in all times and in all places; treating the lightest matters with an air of importance, the gravest with a passion for amusement. So much for France with her joyous dance and her dark Bastille, her bankrupt exchequer and her shameless court. Then was the moment to have known her! Then was the moment to have known her—if you wish to have known a country which, already bound to the altar, was decorated with the garlands of the victim. Then was there wit and gaiety, but neither virtue, nor character, nor greatness. The majesty of the monarchy had followed the independence of the nobility—both were gone. The martial enterprize of the league no longer mingled with the masked debauch—a cold system of licentiousness had succeeded the valiant follies of the French. Dead was the chivalry of that intoxicating time, when the smile of beauty was the graceful incentive to rebellion; when the conflict was sought rather to vary the amusements of society, than to change the destinies of the people; while the art of the Roman gladiator rose to its perfection, and death was studied for the purpose of dying—in an agreeable position. The reign of the Regent emasculated the character, chilled the enthusiasm, blunted the honour—but, black as were the wings of pestilence and ruin, it did not for an instant darken the gaiety of the French. Amidst all her changes, that gaiety remained the characteristic of olden France, and with that gaiety there was a frivolity, a light and frivolous air, which sat naturally on the philosopher as on the fop—which was in manners even where it was not in ideas—which was on the surface of society where it was not at the core. Never was France more gay than when our graceful and plaintive poet* wandered with his pipe by the banks of the Loire. But are gaiety and happiness terms necessarily synonymous? .....

Madame de Sévigné gives us her conversation with a certain M. de Rennes, who did not choose to trim his beard until a

* Goldsmith.

trial which affected him was decided. "I should be a great fool," said the gentleman, "to take any pains about my head until I know whom it belongs to. The king disputes it with me; when I know whose head it is, then, indeed, if it be my head, I'll take care of it." Now, the uncertainty which M. de Rennes felt about his head, was just that uncertainty which the French, during the days of the Bastille, felt about their understanding, and which made them neglect the cultivation of its more stern and bold and masculine characteristics. The right to exercise those higher faculties, which so far from withdrawing us from happiness are generally devoted to the study of how happiness, in its more comprehensive sense, may best be procured—the right to exercise those faculties was almost *prohibited* by *not being defined.* Much liberty of opinion was exercised, undoubtedly, by a few men in the eighteenth century, whose influence was the greater from the novelty of the task they undertook. But of these men, the most exalted passed many of his years in exile; nor let it be forgotten, that it was to the composition of a bad opera that the moralist of Geneva owed his most signal and perhaps his most gratifying success. Voltaire, the wit, the poet, the cynic, was also, as eminently, courtier, and aimed his shafts against the throne, the aristocracy, and the altar, under the shelter of royal correspondences and courtly friendships; the most popular writer of the day, because he was the least pedantic—the deep portent of his thoughts was passed by on account of the grace and gaiety with which he delivered them; and princes had the "good taste" to pardon the popular principles of a philosopher, who preached with the easy sprightliness of a page. The only grave career, during the old monarchy was—the church: and so the only men of commanding capacity who appeared at that time appeared in the uniform of Rome. But the road even to clerical honours lay through the boudoirs of the court: and the proud and stately Richelieu is said to have danced in a harlequin's costume before Anne of Austria—in the vain attempt to gain the favours of that haughty princess. "En Espagne," said a French philosopher of the eighteenth century,* "En Espagne on demande—*est-ce un*

* Helvetius.

grand de la première classe? En Allemagne—*peut-il entrer dans les chaptires?* En France—*est-il bien à la cour?* En Angleterre—*Quel homme est-il?*" England was then the only country in which a man was valued for himself; because England was the only country at that time in which a man who possessed the advantages which placed him in a public career, could seize, command, and hold, without the aid and assistance of any one, a situation measured by his own abilities. The more lofty, and independent, and grave pursuits, were those which led to the highest honours and the greatest esteem: and this gave a lofty and independent air, a more than natural gravity to the grave and serious character of our people. The objects of ambitious men were the same in France and in England—power and distinction. Ambitious men know no other objects: but the paths which led to these objects were different—different in a manner which rendered the grave and serious people more grave and serious, and the gay and frivolous people more gay and frivolous. One ceases to be astonished at the importance which Louis XIV. gave to the arrangement of a cotillon, as one remembers that he was regulating the political career of his court—"Society," as I have said in the preceding chapter, "was at that time the road to ambition," and *all* the gaieties and graces of society were studied, as wit *more especially* was studied not merely for the sake of being amiable in the world, but for the sake of rising in it.

"Ce jeune homme ira loin!" said an old marquis in the later days of Louis XIV; "ses manières sont parfaites, et il danse fort bien." This was the court—the resort of noble adventurers, avid of fortune and honours, which were only to be obtained by the smile of the sovereign—a smile which was very frequently the simple reflection of that to be solicited from the sovereign's mistress. This was the court—and the capital imitated the court, and chose their magistrates for their manners; and the provinces imitated the capital, and voted the most money to the governors who gave them the best balls.* But if one class was gay and frivolous, very frequently as the best means of obtaining power, another was equally frivolous

* Madame de Sévigné,

and gay, because it had no means of obtaining it. The richer persons indeed engaged in commerce; the middle orders, as we should call them, the close of whose career was to be the purchase of a *charge*,—(the first step towards the nobility of their grandsons)—these, as I think I have elsewhere observed, were of a graver aspect, and more demure demeanour—they felt themselves obliged to be—*respectable*, because they were *not noble*. But the lowest and the highest of society, the *qualité* and the *canaille* gave themselves up alike, heart and soul, to amusement; the only difference being that the one sought pleasure—because they were shut out from business; the other —because pleasure was, in fact, to them—a business.

From the death of Louis XVI. up to the restoration, the public events of the time, great as they were, hardly penetrated into private life: manners altered less than one might suppose; the actors who took a part in society were new; the drama was almost the same. If the Court of the Luxembourg were more vulgar, it was not less frivolous and voluptuous than that of Versailles; nor was Louis XV. himself more accessible to female influence than the citizen Barras. As for Napoleon, his policy was to revive the memory of Louis XIV. The maxims of that reign, "qu'il fallait mettre dans les vertus une certaine noblesse, dans les mœurs une certaine franchise, dans les manières une certaine politesse;"*—the maxims which the great philosopher of France deemed necessary to keep together the elements of the old monarchy, and which were equally calculated to preserve the military empire, came again into vogue: to elevate the dignity of the court—to dazzle and deceive the eyes of the people—to raise a prestige round the throne—(fortune was to take the place of legitimacy)—to repair the old system with new materials, and thus to preserve the ancient manners;—this was the policy of the First Consul; a policy which he openly commenced by assuming the imperial garment, and as openly consummated by allying himself to the House of Hapsbourg. The lower classes of the people were to be pleased with his government for its fêtes; the higher to be attached to his person by rewards. The sterner motives of individual action, and the sterner careers that belong to them,

* Montesquieu.

were closed: a man was nothing by himself, the emperor's favour made him all—and for the excellent reason therefore given by Monsieur de Rennes at the beginning of this chapter, he had all that gaiety and frivolity which springs from the carelessness of an uncertain and dependent and ill-regulated existence. And now, while the luxury, and the amusements, and the despotism of the empire, kept up among the people the joyous and unthinking character of olden times, its perils and its victories gave to the gaiety of this adventurous epoch a martial air, which sat not ungracefully on a nation of warriors—descendants of the soldiers of Louis XIV., and themselves the conquerors of almost every capital in Europe.

In the movement and bustle of those days, when events marched with a velocity that made, what we counted as seventeen years, an age for history and posterity; in that busy and brilliant time, when in every street you heard the crying of the bulletin, and the beating of the drum—and existence was a dream of arms, and uniforms, and decorations: then the song accompanied the soldier to the bivouac;* by the affectionate *sobriquet* which he gave to his captain (*le petit caporal*), the conscript recompensed himself for the fatigues of the campaign; and long after the despotism and selfishness of Bonaparte had become visible to the nation—in the camp he was still beloved. But no man, as the philosopher said to Crœsus, knows his fortune until his death.† It was with a spirit of pro-

* There is a poet, the soldier-like gaiety of whose genius entitles him to be the chronicler of that period; and as one of the many curious spectacles of our time, we see a republican bard, chanting the gaiety and the glories of a military tyranny, under the ægis of that constitutional liberty whose moderation he despised.

† There are few subjects which caused more trouble and perturbation during the middle ages than the corpse of St. Denis. No sooner did one monastery boast itself in quiet possession of this invaluable relic, than it was indignantly answered by another; and, as is usually the case, the last having the best of the dispute, the faithful always flocked to the shrine of the new pretendant. At last, however, a corpse was found which, to use the words of the Chronicle, was "envelopé en un drap de soie, si viel, et porri que il s'évanouissait et devenait poudre;" and it was determined, according to custom, that this was the veritable body of St. Denis—so the Comité de salut Public, the Directory, the Consulate, the Empire, all in turn enjoyed a glorious reputation for the sanctity of their origin; but in the year 1814, the persons who happened to be most powerful, declared, under circumstances very similar to those I have narrated, that the *true St. Denis* was at last discovered, and fêtes and fireworks commemorated the event of the restoration.

phecy that Vergniaud spoke of the revolution of '89, as 'Saturn devouring his offspring:'—the empire fell in its turn, as had successively fallen every system to which that powerful struggle between intelligence and ignorance had given birth: the empire fell—the Bourbons returned to their ancient palace; and the temple which had been dedicated 'to glory,'* was consecrated 'to religion'—and the palace of Bonaparte's senate was occupied by the Deputies of France.

This change was the greatest that had yet taken place in the fate of the nation, and was the most likely to exercise an influence over its character. For the first time for centuries, the Frenchman ceased to be a gambler or solicitor after honours; his existence no longer depended upon a lucky hit or a dexterous application; with ability and attention he might almost *calculate*—and there is great force in that word—he might almost *calculate* upon regularly rising to the first place in the state, and being illustrated by the opinion of his fellow-countrymen. The career to which ambition now called him, was one of a solid and serious character; and required time and perseverance as the necessities of success. Nor was the effect which this was likely to have upon the national character merely confined to those who aspired to the eminent situation of which I speak: a representative government has this advantage, viz.—that it spreads over the whole country those virtues and those talents which are required in the representative assembly. The man who is asked to choose a person to represent his interests, naturally begins to reflect on what his interests are, and the qualities for which he selects another, become the qualities which he himself is anxious to possess. This effect, natural under any circumstance to a representative government, would develop itself of course more forcibly and more rapidly where a free press was daily publishing the debates of the representatives, and commenting—with all the facility and all the ingenuity with which men not engaged in affairs, can criticise the actions of those who are—upon every word and every syllable that fell from the national tribune.

Causes like these could not be in operation for sixteen years, without, in some degree, producing the consequence to be ex-

* The Madeleine.

pected, viz.—that of infusing a more grave and masculine character into the society, which, still sensible to pleasure, was less able to unite it with politics and ambition.

By the table of Monsieur Dupin, published in 1828, the change I speak of appears. Compare the publications of 1812, 1820, 1826; you will find, that the kingdom of France, reduced within its ancient limits, published twice as many works as the empire did at the moment of its widest extent; and remark, that while in every class of publication there is a considerable increase; remark, as the most important fact of all, that the increase is far greater in those productions, the object of which is to improve the mind, than in those that are composed with the simple desire to amuse it. That part of literature consecrated to the pleasures of the imagination, and which held the first rank in the empire, held the second under the constitution —and gave place to history, voyages, and biography; while the writings dedicated to the study and knowledge of the laws, advanced in popularity and consideration. "Ainsi," says Monsieur Dupin, " par l'heureux effet de nos institutions, les goûts de la France *ont perdu* de la frivolité. Les études graves ont gagné : la littérature philosophique—l'étude de la jurisprudence et des lois—la méditation de l'histoire—l'observation, la comparaison des mœurs et des coutumes—les productions de l'art et de la nature qui caractérisent les nations contemporaines et les contrées qu'elles habitent—voilà les objets principaux vers lesquels s'est dirigé l'esprit de la nation française." The able writer whom I cite, is rather too apt to overcharge his pictures with the colour that momentarily predominates in his mind. The French, during the restoration, lost a little of their gaiety, more of their frivolity; but the change has certainly not been so great as Monsieur Dupin would give us to understand; nor must we entirely forget, when we reckon among our proofs of an increasing seriousness of disposition, an increase in the sale of more serious literary productions, that these productions have themselves of late years become more light and more amusing. There are many circumstances still active in conserving that gay and joyful and frivolous character for which the French were formerly distinguished. The influence of youth, the influence of women, at once causes and effects of a peculiar disposition and a peculiar state of society,

are among the principal of these; nor while we estimate the consequence of the representative institutions of the French are we to forget, that out of thirty-three millions of individuals, there are only two hundred thousand directly affected by them.

Again, we must not suppose that the institutions of a country are to change the former character of its people, without that former character having a great influence upon its existing institutions; and as the natural condition of many political vicissitudes, we must long expect to see the French nation exposed to the difficulty of reconciling the habits it derived from a despotic government with those which are resulting from a free constitution. The very language which has descended from generation to generation, as the expression of certain habits and ideas, exercises, in its turn, a daily recurring influence, which no laws or treatises can efface—and the sky, and the climate, and the natural disposition.—I grant that the philosophers were wrong, who preached that the governments of nations depended wholly upon these—but rely upon it also, that they must have their influence, that we cannot arbitrarily give ourselves the institutions and the habits that we please; rely upon it, that man does not wholly depend upon man; but that nature and God have an influence, difficult to trace, but impossible to deny, in the destinies of every people upon earth!

Years then may roll on, and the light and joyous character of the French, already changed, may undergo farther changes. The sedater character which has seated itself upon the front of society, may penetrate nearer to its heart; the greater seriousness which we observe spread over certain classes of the nation, may have a broader basis and a deeper root; years may roll on—and that august edifice which you see on the borders of the Seine, may still resound with the eloquence of the constitutional tribune;—years may roll on—and the gates of the Pantheon yet be open to the ashes of the senators who have merited well of their country;—all this may be; and yet, as long as the gay sun which is now shining gilds the yellow valleys of Provence, and ripens the purple vintage of Burgundy and Champagne—so long must much that we see now—much of that which belongs to the unthinking and joyous spirit which coloured the religion, the policy, the triumphs of the olden time—which entered into the church, the palace, and the camp—brightening,

corrupting, enlivening—making things worse, and rendering them more tolerable,—much of this must yet remain; nor until you can make their skies and their soil, their climate and their clouds alike, need you believe that the same laws will produce the same effects upon a race, vowed to labour, repudiating recreation, fanatical in business, politics, and religion—and upon the careless, incredulous, gallant, active, intelligent, philosophic, and joyous people—whom I am contemplating as I guide my pen along this paper. Procrustes had a bed of iron, on which we know he was so obliging as to fit all travellers whom he caught, by dislocating the limbs of those who were too short, and chopping off the members of those who had the misfortune to be too tall; in this manner he arranged every one according to his model. I am not of the philosophy of Procrustes; I am for giving intelligence to all—it is the soil of liberty—the soil from which the tree should spring—but I am not for torturing its growth or twisting its branches into any fantastic symmetry of my own. Let it grow from the habits, the manners, the customs amidst which it rises—let it freely take its form! I do not expect that form to be without defects; I am satisfied if these defects are not great ones. I do not wish one nation to be austere, because I find austerity coupled with virtue in another; nor do I look with contempt upon the frivolities which I see accompanied by a certain enthusiasm and a certain grandeur. The wisest legislators, instead of endeavouring to eradicate what is bad from the character of a people, devote themselves to the improvement of what is good. "If there be a nation in the world," says the French philosopher, "which possesses a social humour, an open heart, a disposition tuned to joy, a correct taste, a facility in expressing its ideas—if there be a nation lively, agreeable, jovial, sometimes imprudent, often indiscreet, and which withal has courage, generosity, frankness, honour—beware how you attempt to set a bridle upon its manners, lest you also subdue its virtues. If in general the character be good, what signify a few defects? It would not be difficult to restrain the women, to make laws to correct their morals, and to moderate their luxury; but who knows if we should not thereby dry up the source of the riches, and destroy the charm, of the nation. The legislator should follow the spirit of the people: we do nothing so well as that

which we do hardily and freely. If you give an air of pedantry to a nation naturally gay, the state will gain nothing *, ni pour le dedans, ni pour le dehors—Laissez-lui faire les choses frivoles sérieusement et gaiement les choses sérieuses!" The maxims of Montesquieu, almost incompatible with change, are erroneous in one extreme; the philosophy of Bentham, with set and universal forms for every change, is equally erroneous in the other.

CRIME.

Let us look for the character we have remarked in the pleasures of the French in their crimes.—Write to advance no dogma.—M. Guerry's work.—Table of crimes in each of the five districts into which he has divided France.—The most singular calculation that ever yet appeared.—What law, what chance, what instruction has to do with it?—What influences are visible upon crime.—The climate and the seasons.—Influence of age, of sex.—Motives for crime.—Natural children.—Suicides.—Writings of persons having committed suicide.—What M. Guerry's tables teach, always taught.—Return to investigation set out with.—How far is the gallantry, the vanity, and frivolity of the French connected with their crimes?—Having spoke of the character, proceed to speak of the history of the French.

I am arrived at a place where I would wish to cast my eye back over the chapters I have just concluded. The French, it appears, are gay, gallant, witty, vain. We have seen them in their amusements—we have followed them to the ball-room,

* S'il y avait dans le monde une nation qui eût une humeur sociale, une ouverture de cœur, une joie dans la vie, un goût, une facilité à communiquer ses pensées; qui fût vive, agréable, enjouée, quelquefois imprudente, souvent indiscrète, et qui eût avec cela du courage, de la générosité, de la franchise, un certain point d'honneur, il ne faudrait point chercher à gêner ses manières, pour ne point gêner ses vertus: si en général le caractère est bon, qu'importe de quelques défauts qui s'y trouvent? On y pourrait contenir les femmes, faire des lois pour corriger leurs mœurs et borner leur luxe; mais qui sait si on n'y perdrait pas un certain goût, qui serait la source des richesses de la nation? C'est au législateur à suivre l'esprit de la nation, lorsqu'il n'est pas contraire au principe du gouvernement; car nous ne faisons rien de mieux que ce que nous faisons librement, et en suivant notre génie naturel. Qu'on donne un esprit de pédanterie à une nation naturellement gaie, l'état n'y gagnera rien, ni pour le dedans ni pour le dehors."

and the guinguette, and the theatre; the gloomy avenue now before us, leads to—the prison. We have discovered this people's character in their pleasures, let us look for it in their crimes!

Now, if there be any truth in what I have already said, it seems justifiable to believe, that there are certain qualities, propensities, and passions, which characterizing one people from another, will wind themselves into all our legislative enactments. Moreover, if the book I am writing has any merit, it is that of being written without the object of advancing any legislative dogma of my own. Every person living and reading at the present time, must remember an infinitude of forced systems in economy, politics, and morals, each in their turn giving place to some new system, which appearing last, has, like the rod of Moses, devoured the rods of the Egyptians.

I cannot think with one of the most strange and positive of modern speculators,* that the sea is rapidly becoming lemonade, and that nature has in her wisdom reserved a tailed appendix to future generations: neither am I, for similar scruples, disposed to credit, that the many tribes of the world are endowed with precisely the same dispositions, and to be fitted, as a matter of course, by precisely the same governments and institutions. The various nostrums which have in turn been promulgated as certain specifics for our various civil disorders, were about as likely to be uniformly efficacious as those balsams, cordials, and sudorifics which medicine daily offers to our corporeal infirmities, as equally adapted to the stone, the gravel, and the gout. Looking rather at the effects which have been produced by your state-pharmacopolists, than at the pompous puffs with which they have usually announced themselves, I do confess, that I somewhat incline to the belief, that each race and each country has peculiarities almost impossible to eradicate—and which therefore it is wiser in the legislator, instead of fruitlessly attempting to *destroy*, sagaciously to endeavour to *direct*. But this theory requires a perpetual attention to what is passing around, and to what has passed before, us—a perpetual accumulation of knowledge, and perpetual variations in the applica-

* M. Fourrier, de Dijon, the founder of the *Phalansterian* sect, of which I shall have occasion to speak, when I speak of the modern philosophy of France.

tion of knowledge, and I do not therefore marvel at finding it less popular than the doctrines of that easier school, which in twenty pages gives *all* that it is possible to know for the government and the happiness of *all* the nations of the earth.

I am led to these reflections by a new statistical work by M. Guerry,* a work remarkable on many accounts, more especially remarkable on this account — that it bowls down at once all the ninepins with which late statists had been amusing themselves, and sets up again many of the old notions, which from their very antiquity were out of vogue.

Some very wise persons have declared that crimes depended *wholly* upon laws, others that they depended *wholly* upon, what they called, instruction; while a few, with a still falser philosophy, have passed, in their contempt for all existing rules, from the niceties of calculation to the vagueness of accident, and insinuated, not daring to assert, that vice and virtue are the mere 'rouge et noir' of life, the pure effects of chance and hazard. Against all these champions, M. Guerry enters the field. Dividing France into five *regions* † or districts, com-

* *Statistique morale de la France.*

† DIVISION OF FRANCE INTO FIVE REGIONS.

	Population.
North.—Aisne, Ardennes, Calvados, Eure, Manche, Marne, Meuse, Moselle, Nord, Oise, Orne, Pas-de-Calais, Seine, Seine-Inférieure, Seine-et-Marne, Seine-et-Oise, Somme. . . . !	8,757,700
South.—Ardèche, Ariége, Aude, Aveyron, Bouches-du-Rhône, Gard, Haute-Garonne, Gers, Hérault, Lot, Lozère, Hautes-Pyrénées, Pyrénées-Orientales, Tarn, Tarn-et-Garonne, Vaucluse, Var.	4,826,493
East.—Ain, Basses-Alpes, Hautes-Alpes, Aube, Côte-d'Or, Doubs, Drôme, Isère, Jura, Haute-Marne, Meurthe, Bas-Rhin, Haut-Rhin, Rhône, Haute-Saône, Saône-et-Loire, Vosges. . .	5,840,996
West.—Charente, Charente-Inférieure, Côtes-du-Nord, Dordogne, Finistère, Gironde, Ille-et-Vilaine, Landes, Loire-Inférieure, Lot-et-Garonne, Maine-et-Loire, Mayenne, Morbihan, Basses-Pyrénées, Deux-Sèvres, Vendée, Vienne. . . .	7,008,788
Centre.—Allier, Cantal, Cher, Corrèze, Creuse, Eure-et-Loire, Indre, Indre-et-Loire, Loire, Loir-et-Cher, Loiret, Haute-Loire, Nièvre, Puy-de-Dôme, Sarthe, Haute-Vienne, Yonne. . .	5,238,905
Corse. . . .	185,079
Total Population	31,857,961

posed each of 17 departments, and dividing the crimes committed in each of these regions into two classes—*i. e.*, 'crimes against property,' and 'crimes against the person,' the following table, taking one hundred as the number of crimes committed in France, gives the result of his calculations.

Crimes against the Person.

	1825.	1826.	1827.	1828.	1829.	1830.	Average.
North Region	25	24	23	26	25	24	25
South —	28	26	22	23	25	23	24
East —	17	21	19	20	19	19	19
West —	18	16	21	17	17	18	18
Centre —	12	13	15	14	14	16	14
Total	100	100	100	100	100	100	100

Crimes against Property.

	1825	1826	1827	1828	1829	1830.	Average.
North Region	41	42	42	43	44	44	42
South —	12	11	11	12	12	11	12
East —	18	16	17	16	14	15	16
West —	17	19	19	17	17	17	18
Centre —	12	11	12	12	13	13	12
	100	100	100	100	100	100	100

Of all the marvellous calculations ever yet published, this calculation is perhaps the most marvellous; for whatever the basis on which the computation is made,* it is not a whit the less wonderful that it should in six successive years give an almost similar result; and this, not in one species of crime—not

* M. Guerry takes the number of persons accused, as the basis of his calculation; for where there is a person accused, there, he says, naturally enough, there must be a crime committed; but it may so happen, that where five or six persons are accused of a crime, only one may have committed it, and *vice versâ*. This is among many of the observations that might be made upon the general accuracy of these kind of tables. Monsieur Guerry's method, however, seems as likely to be correct as another, for in taking the basis of convictions, you would only alter your errors; and indeed the original documents are collected in the same manner by the Minister of Justice. It is to be regretted that we have not before us, however, all the elements from which these tables are formed—tables, which of themselves, if accurate, afford sufficient matter for the most important work on history and legislation that has yet appeared.

in one division of France; but in all the divisions of France, and in each distinct class of crime !... Thus maintaining between the different portions of the kingdom, a particular and almost invariable criminal ratio (if I may thus express myself), which none of the many casualties to which human life is subject, seem effectually to alter or control.

A difference of this kind cannot be the effect of law, for the law in all parts of France is the same—it cannot be the effect of accident, because it would not, surely, in that case, perpetually recur. What has instruction to do with it—I mean that kind of instruction, on which persons, considering these subjects, usually found their propositions?

Distribution of Instruction in the Five Regions.

A. ENROLLED YOUNG MEN.			B. ACCUSED.			C. PUPILS.
Proportion of the number of young men, who can read and write, out of those inscribed on the Registre of the Military Census.			Proportion of the number of accused, knowing at least how to read, out of the total number of accused brought before the Court of Assize.			Proportion of the number of male pupils, compared with the population.
On 100 young men knowing how to read and write.			On 100 accused knowing how to read.			One pupil on habitants.
Years 1827.	1828.	1829.	Years 1828.	1829.	1830.	Year 1829.
East Region . 51	+ E. 55	+ E. 58	+ East Region . 52	+ E. 52	+ E. 53	— East Region 14
North — . 48	N. 53	N. 55	North — . 49	N. 45	N. 47	North — 16
South — . 32	S. 33	S. 34	South — . 31	S. 28	S. 30	South — 43
West — . 26	W. 27	W. 27	Centre — . 29	W. 25	W. 24	West — 45
Centre — . 24	— C. 25	— C. 25	— West — . 25	— C. 23	— C. 23	+ Centre — 48

INSTRUCTION.

No.	DEPARTMENTS.	No. of young men knowing how to read and write out of 100 inscribed.
1	Meuse	74
2	Doubs	73
3	Jura	73
4	Haute-Marne	72
5	Hant-Rhin	71
6	Seine	71
7	Hautes-Alpes	69
8	Meurthe	68
9	Ardennes	67
10	Marne	63
11	Vosges	62
12	Bas-Rhin	62
13	Côte-d'Or	60
14	Haute-Saône	59
15	Aube	59
16	Moselle	57
17	Seine-et-Oise	56
18	Eure-et-Loir	54
19	Seine-et-Marne	54
20	Oise	54
21	Hautes-Pyrénées	53
22	Calvados	52
23	Eure	51
24	Aisne	51
25	Corse	49
26	Pas-de-Calais	49
27	Yonne	47
28	Basses-Pyrénées	47
29	Basses-Alpes	46
30	Nord	45
31	Rhône	45
32	Hérault	45
33	Orne	45
34	Somme	44
35	Seine-Inferieure	43
36	Manche	43
37	Loiret	42
38	Drôme	42
39	Deux-Sèvres	41
40	Gard	40
41	Gironde	40
42	Charente-Inférieure	39
43	Bouches-du-Rhône	38
44	Gers	38
	Average 0,38.	
45	Vaucluse	37
46	Ain	37
47	Charente	36
48	Aude	34
49	Saône-et-Loire	32
50	Lot-et-Garonne	31
51	Cantal	31
52	Pyrénées-Orientales	31
53	Haute-Garonne	31
54	Aveyron	31
55	Sarthe	30
56	Loire	29
57	Isère	29
58	Landes	28
59	Vendée	28
60	Lozère	27
61	Loir-et-Cher	27
62	Ardèche	27
63	Indre-et-Loire	27
64	Tarn-et-Garonne	25
65	Vienne	25
66	Ille-et-Vilaine	25
67	Loire-Inférieure	24
68	Lot	24
69	Var	23
70	Maine-et-Loire	23
71	Creuse	23
72	Haute-Loire	21
73	Tarn	20
74	Nièvre	20
75	Mayenne	19
76	Puy-de-Dôme	19
77	Ariège	18
78	Dordogne	18
79	Indre	17
80	Côtes-du-Nord	16
81	Finistère	15
82	Morbihan	14
83	Cher	13
84	Haute-Vienne	13
85	Allier	13
86	Corrèze	12

In this map, obscurity of the tints corresponds with the minimum of instruction, *i. e.* with the maximum of ignorance.

INFLUENCE OF THE SEXES.

Proportion of the Sex of the Accused for each Crime,—One Hundred cases.

CRIMES AGAINST THE PERSON.			CRIMES AGAINST THE PERSON.		
NATURE OF THE CRIME.	Men.	Women.	NATURE OF THE CRIME.	Men.	Women.
Slave trade, Forfeiture, Violation of public decency, Breach of the sanitary laws, False witnessing in civil matters	* +100	—0	Smuggling, Breaking open of sealed things, Loss of a ship by negligence, Baratary, Fraudulent use of a blank signature	* +100	—0
Rape	99	1	Exaction and corruption	99	1
Rape, or intent to, on children	99	1	Forgery of seals	98	2
Bigamy, Contempt of court, &c.	98	2	Destruction of moveable and immoveable property	98	2
Threatening under condition	97	3	Forgery of bank notes	95	5
Political offences	97	3	Frauds in commercial documents	93	7
Murder	96	4	Robbery on the highway	92	8
Cutting and maiming	95	5	Suppression of title-deeds	90	10
Rebellion	91	9	Pillaging and destroying of furniture	89	11
Assassination†	89	11	Frauds	89	11
False witness and bribery	85	15	Fraudulent bankruptcies	86	14
Escaping from prison	83	17	Frauds by fictitious characters	86	14
Cutting and maiming parents and guardians	80	20	Counterfeit coin	86	14
Begging, accompanied with violence	79	21	Burning property (various)	84	16
Criminal conspiracy	80	20	Theft	83	17
Parricide	64	36	Sacrilege	78	22
Poisoning	55	45	Extortion of signatures	71	29
Assaults upon children	50	50	Firing of buildings	70	30
Abortion	28	72	Pillaging and destroying of grain	69	31
Castration	25	75	Robbery in dwelling-houses	—60	+40
Infanticide	—6	+94			

* In these the *maximum* is indicated by the algebraic sign + and the *minimum* by the sign —.
† Assassination is murder premeditated.

CRIMES AGAINST THE PERSON.

Numerical No.	NATURE OF CRIMES.	No. of Crimes Per Ann.	No. of Crimes In 1000
1	Cutting and maiming	368	197
2	Murder	298	160
3	Assassination *	255	137
4	Rebellion	196	105
5	Rape and assault, with intent to,	173	93
6	———, on children	133	71
7	Infanticide	118	63
8	False witnessing and bribery	87	47
9	Cutting and maiming parents, guardians, &c.	85	46
10	Poisoning	40	21
11	Criminal conspiracy	22	12
12	Crimes against children	20	11
13	Parricide	13	7
14	Abortion	12	7
15	Bigamy	11	5
16	Contempt of court and its officers	9	5
17	Begging, accompanied with violence	9	5
18	Political offences	6	3
19	Threatening	6	3
20	Breaking prison	1	
21	Breach of the sanitary laws	1	
22	Castration	1	
23	False witnessing in civil cases		2
24	Violation of public decency	1	
25	Forfeiture		
26	Slave trade		
	TOTAL	1,865	1000

CRIMES AGAINST PROPERTY.

Numerical No.	NATURE OF CRIMES.	No. of Crimes. Per Ann.	No. of Crimes. In 1000
1	Robbery (differing from the following)	3,219	610
2	Robbery in dwelling houses	1,043	198
3	Fraudulent offences, (differing from the following)	255	48
4	Forging in commercial documents	106	20
5	Robbery on the highway	159	30
6	Fraudulent bankruptcy	105	20
7	Burning of buildings, &c.	87	16
8	Sacrilege	54	10
9	Frauds under false pretences	48	9
10	Counterfeit coin	46	9
11	Exaction and corruption	39	7
12	Extortion of signatures	27	5
13	Destruction of moveable or immoveable property	24	5
14	Pillage and destruction of grain	23	4
15	Burning of various objects	18	3
16	Counterfeiting seals, &c.	9	2
17	Pillage and destruction of furniture	6	1
18	Suppression of titles or deeds	4	
19	Forgery of bank notes	3	
20	Defrauding the public treasury	3	
21	Smuggling	2	
22	Breaking open of sealed things		3
23	Loss of a ship by negligence of the pilot		
24	Baratary	2	
25	Smuggling		
26	Abuse of a blank signature		
	TOTAL	5,282	1000

AGE

IN INTERVALS

PERSON

On 1,000	50 TO 60 NATURE OF THE CRIMES	ABOVE 70 OF THE CRIMES	On 1,000
194	Murder	hildren	318
784	Assassination	Maiming	137
133	Cutting & Maiming		125
100	Rebellion	tion	109
94	Rape on Children	ness	102
69	False Witness		91
61	Rape		23
44	Infanticide	ide	23
44	Poisoning		23
29	Assaulting Parents & guard	s Characters	11
19	Abortion	of Court &c.	11
13	Bigamy	ng Parents & guardian	4
8	Begging &c		1
7	Parricide	gainst Children	,
7	Suspicious Characters		,
4	Crimes against Children		,
4	Contempt of Court, &c	&c	,
12	Crimes various	arious	34
1000			1,000

PERTY

On 1,000	50 TO 60 NATURE OF THE CRIM	ABOVE 70 OF THE CRIMES	On 1,000
578	Theft		538
149	Robbery in Dwell.g Houses		102
71	Frauds	n Dwell.g Houses	81
33	Fraudulent Bankruptcies	g Buildings	65
33	Frauds in Comm.l Writings		37
28	Exactions &c	nt Bankruptcies	32
25	Robbery on the Highway	&c	22
15	Burning of Buildings	Characters by	21
15	Fictitious Characters by	various	21
12	Base Coin	Comm.l Writings	21
9	Sacrilege	the Highway	21
7	Extortion of Signature	g Grain	11
6	Plunder of Grain	g Property	6
6	Burnings various		6
4	Destroying of furniture	ting Seals	,
3	Counterfeiting Seals	& Signatures	,
1	Plundering of furniture	g Furniture	,
5	Crimes various	rious	16
100			1,000

CRIMES AGAINST PERSONS.

No.	DEPARTMENTS.	1 accused out of . . . inhabitants.
1	Corse.	2,199
2	Lot.	5,885
3	Ariège.	6,173
4	Pyrénées-Orientales	6,728
5	Haut-Rhin	7,343
6	Lozère.	7,710
7	Aveyron.	8,256
8	Ardèche.	9,474
9	Doubs.	11,560
10	Moselle.	12,153
11	Hautes-Pyrénées.	12,223
12	Bas-Rhin.	12,309
13	Seine et-Oise.	12,477
14	Hérault.	12,814
15	Basses-Alpes.	12,935
16	Tarn.	13,049
17	Gard.	13,115
18	Var.	13,145
19	Drôme.	13,396
20	Bouches-du-Rhône.	13,409
21	Vaucluse.	13,576
22	Seine.	13,945
23	Tarn-et-Garonne	14,790
24	Eure.	14,795
25	Vienne.	15,010
26	Corrèze	15,262
27	Marne.	15,602
28	Aude.	15,647
29	Haute-Loire.	16,170
30	Haute-Vienne.	16,256
31	Basses-Pyrénées.	16,722
	Average 17,085.	
32	Puy-de-Dôme.	17,256
33	Hautes-Alpes.	17,488
34	Calvados.	17,577
35	Landes.	17,686
36	Loiret.	17,727
37	Yonne.	18,006
38	Cantal.	18,070
39	Seine-Inférieure.	18,355
40	Deux-Sèvres.	18,400
41	Haute-Garonne.	18,642
42	Gers.	18,642
43	Charente-Inférieure.	18,712
44	Isère.	18,785
45	Rhône.	18,793
46	Vosges.	18,835
47	Indre-et-Loire.	19,134
48	Loire-Inférieure.	19,314
49	Aube.	19,602
50	Vendée.	20,827
51	Loir-et-Cher	21,292
52	Eure-et-Loire.	21,368
53	Dordogne.	21,585
54	Cher.	21 934
55	Ille-et-Vilaine.	22,138
56	Seine-et-Marne.	22,204
57	Haute-Saône.	22,339
58	Lot-et Garonne.	22,969
59	Pas-de-Calais.	23,101
60	Morbihan.	23,316
61	Gironde.	24,096
62	Meuse.	24,507
63	Charente.	24,964
64	Nièvre.	25,087
65	Jura.	26,224
66	Aisne.	26,226
67	Haute-Marne.	26 231
68	Meurthe.	26,740
69	Nord.	26,574
70	Allier.	26,747
71	Loire.	27,491
72	Oise.	28,180
73	Orne.	28,329
74	Mayenne.	28,331
75	Côtes-du-Nord	28,607
76	Saône-et-Loire.	28,894
77	Ain.	28,870
78	Maine-et-Loire.	29,592
79	Finistère.	29,872
80	Manche.	31,078
81	Côte-d'Or.	32,256
82	Indre.	32,404
83	Somme	33 592
84	Sarthe.	33,913
85	Ardennes.	35,203
86	Creuse.	37,014

The number inscribed upon each department in the annexed map refers to the numbers of the table subjoined, which table indicates the average proportion of crimes with the population—the different degrees of shade correspond with the number of crimes represented. Thus in this map the department of Corsica (No. 1), of which the tint is the darkest, presents the maximum of crime, *i. e.* one person accused out of every 2,199 inhabitants. The department of Creuse (No. 86.), of which the tint is the lightest, presents the minimum of crime, *i. e.* one person accused out of every 37,014 inhabitants.

CRIMES AGAINST PROPERTY.

No.		DEPARTMENTS.	1 accused out of . . inhabitants.
P	1	Seine.	1,368
	2	Seine-Inférieure.	2,906
P	3	Seine-et-Oise	3,879
	4	Eure-et-Loire	4,016
	5	Pas-de-Calais	4,040
P	6	Aube.	4,086
	7	Calvados	4,500
	8	Rhône	4,504
	9	Moselle.	4,529
p	10	Corse	4,589
	11	Vienne.	4,710
	12	Eure.	4,774
	13	Haut-Rhin	4,015
	14	Bas-Rhin	4,920
P	15	Marne	4,950
	16	Loiret.	5,042
	17	Bouches-du-Rhône.	5,291
P	18	Charente-Inférieure	5,357
P	19	Aisne.	5,521
	20	Vaucluse	5,731
	21	Seine-et-Marne	5,786
	22	Doubs	5,914
	23	Lozère	5,990
	24	Loir et-Cher	6,017
		Average 6,031.	
	25	Landes.	6,170
	26	Nord.	6,175
	27	Tarn	6,241
	28	Haute-Vienne	6,402
	29	Yonne.	6,516
p	30	Ille-et-Vilaine	6,624
	31	Oise	6,659
	32	Aveyron	6,731
	33	Meurthe	6,831
p	34	Finistère	6,842
	35	Deux-Sèvres.	6,863
	36	Indre-et-Loire	6,909
p	37	Côtes-du-Nord	7,059
	38	Somme.	7,144
	39	Haute-Garonne	7,204
	40	Basses-Alpes	7,289
	41	Gironde.	7,423
	42	Manche	7,424
	43	Vendée.	7,566

No.		DEPARTMENTS.	1 accused out of . . inhabitants.
	44	Indre.	7,624
	45	Pyrénées-Orientales	7,632
	46	Drôme	7,759
	47	Haute-Saône.	7,778
	48	Allier.	7,925
p	49	Morbihan	7,940
	50	Gard.	7,990
	51	Jura.	8,059
	52	Hautes-Alpes	8,174
	53	Nièvre.	8,236
	54	Orne	8,218
	55	Sarthe	8,294
	56	Isère	8,326
	57	Maine-et-Loire	8,520
	58	Basses-Pyrénées	8,533
	59	Tarn-et-Garonne.	8,680
P	60	Ardennes	8,847
	61	Lot-et-Garonne.	8,943
	62	Vosges.	9,044
	63	Lot	9,049
	64	Côte-d'Or.	9,159
P	65	Meuse	9,190
	66	Mayenne.	9,198
	67	Loire-Inférieure.	9,392
P	68	Haute-Marne.	9,539
	69	Var.	9,572
	70	Ariège.	9,597
	71	Hautes-Pyrénées	9,797
	72	Dordogne	10,237
P	73	Ardèche	10,263
	74	Aude	10,431
	75	Gers.	10,486
	76	Cher	10,503
	77	Saône-et-Loire	10,708
	78	Hérault	10,954
	79	Cantal	11,645
p	80	Puy-de-Dôme	12,141
p	81	Loire	12,665
p	82	Corrèze	12,949
	83	Charente	13,018
	84	Ain	15,890
p	85	Haute-Loire.	18043
p	86	Creuse.	20,235

The same rule of distinction applies as in the last.

In estimating the influence of instruction, Monsieur Guerry takes as the test of education, the list of those returned to the minister of war at the period of conscription, as able to read and write; and making use of the five divisions I have mentioned, he compares the maps which paint the state of instruction with those which depict the state of crime. From this comparison we see, that while the crimes against persons are the most frequent in Corsica, the provinces of the south-east, and Alsace, where the people are well instructed, there are the fewest of those crimes in Berry, Limousin, and Brittany, where the people are most ignorant.

Such is the case with respect to crimes against the person. As for crimes against property, it is almost invariably those departments that are the best informed which are the most criminal. Should M. Guerry not be altogether wrong, then, this must appear certain—that if instruction do not increase crime, which may be a matter of dispute, there is no reason to believe that it diminishes it. But the fact is, that neither by the measure adopted by M. Guerry, nor by any measure that we could adopt, is there any possibility of arriving statistically at the real value of instruction.

Under the denomination of persons "able to read and write," are those who read in spelling, and perpetrate an undecypherable scrawl, under the inspection of a village schoolmaster, and those who have received all the advantages of a scholastic and liberal education. "Writing and reading," the lowest grade of acquisition to one man, the highest to another—important I admit, when possessed to a degree that affords an easy access to knowledge, almost useless when it is merely taken to describe a difficult and machinal movement of the lips and fingers—is an absurd and ridiculous definition, thus indiscriminately selected, of the mental state of a district. That province which possesses but two hundred persons able to read and write, may have twice as many of all the advantages and the feelings conferred by education spread over it—as may be found in another province containing four hundred of these readers and writers. Besides, even supposing, which we do not suppose, that a man taken from Brittany writes just as good a hand, reads with quite as much facility, as a man taken from Provence, and that both these scholars *can only read and*

write,—in order to believe that their similar degree of knowledge is to conduct to similar results, it is necessary to believe that they have the same abilities, the same temperament, the same strength of mind and body. If there be any difference between men which is *as great*, much more if there be any difference between men which is *greater* than the being able to read and write, and the not being able to read and write—how, in the name of Providence, are you able to decide that it is that *especial difference* of reading and writing from which you are to deduce the consequence of their conduct? In short, if we could bring our calculations to the nicest accuracy, as we now found them on the vaguest grounds, we should still, I fear, be as far as ever from the power of forming the accurate conclusion which all these Quixotic calculators are in search of.

It is not then merely on account of Mons. Guerry's figures that I think the conclusion at which he arrives probable, and likely to be just. No one ever yet pretended to say that in Italy, where there was the most civilization during the middle ages, there was the least crime; and I do not place much faith in the philosopher who pretends that the knowledge which develops the passions, is an instrument for their suppression, or that where there are the most desires, there is likely to be the most order and the most abstinence in their gratification. It is more candid and more wise for the advocates of knowledge to take a larger and a broader ground: to admit at once the existence of the two principles by which the world has ever yet been divided—to admit that the sources of power and pleasure are also the sources of crime and vice—that where there is good, there will be evil—to contend merely that that is good which is more good than evil; for nature is governed by one law, and the stream of civilization but resembles that mysterious river which folds the crocodile in the same wave that is also charged with the golden seed that shall fertilize the soil.*

* I find myself in such harmony with the following passage, that I cannot help referring to it:—"Du reste, nous disons à cette occasion notre opinion toute entière sur l'influence de l'instruction. Les avantages nous paraissent infiniment supérieurs à ses inconvéniens. Elle développe les intelligences et soutient toutes les industries. Elle protège ainsi la force morale et le bien-être

If education be an advantage, it is so, not because it prevents men from committing crimes, but because it adds to the enjoyments of mankind without increasing their vices, in the same proportion. But should education add to human guilt more than it adds to human happiness—should this be the case, the fault is very much in ourselves, and very much owing, let me add—to all education being insufficient—to the absurd belief that to teach reading and writing is quite enough, and that there we may halt and rest satisfied with the good work that we have performed. As well might we say, that if we could but turn the river into our grounds, it would be a matter of perfect indifference whether we led it to the mill, or allowed it to inundate the corn-field.

In giving instruction we create a power, which, if left to itself, may produce more good than evil—which will always produce good with evil, but which it is still our duty to govern and direct, in order to make it produce as much * good, as little

matériel des peuples. Les passions qu'elle excite, funestes à la société quand rien ne les contente, deviennent fécondes en avantages lorsqu'elles peuvent atteindre le but qu'elles poursuivent. Ainsi l'instruction répand, il est vrai, parmi les hommes quelques semences de corruption, mais c'est elle aussi qui rend les peuples plus riches et plus forts. *Chez une nation entourée de voisins éclairés, elle est non seulement un bienfait mais une nécessité politique.*—BEAUMONT ET TOCQUEVILLE. *Du Système pénitentiaire aux États-Unis.*

* I was rather surprised the other day, at hearing Lord Brougham quote the very able and interesting volume of Messrs. Beaumont and Tocqueville, on the state of crime in America, as a proof of the preventive to crime that was to be found in the mere expulsion of ignorance. What do these gentlemen say?—"It may seem that a state, having every vent for its industry, and its agriculture, will commit less crime than another which, equally enjoying these advantages, does not equally enjoy the advantages of intelligence and enlightenment." "*Nevertheless we do not think that you can attribute the diminution of crimes in the north to instruction*, because in Connecticut, where there is far more instruction than in New-York, crime *increases* with a terrible rapidity, and if one cannot accuse knowledge as the cause of this, one is obliged to acknowledge that it *is not a preventive*."

This is what Messrs. Beaumont and Tocqueville say of the effects of instruction in general in America. But there are institutions in America, where the experiment of instruction is made—not merely on the boy whom you wish to bring up in virtue, but on the boy who has already fallen into the paths of vice—and singular to say, the education given in the houses of refuge to the young delinquents, produces an effect upon them, which education does not in general produce upon society. Why is this? because the education in these houses is a moral education—because its object is not merely to load the memory, but to elevate the soul, to improve and to form the character. "Do not lie! and do as well as you can!" Such are the simple words with

evil as possible; and if we wish to make ourselves sure of its results—if we wish from afar to see, to regulate, and rejoice in its effects—we must not only *fill the mind*, we must *form the character*—we must not only give *ideas*, we must give *habits*, we must make education *moral* as well as *intellectual*—we must give men great designs and good desires, at the same time that we invite them to exertion, and make easy to them the paths of ambition.

But to turn from general dissertation to the more immediate subject that is before us—it now, I venture to presume, appears—as well from the very remarkable table I have given, as from the maps to which I refer, that in France, at all events, there seems to be some influence or influences superior to accident, independent of laws, independent of any existing system of instruction, regulating crimes—and the distribution of crimes—not merely in respect to their number, but also in respect to their kind.

How far the peculiarities of race, the habits resulting from old institutions, the differences arising from a rich or barren soil—from a level or mountainous district—from the communication of rivers, or the absence of rivers,—how far all these circumstances, each affecting the passions, the propensities, the pursuits, the wants, and consequently the crimes of a varied population, may extend their empire, M. Guerry, deploring the want of any materials on which to calculate, leaves us in doubts,* which I do not find myself qualified to dispel. Amidst these doubts we are only sensible that France, in spite of its system of unity, still contains a variety of distinct races, with different languages, different prejudices, different manners, and that neither the line and measure of Abbé Sièyes, nor the terrible policy of the Mountain, nor the centralizing genius of Napo-

which these children are admitted into these institutions: no tale-bearing is allowed; all corporal punishments are prohibited—"La discipline de ces établissemens est toute morale, et repose sur des principes qui appartiennent à la plus haute philosophie. Tout tend à y relever l'âme des jeunes détenus et à les rendre jaloux de leur propre estime, et de celui de leur semblables: pour y parvenir, on feint de les traiter comme des hommes, et comme les membres d'une société libre." I sincerely invite my readers to pay some attention to this part of Messrs. Beaumont and Tocqueville's volume, page 206. —*Du Système pénitentiaire.*

* But what the statist has not done with his tables, the poet has done with his songs, and the people with their proverbs.

léon, have been able to give to the grave and slow inhabitant of Normandy, the joyous and eager character of the chivalric child of Béarn.

What we have derived so far from M. Guerry, then, is merely negative—no proof of what is—but sufficient proof that that is *not*, which many have contented *to be*. But having completely set aside the doctrine of accident, having had no opportunity to trace the effects of government—not having satisfactorily established the effects of intelligence—having left us in complete doubt as to various influences that do operate, and that must operate upon human actions,—M. Guerry does at last show us some influences visible upon our conduct which it will be interesting to the reader that I should point out. There is the influence of climate, and there is the influence of the seasons, which M. Guerry has not connected, but which I would wish to place in connexion together—for, observe, that whereas the crimes against the person are always more numerous in the summer, the crimes against property more numerous in the winter—so of the crimes committed in the south, the crimes against the person are far more numerous than those against property, while in the north the crimes against property are, in the same proportion, more numerous than those against the person. Indeed, by comparing the two tables we find, as a general rule, that wherever there are the most crimes against persons, there are the fewest against property.*

But the effects of summer and winter are more strongly marked and more exact in their recurrence, than the effects of north and south.

Of a hundred attempts against public morals committed yearly.

Years	1827.	1828.	1829.	1830.	Average
During the three summer months.	35	36	35	38	36

* We must except Alsace, and the departments of Corsica, Seine et Oise, Moselle, and Lozère, which are equally criminal in both cases.

Les attentats à la pudeur (Rapes) form a sixth of the crimes committed upon persons : crimes against property are nearly three-fourths of the total number of crimes—and of these we may count five thousand three hundred per year. Domestic thefts form a fourth of the crimes against property : the number of crimes against property have increased, and the number of crimes against the person diminished of later years.

Of a hundred cuts and wounds committed yearly.

Years	1827.	1828.	1829.	1830.	Average
	28	27	27	27	28

During the three summer months.

The influence, then, of the atmosphere * upon crime—the influence of climate, thus seeing it, as we do, in conjunction with the influence of the seasons, is difficult to controvert, and seems sufficient, in a slight degree, to separate France from other countries, and the different divisions of France from each other.

But it is in the influence which age and which sex exercise upon crime in France, that there more especially lies a vast field of inquiry—as to the morals, the habits, and the character of the French. In respect to the influences of age, I publish a table, the only one of the sort ever made, and which I think no reader will look at without considerable interest.

As is natural to suppose, the greatest number of crimes committed by both sexes are committed between twenty-five and thirty years of age: a time when the faculties are most developed, and the passions most strong. Assassinations become more and more frequent after the age of twenty years up to the age of fifty: forgery takes the same rule of progression, but continues increasing up to the age of seventy and

* But the difference between the north and the south of France becomes still more remarkable, if after comparing them together we then compare France with England.

England and Wales contain about half the population of France; they are guilty, I may fairly say, of more than double the amount of crime; but in this total, so much greater than the total of France, there is not more than one rape, or attempt to commit rape, in England, to every three offences of a similar description in France. There is not more than one murder, or attempt to commit murder, in England, to every six murders, or attempt to commit murder, in France. Take infanticides alone—there are in France a hundred and eighteen; in England and Wales, in spite of the great increase in these cases during the years 1829, 1830, and 1831, about twenty-eight convictions and thirty committals. Is it the severity of our penal code which produces this effect? Not so: for since capital punishments have become more rare in France, the number of crimes against persons (crimes of personal violence) have *diminished*.

No very accurate conclusion can be drawn from two countries of which the laws and the police are different: still, make every allowance for these, and you will yet find the same difference between the south of France and the north. There will be more crimes in England against property, fewer crimes against the person, and a larger total of crimes altogether.

INFLUENCE OF THE SEASONS.

A.—CRIMES AGAINST THE PERSON.				B.—CRIMES AGAINST PROPERTY.			
		On 1,000	On 1,000			On 1,000	On 1,000
Winter	December	82		Winter	December	102	
	January	90	—334		January	96	+279
	February	80			February	81	
Spring	March	85		Spring	March	84	
	April	98	255		April	75	236
	May	92			May	77	
Summer	June	99		Summer	June	78	
	July	89	+283		July	71	—284
	August	95			August	82	
Autumn	September	88		Autumn	September	80	
	October	75	241		October	85	254
	November	78			November	89	
	Total	1,000	1,000		Total	1,000	1,000

The crimes against persons form one-fourth of the total number of crimes committed yearly.

above. The most striking fact is the enormous proportion that rapes upon children bear among crimes committed by persons passed the age of sixty—in a thousand crimes, from fifty to sixty, eighty-eight are rapes upon children; from sixty to seventy, one hundred and sixty-six; from seventy to eighty and upwards, three hundred and eighteen.

This crime is thrice as frequent as any other among old people, and one sees here—what is the case in maladies of all kinds—precisely the most appetite where there is the worst digestion.

Thus we are led to the influence of the sexes; and most singularly does it display itself in the fact, that the crime* second in precedence among young men is rape upon adults—the crime first in precedence among old men, rapes upon children.

From the first step to the last, then, from the entry into life to the departure from it, the influence of the sexes, in all its wonderful variations, from physical passion to moral depravity, predominates in France over human actions, and shows here, in a more serious manner, many of those traits in character, to which I have elsewhere, in a lighter tone, alluded.

Nor is this all; we find that in the committals in England and Wales, the females are in the proportion of one to five; in France, the females are in the proportion of one to three.

The difference indeed between the crimes of the male and the female in France, does not seem caused by the superior innocence but by the greater weakness of the female: for exactly as a woman's facility for committing crime increases, her criminality also increases, and becomes more especially remarkable—where one would have hoped to find it least so—viz. beneath her master's, her father's, and her husband's roof. Two-fifths of the thefts by females are domestic thefts, whereas only one-fifth of the thefts by males are thefts of this description. Committing only one murder in twenty, and one assault in twenty-five, † the woman is guilty of every third

* I speak of the crimes against persons.

† Infanticide is the crime most frequent to females; assassination (murder premeditated) comes the next. There are one hundred and seven assassinations by women to forty-nine murders. On a hundred crimes against persons, the men are guilty of eighty-six, the women of fourteen. On a hundred crimes against property, the men commit seventy-nine, the women twenty-one.

parricide, of half the crimes by poison,—and whenever man or wife conspire against the life of the other, the accomplice, if chosen from the family, is almost certain (says M. Guerry) to be a female. So restless, so active, so incapable of repose and insignificance, in France, is this nervous and irritable sex—here poisoning a husband, there intriguing for a lover—here spouting for equal rights, there scribbling in the 'livre rose,'—the nature of the French woman is still the same, sometimes conducting her to glory, sometimes to the galleys.

And now pursuing his analysis, Monsieur Guerry conducts us from crimes to their motives.

On a thousand crimes of poisoning, murder, assassination, and incendiarism, we find by his account, that,

Hatred and vengeance cause	264
Domestic dissensions	143
Quarrels at gambling-houses	113
Adultery	64
Debauchery, concubinage, seduction . . .	55
Jealouly	16

Hatred and vengeance cause the most of these crimes—jealousy causes the least. Remark!—one of the most common crimes in France is—rape; one of the weakest incentives to crime is—jealousy! . . . . Adultery, however, causes a large proportion of the crimes (thirty-five in a hundred). But this is not the effect of jealousy—it is not the person injured, who avenges himself or herself: no, it is the person injuring; it is not the deceived, it is the deceiver, who commits one crime as the consequence of the other. Clytemnestra is the home tragedy of private life, and we find that in three cases out of five it is the adulterous wife and her accomplices who conspire against the life—of the betrayed husband.*

Debauch, concubinage, and seduction cause almost as many crimes as adultery: but here it is the life of the woman, as in adultery it is the life of the man, that is most menaced. A faithful mistress is a burthen; an unfaithful one is passionately loved. The connexion sought from inclination is viewed very differently from that which is usually dictated by interest, and

* I recommend M. Guerry's tables as an antidote to the novels of the day, and the doctrines in favour of adultery—to which husbands listen with so willing an ear.

the infidelity of the mistress excites far more angry feelings than the infidelity of the wife. At all events, among wives, the infidelity of the woman causes but one in thirty-three of the assaults upon her life: among mistresses, the infidelity of the woman causes one in every six of these assaults. It is amusing to have these facts before our eyes, and instructive to communicate them to those married ladies who declare that the fickleness of their nature renders them inimical to wedlock. Let me venture to suggest—that their infidelity will expose their lives six times as often as it does now, if they succeed in their projects of female enfranchisement.

The two circumstances next demanding our attention are the number of natural children and the number of suicides in France, which, though not coming under the head of crimes, are connected with the same state of society, with the same character, and with the same passions.

The annual number of natural children is 67,876 (34,708 males, and 33,168 females). The department of the Seine, which produces a thirty-second of the population, produces one-sixth of the natural children; and one-third* of the population of Paris would actually be illegitimate but for the unhappy destiny which infants so begotten undergo: three-fifths of these children are abandoned by their parents, and one out of every three dies before attaining his third year. Where we find the most hopitals—there we find the fewest infanticides. But such is the state of these institutions that, little better than a device for encouraging prostitution and checking population, they do that which the law forbids the abandoned parent to do—they murder the child. They transfer the guilt from the individual to the state. Miserable duplicity!—the mother is punished for her crime—the government is lauded for its humanity.†

Such is charity misapplied—

> Benefacta male collocata, malefacta existima.
>
> TERENT.

The number of suicides committed from 1827 to 1830 are 6,900, *i. e.* about 1,800 per year; and the department of the

* M. Chabrol gives a greater proportion.

† It appears, that in the northern provinces where there is the most instruction there are the most natural children—the most prostitutes also come from these provinces.

Seine, which contains only one thirty-second of the population, presenting us, as I have said, with one-sixth of the illegitimate children, presents us also with one-sixth of the suicides.

The most suicides are committed in the north, the least in the south, just the inverse of what happens in respect to murders and assassinations; and it seems an invariable law* that precisely in those provinces where people are most tempted to kill one another, they are the least tempted to kill themselves. Strange to say, the number of suicides committed in one year amounts to almost the total number of crimes against the person,† and, excluding infanticide, to more than three times the number of murders and assassinations:‡ so that, if a person be found dead, and you have only to conjecture the cause, it is three times as probable that he died by his own hand as by that of another person!

It is hardly necessary to observe, that the number of suicides really committed must be far more numerous than those which can be furnished by official documents. Monsieur Guerry has given a table of the different individuals, at the time when they have deprived themselves of existence. The table is formed according to the papers found on the persons of the deceased.

Here we find men—'fearing to want courage,'—'feeling that they are become reckless on earth,'—'disgusted with life,'—insulting the ministers of religion,'—'thinking of debauch and libertinage,'—'wishing to have their letters published in the newspapers,'—'boasting that they die men of honour,'——'giving instructions for their funerals.'—Mark what these sentences contain! Mark the vanity, the frivolity which do not shrink before the tomb. Mark the passions, so light, so ridiculous, so strong!—the passions which point a pistol to the brain, and dictate at the same moment a paragraph to the Constitutionnel! . . . . . .

* With the exception of Alsace and Provence.

† Number of suicides 1800; crimes against the person 1865.

‡ Numbers of murders, assassinations, &c. 679
Infanticide 118
561
3
1683

Suicides 1800; i. e. more than three times the amount of murders!

§ This paper seems, for some reason or other, the paper in which suicides are most anxious to be recorded.

Sentiments expressed in the writings of persons having committed Suicide.

CITY OF PARIS.

That they enjoy their reason.
That one has a right to deliver oneself from life when life is a burthen.
That they have come to the determination after much hesitation.
Agonies of their mind.
That they were confused in their ideas.
The horror inspired by the action which they are about to commit.
Pre-occupied with the pains they are about to suffer.
Fear to want courage.
Avowal of some secret crime.
Regret to have yielded to temptation.
Prayer to be pardoned their faults.
Desire to expiate a crime.
That they are become reckless on earth.
Disgust of life.
Reproaches to persons of whom they think they have a right to complain.
Kind expressions to persons, &c.
Adieus to their friends.
Desire to receive the prayers of the church.
Insult to the ministers of religion.
Belief in a future life.
Thoughts of debauch and libertinage.
Materialism.
Prayer not to give publicity to their suicide.
Wish to have their letters published in the newspapers.
Reflections on the misery of human life.
Belief in a fatality.
Prayer to their children to pardon the suicide they are committing.
That they die men of honour.
Regret not to be able to testify their gratitude to their benefactors.
Talk of the hopes which they see vanish.
Regrets for life.
Prayers to their friends to bestow some tears upon their memory.
Regrets to quit a brother, &c.
Prayer to conceal the nature of their death from their children.
Solicitude for the future of their children.
Incertitude of a future life.
Recommendation of their souls to God.
Confidence in divine mercy.
Instructions for their funerals.
Prayer to their friends to keep a mesh of hair, a ring, in remembrance of them.
Desire to be buried with a ring or other token of remembrance.
Request as to the manner they would be buried.
Fear to be exposed at the Morgue.
Reflections on what will become of the body.
Desire to be carried directly to the cemetery.
Prayer to be buried with the poor.

M. Guerry has a large collection of these papers, which, published simply as they are, would be one of the most interesting of modern publications.

Any one little given to the study of these subjects would hardly imagine that the method by which a person destroys himself is almost as accurately and invariably defined by his age as the seasons are by the sun. So it is, notwithstanding, if we may rely upon M. Guerry's experience.

The young hang themselves—arrived at a maturer age they usually blow out their brains; as they get old, they recur again to the juvenile practice of suspension.

The tables annexed give the number of persons who kill

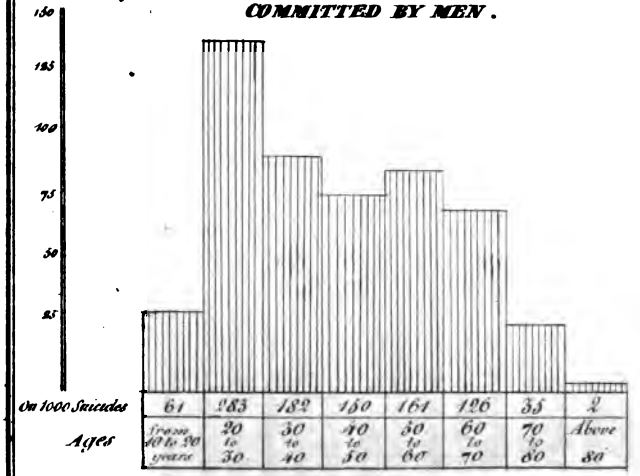
SUICIDES.

DISTRIBUTION BY AGE,

AND ACCORDING TO THE MEANS EMPLOYED.

SUICIDES BY THE PISTOL,

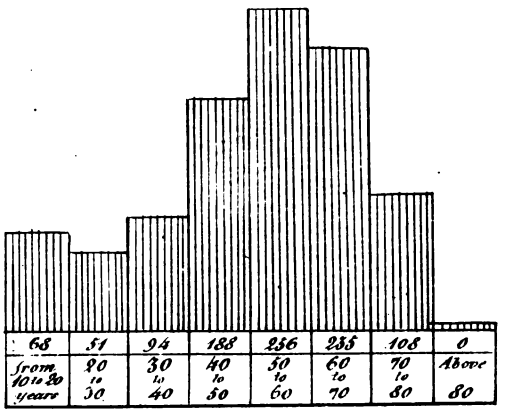
COMMITTED BY MEN.



On 1000 Suicides	61	283	182	150	161	126	35	2
Ages	from 10 to 20 years	20 to 30	30 to 40	40 to 50	50 to 60	60 to 70	70 to 80	Above 80

SUICIDES BY HANGING.

COMMITTED BY MEN.



On 1000 Suicides	68	51	94	188	256	235	108	0
Ages	from 10 to 20 years	20 to 30	30 to 40	40 to 50	50 to 60	60 to 70	70 to 80	Above 80

The height of each Column corresponds with the extent of the numbers indicated below, and refers to the Scale of Division placed on the left.

themselves by the pistol and the halter; their age is indicated at the base, and a little above is the proportion which these numbers bear to the total number of observations taken upon 1,000.

I have gone thus into the details of M. Guerry's work now before me;* first because I think so important an attempt to carry certain rules into those departments of morals and jurisprudence, which have hitherto been vaguely treated and considered, would be, whether successful or unsuccessful, well worthy of our deepest attention; and, secondly, because I feel greatly disposed to concur in the majority of M. Guerry's conclusions. This disposition I own is not merely founded upon a faith inspired by the calculations I have submitted to the reader. I do not feel that faith in such calculations which many do. But in this instance the results which M. Guerry has given, are those which the ordinary rules of nature and observation would teach me to believe.

A philosopher, writing on history, once said, that statues, and monuments, and triumphal arches were only to be received

* There are other facts in M. Guerry's work, to which I do not allude, but which are still interesting. From his statements in respect to education, it appears that from 1815 to 1827 the number of persons receiving instruction had so far augmented as to furnish in the most enlightened arrondissements of the north-east (where there are the universities of Metz, Strasbourg, Douai, and Dijon), one boy going to school in every 11, 12, and 15 inhabitants—instead of one in 14, 15, 16, and 17 inhabitants; and so in the districts of Angers, Orleans, Rennes, and Clermont, where there is the least instruction, for one boy going to school in 113, 126, 190, 158, and 167 inhabitants in 1819, there was in 1827 one in every 74, 92, 128, 150, and 159. But the schools which in England receive a third of the public donations, receive in France but a thirtieth, and in seventeen departments there was not, during the space of ten years, one gift or bequest to an institution of this description. This leads me to remark, that there are some curious statements in M. Guerry's work respecting donations, more especially as they concern the clergy and the poor. From these it would appear that the wealthiest and most enlightened provinces make the greatest number of donations to the clergy, and that the most ignorant provinces make the fewest donations to any body. Where there are the most crimes against the person, the most priests, there the most is given to the poor.

More than half of the bequests and gifts that take place are for the benefit of this class (the poor), and the support of hospitals, and other beneficent establishments; and contrary to general belief, it would appear, 1st, that the greatest number of charitable contributors are of the male sex; 2ndly, that instead of the priests wringing what is left to them from the dying sinner, it is the poor who gain the most by testament, and the clergy the most by donation.

as creditable witnesses, when the facts which they pretended to commemorate were likely to be true. This is about the manner in which, under the necessity of quoting from very imperfect sources, I usually consider the figures of most statists. But what does M. Guerry prove? Those facts which he demonstrates as most probable are facts which we were taught, centuries before the kind of tables which he gives us, to believe. It is the wife who wrongs the husband, or the husband who wrongs the wife, that, in ninety-four cases out of a hundred, adds murder to adultery. The profound author of The Prince divined on a large scale what M. Guerry has just established on a small one!.... The dogma, too beautiful to be true, that wealth and knowledge are incompatible with crime, stood opposed to every page of history that ever pretended to portray the character of mankind. It is refuted by figures—it is by figures only that men would have dared or attempted to assert it.

The earliest philosophers and legislators had condemned, on the score of policy and morality, those sexual disorders on which Christ set the seal of divine reprobation, and which we are now, for the millionth time, shown to be injurious to the well-being of society. The influence exercised by climate and race is a doctrine as ancient as the separation of the sons of Noah. One stands amazed at the slow progress of intelligence when one sees it necessary to prop up these old and hackneyed precepts with new authority.....

So much for the facts that concern mankind in general: as for those which relate to France in particular, M. Guerry's calculations conform, for the most part, with the views that a rational observer would have taken. He paints the population of France active and industrious in the north; indolent, passionate, charitable, in the south; ignorant, honest, religious, and attached to their parents, in the centre; while in Paris we find, as we might have supposed, a people universally sensual, and easily disgusted with life. This is what we should have said without seeing M. Guerry's tables—this is what his tables teach us.

I do not, by these observations, mean to depreciate the class of work which I have been considering: it has undoubtedly its peculiar merits; but I see people at the present day insensible

to its defects—astonished when a truth is proved to them by cyphers—credulous when an error is similarly asserted—and falling perpetually into trivialities, absurdities, and superficialities, merely because they think that nothing can be absurd, trivial, or superficial, which puts on a business-like appearance.*

The philosophers of the eighteenth century, material as they were, were not quite so material as we have become. Every argument now used must appeal to the senses; no doctrine is worth a farthing that does not march boldly forth, supported by figures. The orator, the philosopher, and even the novelist, address themselves to "*facts*." Facts, no doubt, are the necessary basis of general truths—but figures are not always facts: figures, impossible to contradict, are very frequently contradicted in politics as in science, by the mere absurdities they prove. For instance, by a subsidy granted to Philip de Valois (1328), it would appear that there were at that time eight millions of hearths, or families, in the countries which at present compose France: eight millions of families, at the moderate calculation of four persons to a family, would give thirty-two millions of inhabitants, the whole population of France at the present time. Voltaire cities this absurdity—in similar absurdities history abounds.

But M. Guerry's volume, as well from the ability of that gentleman, as from the conscientious scruples with which all his inquiries are conducted, is the most valuable work of this description which exists or which we can hope for many years to see respecting the country on which I am writing.

Let me then return to the investigation I set out with, viz. "how far what he says of the crimes, concurs with what I have said of the pleasures, of the French."

Do we find no connexion between the gallantry which formed the subject of a former chapter and the contents of this chapter? See we nothing to remark in the rapes of young men upon adults, in the rapes of old men upon children, in the female poisonings attendant upon adultery, in the immense popu-

* How often do we find a manufacture or a country in that singular condition, which poor Pope so happily described when, turning from his doctor to his friend, he said, "Alas! my dear sir, I am dying every day of the most favourable symptoms."

lation perishing in the Enfans trouvés? Is there no connexion between the vanity I formerly spoke of, and the hatred and the vengeance which dictate so many crimes, and the disgust for life which leads to so many suicides? Is there no connexion between the gay, and unthinking, and frivolous disposition which presides over the follies of the French, and the carelessness and recklessness of human life which swells the calendar of their guilt, and opens so remarkable, so terrible a chapter in the history of human nature? This inquiry I do not venture to pursue: my object is not to establish doctrines, but to awake attention. And now, having hastily and feebly, but not, I trust, inaccurately sketched some of the principal features of the French character, such as it appears before me, may I hope to lead my reader back to some of the later pages in French history, from which we must not wholly divide the present—to some of those many rapidly succeeding changes, out of which a new people, different, but not separate, from the old people, have grown up?—for this I am anxious to do, holding it impossible to speculate with any security on the future of a nation of which we have not studied the past.

END OF BOOK I.

BOOK II.

HISTORICAL CHANGES.

"Men will never see far into posterity who do not sometimes look backward to their ancestors."

BURKE.

"Je veux parler de la condition matérielle de la société, des changemens matériels introduits dans la manière d'être et de vivre des hommes, par un fait nouveau, par une révolution, par un nouvel état social."

GUIZOT.

OLD REGIME.

It is at Versailles that you can best understand the old régime.—The monarchy overturned by the first revolution, the monarchy of Louis XIV.—Faults that he committed.—Character of his successors.—The alchymist and the cook.—Necessity of maintaining the court nobility in public opinion by war.—Impossibility of doing so.—Many circumstances hastened what Louis XV. foresaw.—Colbert, Law, Voltaire.—Review of the revolution and the old régime.—Definition of the old régime.—What Louis XVI. might have done.—The court formed by the old nobility.—The monarch impoverished, and obliged to satisfy the former adherents of that nobility.—The destruction of the great aristocracy burthened the monarch with the vices of the gentry.—The wrath of the people delivered the nation into the hands of the mob.—The good which came out of evil.

Relieve yon palace from the century with which its royal dome is overcharged—light up those vast apartments, gorgeous in paintings and gold—open wide those stately and solemn doors,—crowd with a gay throng of courtiers that wide flight of marble steps, down which a daughter of the house of Hapsburg, a queen of France, half naked, was once seen to fly—give for a moment, give its ancient splendour to the palace where you are still haunted by the memory of Louis XIV.!—It is at Versailles, as you gaze on those stiff and stately gardens, on that large and spacious court, on those immense buildings, still decorated with their title inscribed in letters of gold, "Les écuries du Roi"—it is at Versailles, as you stand between the five roads which quit the royal gates for Spain, Italy, Paris, Germany and England—it is at Versailles—that you understand the genius of the ancient régime, such as it existed in the head of its founder.

I call Louis XIV. its founder: for the monarchy which the Revolution of '89 overthrew, was the monarchy of Louis XIV., who made of a great fief a great kingdom, and destroyed the feudal government of eight centuries, which Richelieu had already undermined. The ancient monarchy was of a mixed nature, and the sovereign might be said to share his power

with the nobility, the magistracy, and the clergy of the realm. Louis XIV. simplified the system, and said, "I am the state." He said it with impunity. In the camp and the court the nobility had sacrificed their independence; weakened by the unsuccessful struggles of the Fronde, the parliament had not attempted to resist their youthful master's indignation: the clergy were subdued when they renounced the distribution of their possessions: and the silence which reigned every where was the sign of universal submission.

The vowed enemy of revolutions, this great king acted the part of a revolutionist—a part dangerous for prince or people. The violence of the mob placed the dictatorship in the hands of Cromwell and Napoléon; the absolute doctrines of their predecessors led Charles I. and Louis XVI. to the scaffold. In concentrating the power of the kingdom in the monarch, Louis XIV. united all the faults of his government with the existence of the monarchy, and made the force of the monarchy depend upon the force of an individual—the crown became too weighty to wear, and even he who made it what it was, could only support it during the pride and strength of his youth.

The character of the duke of Orléans, a prince to whose capacity posterity has not rendered justice, was still the character of all others least likely to infuse vigour into a system already travailed by decay. Less affrighted by dangers than difficulties, and easily captivated by any novelty that had originality to recommend it, his government was a series of harassing intrigues to avoid trouble, a continuation of dangerous expedients to avoid distress. The edifice, which depended for its safety on the preservation of the solemn grandeur that had presided over its foundation, he attempted to sustain by the brilliant tricks of a versatile address, and Europe was for awhile amused by a profligate and clever buffoon, who in the masquerade of a cardinal, represented the stately and decorous monarchy of Louis XIV.

In the amusements of the Regent, and of his successor—in the pursuits of the alchymist and the cook, you may discover the genius which accompanied them into more serious affairs. The indolent epicureanism of Louis XV. sanctioned as a system that which under the regency was tolerated as a transient disorder. The eccentric debauch of the one consolidated itself

into the regulated profligacy of the other, and the court which awed during the reign of Louis XIV. by its ceremonious pride, which astonished during the regency by its mysterious vices, disgusted under the succeeding reign by its insolent and dissolute manners. Besides, to sustain a nobility void of all civil resources, and arrogant only in the exclusive privilege of wearing a sword, it was necessary to bring that nobility frequently before the nation on the field of battle; and indeed we find it pardoned, if not beloved, by a vain and military people, when it mingled valour with voluptuousness, ambition with frivolity, chivalry with love.

But as war is carried on in modern times, it cannot be maintained without considerable expense, and every year increases the necessity and the danger of making peace. The condition therefore on which such a system was based rendered it, under the present military system, difficult of duration. The nobility, caged in the court, were likely to find themselves opposed by the great body of the people; and the sovereign, if he identified himself with the nobility, was likely to share the fate of an impotent and insolent aristocracy, whose pretensions he had left, and whose power he had destroyed.

Undoubtedly many circumstances hastened this conclusion, which the eye of Louis XV., less improvident than his disposition, had from afar dimly foreseen. The more indeed that we look at the events of those times, the more we are struck by the variety of elements which were working towards the same result. The commercial prosperity which rose with the wisdom and economy of Colbert, the commercial ruin which followed the scientific but terrible operations of Law, were equally favourable to that monied nobility by whom the first revolution was aided, and to whom the second revolution belongs. More than this; the poetical vanity of Richelieu, the domineering arrogance of Louis XIV., the intriguing character of the regent, the weak and indolent disposition of Louis XV., all concurred in hastening the advancement of a new nobility destined to be still more formidable to the ancient order of things, and which has in fact changed the destiny of a great part of the world.

Flattering the passions, and associating itself with the tastes, literature finally overthrew the interests of the great. The

doctrines, which, delivered from a philosophic chair, would have been punished and prohibited, insinuated themselves into favour by the elegance of a song, the point of an epigram, or the eloquence of the stage: conducted by less systematic artifice than casual interest, the writer who abused the class, praised the individual; and the same man, who from the solitude of Ferney breathed destruction to the clergy, the monarchy, and the court, dedicated a poem to a pope, corresponded with an empress, and was the unblushing panegyrist of a fashionable débauché, and a royal mistress. Thus were there two new classes, the one powerful for its wealth, the other more mighty for its intelligence, in tacit league against the existing order of things—an order of things from which they had sprung, but which, having been formed at a time when they were hardly in existence, offered them no legitimate place in society equal to that which they found themselves called upon to assume. It was by the side of galleys crowded with musicians, and decorated with flowers, that you might once have seen the sombre vessel destined to bring to France the pestilence* which had been merited by her crimes; and so, with the prosperity and the glory of the golden days of the ancient régime, with its commerce, and with its arts, came on, darkly, and unnoticed, the just but terrible revolution of '89.

For many years it has been the custom to pick up our recollections of the ancient régime out of the ruins of the Bastille, or to collect our materials for the history of the revolution from the dungeons of the Conciergerie and La Force. The time is come when the writer is bound to be more impartial, and to allow that there was a certain glory and greatness in the ancient monarchy, a strict justice, and an almost inevitable necessity in the catastrophe which overwhelmed it. Of the revolution I shall speak presently. What I have to say of the ancient régime will be confined to a few remarks. A writer, whose essay on the monarchy of Louis XIV. is at once calculated to impress posterity with a just idea of the ancient history and the modern genius of the French people, has said—

* The Chevalier d'Orléans, natural son of the regent and grand prior of Malta, was returning from Genoa, whither he had escorted his sister. By the side of his galleys floated several vessels, which, coming from a port in Syria, carried into France the plague, which desolated Marseilles.

"Cette monarchie peut être ainsi définie: une royauté absolue et dispendieuse, sévère pour le peuple, hostile envers l'étranger, appuyée sur l'armée, sur la police, sur la gloire du roi, et tempérée par la justice du monarque et par la sagesse de ses conseils choisis dans les différens ordres de l'état, et par le besoin de ménager pour la guerre et pour l'impôt le nombre et la fortune de ses sujets." This sentence comprises the spirit of a military system which, as I have said before, depended upon the personal character of its chief. Scratch out the words 'dispendieuse' and 'sévère;' read "*une royauté absolue mais économique, douce pour le peuple,*" and you have, what may be said with some propriety of the Prussian monarchy, not an unpopular government with an enlightened people at the present day, and a government peculiarly adapted to many characteristic dispositions of the French. It was into something like the Prussian government that Louis XVI. might perhaps have converted his own.

The expenses of the crown, the privileges of the nobility, the venality of places, the frequent imprisonments, and the excessive charges of the people: these were faults incompatible with the welfare of a nation, but not necessarily combined with the haughty prerogatives of the crown. By diminishing the useless expenses of the court, the army might more easily have been supported; by equally dividing the burthens of the state, the commons might have become reconciled to the nobility; and by uniting the army with the nation, and thus avoiding the necessity of displaying the valour of one class in order to appease the discontent of another, the military system might have become one of defence, instead of one of aggression. By these means, doubtless the ancient monarchy might have been rendered tolerable, and its destruction prevented or deferred. Its faults, if you do not consider the court as part of the constitution, were faults chiefly of administration,—but were faults inseparable from the court. The great misfortune entailed by the destruction of the great nobility was the creation of this court. In other respects the policy of Louis XIV. dangerous to himself and his descendants, was not, upon the whole, so disadvantageous to his people.

The simplicity which he introduced, productive of despotism, was also productive of order—the indisputable necessity of a

state that wishes to advance and to improve. In his reign the streets of Paris were regularly lighted, and an effective police created. The arts, as an embellishment to the monarchy, were cultivated; commerce, as the means of supporting a more regular state of warfare, was encouraged; and during the time that the genius of him who had operated the change was equal to preside over it, France obtained a prosperity which it required a long series of disasters to overthrow. Even the great vice of Louis XIV. was not without its advantages. The immense buildings in which so much was lavishly expended, useful in promoting a taste for architecture, which has since tended, not merely to the embellishment, but to the health and comfort of France and Europe (for its effects extended far), was also useful in creating that power and majesty of thought, which, proceeding from the admiration of what is great, and the conquest of what is difficult, is, under proper regulation and control, a mighty element in the composition of any state which aspires to a high place among the royal dynasties of the world.

Seen then from afar, where its outlines are only dimly visible, there is much in the ancient régime to admire as well as to accuse. But penetrate more into the subtle mechanism of the political machine—turn from the sovereign to his servants—from the design of the government to the vices of the administration—vices interwoven and inseparably connected each with the other—follow out the court into its various ramifications, from the *noblesse* to the *nobilace*—it is there that you find faults impossible to continue, and yet almost impossible to amend.

The impoverishment of the high aristocracy threw thirty thousand noble paupers upon the community, for whom forty thousand places were created. Here was the formidable body united in the support of abuses, and connecting, if supported by the crown, those abuses with its majesty and prerogatives. The monarch must have been no ordinary man to have attacked such a *cortége*, the representatives of his authority, the creatures of his bounty, and the organs of that public opinion which circulated about his person. The people, on the other hand, long since forgetful of the benefits it originally conferred, could no longer endure a system—which, founded

on the ideas of foreign conquest and domestic tranquillity, had not even glory to offer as an excuse for the injustice, the extravagance, and the insecurity that it contained.

In the history of all nations an invisible hand seems ever mingling with human affairs, and events apparently the most distant and inseparable are linked mysteriously together. Louis XIV. founds an absolute system of order on the ruin of a powerful *noblesse*, for whose adherents he is thus obliged to provide. The evil attendant upon a greater good produces in turn its calamity and advantages. The destruction of the great aristocracy burthened the monarch with the vices of the gentry, and the wrath of the people delivered the nation for a time into the hands of the mob.

The fanatics who traversed the unnatural career of those gloomy times, have passed away, and produced nothing in their generation for the immediate benefit of mankind. But Providence, ever watchful for futurity, was even then preparing its events. The terrible philosophers of the *salut public*, like the husbandman in the fable of Æsop, dug for a treasure impossible to find; but as the husbandman, by reason of stirring the mould about his vines, so fertilized the soil as to make it abundant to his successors—so these rash and mistaken philosophers, in quest of impossible advantages, produced ulterior benefits, and while they lost their labour, enriched posterity by the vanity of their search.

REVOLUTION OF EIGHTY-NINE.

The procession of the States General at Versailles.—The consequences of Richelieu's policy.—All classes demanded the States General.—Each had a different object.—The conduct of the people, of the parliament, of the army.—Mirabeau's death, and flight of Louis XVI.—Character of the National Assembly.—Character of Mirabeau.—What could have saved Louis XVI?—The factions of the revolution like the priests of the temple at Rome, who became the successors of the man they murdered.—Conduct of the Girondists.—Character of the Mountain.—Character of Robespierre.

MANY can yet remember the day when through the streets of Versailles—through the streets of that royal Versailles, whose pomp, when I spoke of the olden monarchy, I was desirous to restore;—many can even now remember the day when through those streets—here conspicuous for their violet robes, or snow-white plumes; there for their dark, modest, and citizen-like attire—marched in solemn order the states-general; the men to whom had been confined the happiness and the destinies of France. This was the first scene of the revolution, then on the eve of being accomplished. For the philosopher had prepared an age of action as the poet had prepared an age of philosophy.

One of the consequences of the policy of Richelieu and Louis XIV. was, that having made the crown the spoliator of every class in the kingdom, every class imagined it had something to gain by despoiling the crown. The parliament of Paris, which had once assisted the king against the aristocracy of the sword, passed naturally over to the people on that aristocracy being subdued, and raised at every interval, when the weakness of the sovereign or the force of the subject gave it power, the standard of magisterial revolt. The *noblesse de l'épée* themselves, embued with that respect for their ancestors which hereditary honours always inspire, looked back with jealousy to a time when their families enjoyed a kind of feudal

independence, and felt something like pleasure in the humiliations of a power by which their own consequence had been humbled. Every class saw a chance, in the convocation of the States-General, for asserting its own privileges; every class therefore demanded that convocation.* But the different motives which induced all parties to unite for this common object, separated them as soon as it was attained. The differing factions commenced a struggle for power—the famous meeting at the racket-court decided to which faction power should belong.

And now the parliament, accustomed to aid the weaker party, united with the crown; while the military nobility, under the Comte d'Artois, recovered in this crisis the old spirit of their order, and at the head of an army would have rendered themselves at once independent of the people and the throne.—The 14th of July, which separated the officers from the soldiery, offered no resource to this body but a foreign camp: and as the aristocracy of France united itself with the aristocracy of Europe, the emigration commenced: signal of a war which was to be waged between two opinions.

The succeeding epochs of the revolution are at short distances from each other, and bring us speedily to the great catastrophe. The natural consequence of the events of July confined the court to Paris, and confirmed the power of the assembly: the death of Mirabeau left Louis no alternative but an unconditional submission or flight: his capture and his pardon changed his condition from that of a monarch who had made concessions, into that of a captive who had to be grateful for a favour, and contrite for a fault. In this situation the dissolution of the national assembly left him.

With the national assembly perished the best portion of the revolution—rather learned than wise, rather vain than ambitious, rather democratic than loyal, rather loyal than aristocratic—more profound than practical, more zealous than able, more rhetorical than eloquent—virtuous, great, courageous—it has left a vast monument of enthusiasm, energy, disinterestedness, superb language, deep thought, and political incapacity.

It contained all that a great nation, stirred by a noble passion,

* By the parliament, and the peers of France, by the states of Dauphiny, and by the clergy in the assembly of Paris.

could produce, without being educated for affairs—it proved the value of that education;—with more than the ideas necessary to form a good government, it wanted the tact which, in bodies that have long existed, becomes the instinct of conservation; and in setting for itself the trap in which Cromwell caught his opponents, displayed the most profound ignorance of the variable nature of revolutions in general, as well as of the peculiar and characteristic disposition of the French people.* The national assembly was called upon, not merely *to announce* certain opinions—as I have been told in France, such opinions were *already announced*—it was called upon *to give a durable form to these opinions*, and in this, the most important part of its mission, it was egregiously, unfortunately, and perhaps inevitably unsuccessful.

Let us pause for a moment upon this epoch: it was then that you might have seen a man, his high brow wrinkled with study, his eye haggard with debauch—there he stands surrounded by wild and strange figures, in whose countenances you read, "Revenge upon our oppresors!" while their agitated lips pronounce words—destined to be so terrible, then so pure —"Liberty, justice for the great masses of mankind"—there he stands, his large hand clenched, his broad chest expanded, his great head erect and high, and rendered still more terrible by the profusion of hair, artfully arranged, so as to give effect to the formidable character of his person.

See him at the club of the Jacobins, which rings and resounds with his voice—or see him in those voluptuous fêtes which still linger about the court—in a room dazzling with light, abounding in shaded alcoves; see him there, surrounded by opera dancers and actresses, familiar with roués and aristocrats, nervous under the influence of wine, society, and love—or see him (so strange and so various are the attributes of this mortal)—see him in the quiet seclusion of his cabinet, the patron, the idol, and the preceptor of the most studious and dis-

* "Depuis qu'on nous rassasie de principes," said Duport, the founder of the Jacobins, one of the leaders of the mountain, and the most practical politician of the assembly, "Depuis qu'on nous rassasie de principes, comment n'est-on pas avisé que la stabilité est aussi un principe de gouvernement! veut-on exposer la France, dont les têtes sont si ardentes et si mobiles, à voir arriver tous les deux ans une révolution dans les lois et dans les opinions."

ciplined youth of his time—communicating to them his ideas, profiting by their labours—and preparing, by the severe application of theories to facts, those profound and passionate displays with which he annihilated the ancient system, and would have renovated the new!

Such was Mirabeau, without whom some have imagined the revolution of eighty-nine would not have been, by whom many have deemed that revolution might have been stopped. Undoubtedly this man possessed a vast genius, and was one of those mysterious mortals described by Bossuet as the instruments of God's designs. Deriving a certain aristocracy of ideas from his birth, he took part with the people because he had shared in their oppressions. Carried by the same passions which sullied his private life, up to the loftiest paths of a public career—the intriguing agent at Berlin—the studious prisoner at Vincennes—courtier, plebeian, profligate, patriot—learned, active, resolute—he was the only man who belonged to every class, and, possessing every quality of his time, could fully comprehend and concentrate its movement.

A noble in his democracy, he would have sacrificed the privileges and not the titles of his order; he would have stripped the sovereign of power, but left him with respect; and while he recognized the welfare of the many as the end of government, denounced the sovereignty of the multitude as its curse. If he were paid during his later days (as is almost certain) by the court, he was not bought by it. His conviction would never have carried the revolution further than it had been carried by the national assembly, and the miserable debates as to whether the sovereign should be called "Sire," or seated upon a chair, would have excited his contempt and his disgust. This was the debate with which the labours of the legislative assembly commenced. An assembly which, as Duport predicted, undertook a new revolution.

Then came the commencement of proscriptions: then came the decrees against the emigrants and the priests—the ministry of the Gironde (the first republicans in office)—the insurrection of June (which was to overturn the throne)—the invasion of the Prussians—the massacres of September—and the convocation of the convention. The mountain was in the convention

what the Gironde had been in the legislative assembly; and the king, whom the first dethroned, the second beheaded.

Thus perished Louis XVI., declaring that he had never harboured a thought against the happiness of his people: the victim of his own character, and of the violence and the necessity of his times. Few persons have thought or written on this event, without hazarding some opinion on the possibility or impossibility of preventing it. Many have supposed that if the monarch had from the first sternly resisted all reforms, he would have succeeded. Others, again, have imagined that if he had yielded altogether to the popular movement, he might have retained his place as the beloved constitutional sovereign of his country. Some, and Mr. Burke among the number, have appeared to think—that if Louis, not obstinate against change, but prescribing the changes to take place, had revived and renovated the ancient institutions—or that even if the states-general themselves had done this, by connecting the past with the present, a principle of duration would have been recognized and observed in the new system, which would thus have adapted itself better to the habits and wants of an ancient people, who had not their history to commence, but to continue.

The first course I deem altogether impossible: because to keep things as they were, was to keep a parliament that refused to register taxes, a people who refused to pay them; and a clergy, a nobility, and an army, all the powers and all the classes of the state, discontented with the authority which flattered no opinion, and could no longer purchase adherents. The second course, plausible in theory, was, I fear, impossible in practice, since it supposed that one party would be always moderate in conquest, and another always patient in defeat. The third course offered the immense advantage of altering the spirit without changing the nominal form of the constitution. If resorted to at the death of Louis XIV.—as might have been the case if the Duc de Bourgogne had been his successor—it is possible that the new ideas gradually arising, would gradually have infused themselves into a form of government which was susceptible of popular improvements. But after the reign of Louis XV., of Rousseau and of Voltaire, to the modern ideas and the modern people who had

grown up, nothing could have appeared so new, so strange, and so grotesque, as the old and forgotten constitution which slumbered in the tomb of Louis XIII. The nobility might, indeed, have received it; but it was against the nobility that the nation murmured.

More vain than proud, more alive to personal affronts than to public rights, enamoured with freedom as a novelty, rather than regarding it as a possession,—less the enemy of the crown than of the court,—the nation would have bowed to a new tyranny which established equality in its empire, sooner than to an ancient system of liberty favourable to privileges and distinctions. Adopting the example of those who had founded the system over which he was called upon to preside—still further humbling, still more vigorously controlling the nobility which his great predecessor had humbled and controlled, Louis XVI. might have attempted arbitrarily to crush those vices, and to put down that insolence, and those pretensions, which a constitution was invoked to destroy. Like the savage, but illustrious Czar, he might have concentrated a revolution in his own person, which would probably have rendered him guilty of much of that violence, and many of those crimes, which have discoloured the *fastes* of the republic. But the enterprise would have been difficult; and the character of Louis XVI. (as little suited for his part as that of his predecessors had been for theirs) was wholly unequal to this great and hardy design, which he should have had Napoleon as a general, Mirabeau as a minister, to have accomplished.

The past generation suffered, the present generation has gained, by that king being better and weaker than the continuance of his dynasty required—he had not the fortune or the genius to offer an enlightened despotism; and the nation, in the natural evolutions of concession and aggression, arrived at a terrible republic.

II.

There was a temple at Rome, where, by murdering the priest, you became his successor. Humanity shudders before a period in history when parties struggling for power adopted this maxim without remorse. First came the assassination of

Louis XVI., then that of the Girondists, then that of the Hebertists, then that of the Dantonists, then that of the Triumvirate. Terrible calamity of a terrible epoch—there is no safeguard in a revolution from error and from crime! Show me men more gifted with talents to promise greatness, with virtues to promise justice, than that noble and eloquent faction of the Gironde, that band of eminent and mistaken men, who by their brutal and insensate emissaries assaulted the palace of a monarch, whose goodness they knew, and whose errors it was their policy to have forgiven.

It was thus that they became the victims of their own example; and in vain did their leader in after times attempt to separate what he called the seditious insurrections of the Mountain, from the insurrection equally seditious by which his party had momentarily obtained the execution of their designs.* The Girondists had in view a system of government compatible with justice and society; they did not hesitate at committing a certain degree of violence in favour of that system. The Jacobins had in view a system of government which man and nature could not endure, and they were ready conscientiously to perpetrate any crime which gave their theory a chance of realization. "De l'audace, de l'audace, et encore de l'audace," said Danton. "Il n'y a que les morts qui ne reviennent pas," said Barrère. "Plus le corps social transpire, plus il devient sain," said Collot d'Herbois—and in the midst of massacres and executions, by scaffolds and through prisons, over the dead bodies of their friends, their countrymen, and their colleagues, these legislative frenetics marched with a cool and determined step towards the terrible Liberty, whose temple, like that of Juggernaut, was to be known by immolated victims with which its road was overlain.

It is impossible to deny these men a daring disposition, a stern intelligence, which, if under the influence of a less horrible delirium, would have rendered them dear to France, as her national defenders. Threatened at once by foreign and civil war—rebellion in the east, rebellion in the south, the

* "Vous êtes libres; mais pensez comme nous, ou nous vous dénoncerons aux vengeances du peuple. Vous êtes libres; mais associez-vous à nous pour persécuter les hommes dont vous redoutez la probité et les lumières, ou nous vous dénoncerons aux vengeances du peuple."—*Speech of Vergniaud.*

Girondists, the royalists in arms—the white flag flying from Toulon, and an English fleet in the harbour,—they never for a moment doubted, hesitated, or feared;—proving the assurance of Machiavel, which Montesquieu has repeated, viz. that a nation is never so powerful to a foreign enemy as when torn by civil dissensions—in the midst of enemies at home, they daringly threw down the gauntlet to Europe, and proved by 1,200,000 men in arms, that their means and their boasts were equal.

There are two historians who, dazzled, as it appears to me, by the courage and character which these men displayed in circumstances so critical, have veiled their crimes under a pedantic fatalism, have connected by a horrid necessity their massacres with their victories, and imagined that the new principles of liberty could not have been defended at that time from the hostile cabals of the aristocracy, but by the most infernal system of illegality, espionage, and blood. I respect the character, I respect the valour of the French nation more than either of these authors: I do not think that the descendants of those men who fought under Bayard and du Guesclin—I do not think that the same race which furnished the brave soldiers of Henry IV. and filled the armies in the brilliant days of Louis the Great—I do not—I cannot—think that the French, known in every period of their history for their bravery, their enthusiasm, their hatred of a foreign yoke,—were obliged to derive their valour from their fears. The Romans were better judges of the sentiment which animates, and ought to animate, an army—when they left honour even to defeat. They felt that we humiliate those whom we threaten, or whom we punish, and that the way to make men capable of great actions, is to show a great generosity for their weaknesses.

As for liberty, it does not consist in planting trees, and signing decrees with the names symbolic of a republic. When Danton said, "We are few in number—we must show no mercy, for the sake of liberty, to those who are opposed to us," he did not simply establish a momentary despotism among his fellow citizens; he said that which will favour despotism through all ages—he did not merely inflict an injury upon his countrymen, he inflicted a severer injury upon his principles, upon the principles professed by him and his; for he sullied

and rendered suspicious those great words which the Romans had left us, and which up to that time were fresh in all their antique purity—and thus it is hardly wonderful that the crimes of Jacobinism were said to be paid by royal gold.

No one would willingly pause long upon the events of this mysterious and awful epoch. I pass them gladly by—but there was one man who, when politics were a game at which the loser laid down his head, took a prominent part in that terrible amusement.

You who declaim against the vice and venality of Mirabeau, will be delighted to know that this man was surnamed the pure, the incorruptible, the just. No follies had disfigured *his* youth; severe, neat, careful in his carriage and his costume, there was none of that easy negligence, of that nervous susceptibility in his character or his person, which marks and makes a man forgetful of himself. In the preciseness of his dress, you saw what was uppermost in his opinion. In every thing about him you read the egotism which reigned in his heart, and that firm and unconquerable will, superior to all things, even to genius, which elevated him above Vergniaud and Danton, chiefs of a party like himself—more capable of great enterprizes—but less active, less intriguing—their views were most vast than his, but their views were also more obscure, for they knew not frequently at what they aimed.

He never doubted, never for one moment doubted as to the object of *his* endeavours. It was circumscribed, concentrated, clear: amidst all the misery, all the terror, all the victories, and all the glories which stupified the world, that man saw nothing but the success, the power of one little individual,—that individual was himself, was Robespierre. More evil has been said of this triumvir than perhaps he merited. The most powerful of the terrible Mountain, he has frequently been taken as its representative. The slayer of those by whom so many had been slaughtered; the sole possessor for a time of the terrible machine which then dictated the law; the vanquisher of the Gironde, which had vanquished the monarchy; the vanquisher of C. Desmoulins, who had commenced the revolution, of Danton whose name was so terrible in its annals; he has been considered as a person at once more marvellous and more monstrous than he really was.

Robespierre had this great advantage in the revolution, he arrived late in it. Too insignificant in the national assembly for the part he took there, to be attached to his career, he entered the convention at the head of a new party, whose ungratified ambition panted for action, when the Girondists, having succeeded in their object, were disposed to enjoy in quiet the fruits of the victory they had obtained. But the Girondists could not have gone so far as they had gone, without strongly exciting the passions of the people: and when the passions of the people are thoroughly excited, that faction the most violent soon becomes the most powerful. In order to understand the real character, the crimes, and the talents of Robespierre, it is necessary to say two or three words more of the views of the party with which he acted.

When St. Just talked of making justice and virtue "the order of the day," he was sincere according to his comprehension of those terms. His idea was to banish misery and wealth from society, which he considered the origin of all vice. The St. Simonians of the present day say the same thing. But that which the St. Simonians wish to arrive at by means of the pulpit and the press, St. Just and Marat were determined to arrive at by the guillotine. They did not blind themselves to the necessity of establishing a tyranny for this, but they justified their means by their end: and to sanction the one, made perpetual references to the other.

These two men were fanatics who united the most horrible crimes with the most benevolent intentions. Robespierre was more of an egotist than a fanatic, and adopting the views of his faction less from general principles than private ambition, did not carry them to the same insatiate extent. We find him mild at times when his comrades are implacable, and it is only during the last two months of his reign, when he saw a system of blood indissolubly connected with himself, that he sent his fellow-citizens by groups of fifty per day down to execution. Even then, however, he was meditating a compromise; and having sent his brother on an expedition into the provinces, would most probably have regulated himself by his advice. Once sensible of the re-action in favour of order, he would probably, if he had lived, have attempted to restore it, and

accomplished the part with energy and economy, which the Directory discharged with feebleness and waste.

THE DIRECTORY.

The march towards a new régime begun.—The government of III.—A system of energy succeeded by a system of repose.—Up to a certain time fortunate.—Could not continue so when its armies were defeated, its overthrow certain, and its successor sought for.—Bonaparte supplied the man whom Sièyes was in search of.

Robespierre was destroyed, but the guillotine was still furnished with victims; and the conquest made in the name of peace supported itself by terror; and "the golden youth," their long hair dressed *à la victime*, were seen running up and down the Boulevards, and hunting their enemies with the same cry of "Liberty!" that had presided over the noyades of Nantes, and the executions of Paris. But the march towards a new régime now began; after the committee, fell the Mountain; the Jacobins were cast down; the Faubourgs disarmed; and the bust of Marat removed from the Pantheon as the bust of Mirabeau had been before it. The re-action which commenced by depriving the people of power, ended by the appeal of the royalists to arms; and from the double defeat of the populace and the sections rose the constitution of III., the government of the Directory. The government of the Directory was the regency of the republic. To the system which had been adopted as the means of awaking all the energies of the nation, succeeded a system intended to lull those energies to repose. The city was wooed to pleasure in the balls of the luxurious Barras, and the army employed in suppressing the tumults which the Faubourgs had formerly been instigated to create.

This government had one merit—exposed to the attacks of two different factions, it spilt little blood. Pichegru and his

party, with a humanity rare in those times, were transported to Cayenne, and the conspiracy which Babœuf had denounced as so formidable, was suffered to disperse in quiet after the death of its leader. Up to a certain time the Directory was fortunate. At home, the royalists and the democrats were alike subdued. Abroad, the peace of Campo Formio and the treaty of Radstadt proclaimed in Germany and Italy the power of the republic. But a government perpetually obliged to conquer must be constituted on a system of concentration and force, and the constitution of III. was purposely weak, purposely divided; such a government could not always be victorious, and on its first failure its fall was certain. No sooner, then, were its armies on the retreat, than its overthrow was foreseen, and its successor sought for. Bonaparte supplied the man whom Sièyes was in search of—his mind, endowed with all the elements of order and force, was the very type of that genius which the country, turbulent and dissatisfied under the irregular and enfeebled sway of the quintumvirate, desired.

Long torn by factions, accustomed to no particular form of freedom, the people sighed for stability, and did not feel repugnant to change. They knew not that agitation is the necessity of a free state, and that when their general exclaimed, "*Je ne veux point de factions*," he said in reality "*Je ne veux point de liberté.*"

THE CONSULATE AND THE EMPIRE.

The constitution of Abbé Sièyes.—Excellent, but formed without consideration for the persons who were to perform its parts.—Bonaparte at Corsica.—At Toulon—As First Consul—Destroyed liberty, maintained equality; sensible of literary influence, and calling himself membre de l'Institut, and founding the legion of honour—Took as the foundation of his power the passions of mankind, but could not understand their virtues—His genius was to materialize every thing—His empire, a great mass, which he rolled along, but which without him had no vitality, no power to move.—The consulate employed in preparing for the empire.—Bonaparte's situation before the war with Spain.—All his faults concentrated and made visible in his marriage.—Greater than the greatest legitimate kings as their enemy, far smaller than the smallest as the suitor for their alliance.—The rising of Germany.—The last war.—He fell easily, for he stood unsupported.—The energies of the nation he represented pulverized under the weight of his image.—Bonaparte not to be judged as an ordinary general.—The conduct of the English in persevering in a war against him justified.—His statue now put up.—There is a generosity approaching to meanness.—The effects of the empire.—Advantages and disavantages.—It contains three epochs.—Bonaparte mistook public opinion, but always valued it.

There never was perhaps a government so vast in its conception, so simple and yet so various in its details, so proper as it appeared for the time, as that proposed after the triumph of Bonaparte by Abbé Sièyes. It offered order, it preserved liberty—immense in its basis, and rising regularly to its apex, it was popular, it was strong, and it gave neither to the masses nor to one man, a power that could be against the will and the interests of the community. It was an immense design, but it had the fault which on a less stage has frequently marred the effect of genius; it was formed without sufficient consideration of the persons for whom its parts were destined. The soldier who had returned from Egypt to drive the 500 from the Orangery at the point of the bayonet, was not the indolent citizen to be satisfied with the idle guards, or the insignificant splendour of *grand Electeur*. Sièyes's system was rejected; Sièyes's

name was kept as a kind of emblem to the constitution of VIII. —this constitution however, imperfect as it was, obtained double the number of votes that had appeared in favour of the two preceding ones: so powerful was the desire for repose—so great was the name of Bonaparte. Already in 1792 this enterprising and ambitious soldier had seen the throne of France in his horizon: advised to return to Corsica, and offered the prospect of Paoli's succession, he had said, "*Il est plus aisé de devenir roi de France que roi de Corse*," and from that day his star rose steadily and proudly, and, as if by an irresistible influence, above the destinies of his contemporaries.

A second-rate officer of artillery at Toulon, and having Marescot, the most expert engineer of his time, for rival, he maintained his opinions before the terrible tribunal which pronounced death when it pronounced censure, and spoke already with the voice and superiority of a master. Commanding under Barras at the battle of Vendémiaire, he gave his name to the victory that was obtained, and established for a time the tottering republic that he was doomed to overthrow. Sent as a general to Italy, he assumed the part of a sovereign, received ambassadors, concluded treaties, and formed and overthrew states. Impatient of repose, from Italy he passed to the East, with the desire and the hope of imprinting his genius upon the soil over which the shadow of so many mighty conquerors has passed and faded—and at last he returned to take his place in the revolution—which had known many chiefs, but which in him received for the first time—a master.

With that instinct, the attribute of those who are born to command, he saw at once the despotism that was possible, and the characteristics of the time and of the nation he aspired to govern. He quarrelled with no faction—for he wished to found a new system, and was willing to comprehend all parties who were willing to compromise their opinions. The sentiment of equality is natural to all men, and if admitted into society takes a deep and eternal root. The love of liberty is a passion that requires long growth; it is remote in its ramifications, difficult in its definition, and for the most part associated with particular laws and particular institutions, that must have entered into our habits, in order to take a firm hold upon our hearts.

The love of liberty, then, could not exist in France, where *no form of liberty* had existed long. The sentiment of equality, on the contrary, had instantaneously penetrated into the core of the nation. Bonaparte crushed at once that which was lightly loved and carelessly defended: he maintained that which was difficult, if not impossible to destroy. You see this double action in all his works—you see it in his codes—where he attempts to make every citizen equal before the law, and to raise every act of his power above the law. You see it in his administration, where his justice as governor supplied that justice which should have been found in the statutes of his government, and where he punished with severity the vexations and oppressions which he forbad the nation to punish. His despotism was terrible, but his despotism was just and glorious, and buoyed up gracefully and majestically by many of the dispositions of the French.

When I said that Louis XVI. might perhaps have continued to reign, if he could have flattered the literary ambition of the eighteenth century, by destroying the privileges of the court, which only accorded honours to arms, and restricted the use of arms to the nobility—when I said that the old monarchy was perhaps possible, if the aristocracy could have been regenerated by the new ideas which Voltaire had promulgated from his throne at Ferney, and which gave to literature and the arts the position in the state which they were accorded in society—when I said this—I said that which Bonaparte saw when he assumed as his proudest title, previous to the consulate, "*Membre de l'Institut*," and when, as first consul, he founded the legion of honour, and gave to Massena the first general, and David the first painter of the kingdom—the same mark, and the same title of distinction.

It was thus that he united the vanity natural to the French with the passion for equality, which had become to them a second nature, and threw upon the moving sands of the revolution, which every wind had previously dispersed, those masses of granite on which many still believe that his edifice might have stood with security, if it had not aspired to the skies. Carried beyond the pitch of his intentions by the ardour of his character, the policy of Napoleon was, notwithstanding, everywhere

profound. He took as the foundation of his power the passions of mankind: religion is one—he re-established religion; war is another—he indulged in war to an excess that would sooner have wearied any other nature than that of the Gauls.

The aim of the present to appear gigantic to the future was ever present to his eyes, and in roads, canals, bridges, he has traced on every side of him those vast characters on which prosperity is transmitted to distant generations. But great in his designs, great in himself, he saw little beyond the weaknesses, the material wants of his fellow men: he beheld in the revolution the ambition which distracted and lost it—but he neither beheld nor believed (in spite of the courage of Carnot) the disinterestedness and the devotion which had ennobled and produced it. This was his error.

The superiority of virtue over vice in government, is, that in vice there is no fecundity, no productive principle of duration. If you wish your machine to last, you will harden and elevate the elements it is composed of. You must govern men according to the passions of mankind—but if you wish your government to endure, you will infuse into those passions something of that sublime and immaterial nature which furnishes us with the conception of eternity.

Now, the genius of Bonaparte, especially mathematic, was to materialize every thing. He saw and seized at once those feelings which he found, and out of which his government was to be shaped; he combined, consolidated those feelings into a form, compact, solid, strong; but in their composition he destroyed their vitality. His empire became an immense mass wieldy in his gigantic hands, and which he rolled impetuously along—under his guidance, and together, it was terrible, and for a long time irresistible;—deprived of him (broken by the shock of a still mightier, because a more moral force), it was nothing; for it had no life, no individuality, no soul.

The Consulate was employed in collecting the materials for the empire: and in his generals, his solicitors, and his senate, Napoléon found the marshals, the chamberlains, and the ministers, that were to support and decorate the imperial throne. The office which he held ostensibly from the nation, but which in reality he owed to his sword, was to be sanctioned before his soldiers by a victory, and the campaign which terminated

at Marengo placed the modern Annibal above the most renowned generals of antiquity. The assumption of the imperial purple demanded a similar exploit, and the battle of Austerlitz raised the destinies of the empire above the glories of the republic.

Here is the point where Napoléon might at once have consulted his security and his ambition: absolute over France, and over Italy, as emperor and king—over Spain, by the servility of its minister—over Switzerland, by the act of moderation—over Holland and Naples, by his two brothers—and having at his orders the kings of Bavaria and Wirtemberg, and the confederation of the Rhine—what enemy had he to fear—save his own mind? His tyranny had hitherto been applauded, and he reigned over the greatest part of Europe, without shocking the feelings of its inhabitants.

Thus may reason the philosopher and the historian: thus rarely reason those upon whose deeds the philosopher and the historian meditate, and who have usually shown more temerity and more madness, in the first obscure steps of their career, than in those which carry them finally beyond the possibilities of human ambition.

Bonaparte had risen hitherto by the victories he had achieved, the admiration he had excited, the conspiracies he had subdued. Attacked at home and abroad, he had been successful in his defence. In France his despotism was wise, his glory was great, and on the Continent he had combated the sovereigns and their armies; but he had rather appeared as a protector than an enemy to the people. His impolitic spoliation of Prussia, his unjustifiable seizure of Spain, brought new elements into the conflict against him.

From that moment the emperor of the French, who had hitherto been considered as a being apart, became one of the ordinary kings of the earth, and awakened the feelings which an emperor of Austria or of Russia would awaken now, if he declared war against the liberties of Europe. Confounded with the mass of monarchs, he sought their alliance, and the hand which had been at the service of Barras was offered to the daughter of the Cæsars.

All Bonaparte's faults may be concentrated into this act, by which he was at once separated from the system he had formed,

and the career he had traversed—and, transformed, from the daring adventurer, taking the lead in a new order of things, into one of those "Vieilles Perruques" which, up to that hour, had been the victims of his arms, and the objects of his ridicule. No fault is so absurd in a public man as that of confusing the nature of his position.

As long as he is the decided enemy of one party, the decided friend of another, he never has any occasion to halt or to hesitate. He knows those from whom he may expect enmity, and those to whom he may naturally look for assistance. But the instant he complicates his relations, every action and consideration become uncertain. He has something to hope, something to fear, in either course he may adopt; and doubts, as to the manner in which he may be most certain to succeed, prevent that concentration of purpose which is so essential to success. Bonaparte was the child of new thoughts and new feelings, to which his genius had given a gigantic force, and of which he stood for the time as the representative before alarmed and astonished Europe. He had turned a republic, it is true, into a military empire, and round his throne stood a new aristocracy; but still he had hitherto ruled as an elder brother over a nation of soldiers, and the titles he had given were so many orders of merit distributed to the most deserving of the people.

He was not the master, but the organ of public opinion, and through him, as through a trumpet, spake the warlike genius of the French.

To those who possessed the ancient thrones, the wasted prerogatives and worn-out genealogies of antique Europe, he was naturally opposed. They could not make peace with him, without making peace with a principle at war with their own existence. As long as he saw this, his course was plain; his enemies were before him, and it was only in the sympathies that he could enlist against them, that he could hope to find allies.

As the foe of the legitimate monarchs, he was ten thousand times greater than they; but there was not a petty prince in Germany whom he did not sink beneath, when he became a suitor for their alliance. The prestige which made him superior to other men was gone: even those around him felt their consequence diminished; and all the new names and glories

of France sunk into comparative insignificance, when it appeared that Napoléon himself found it necessary to mingle the renown of his deeds with the "historical blood" of the enemy he had subdued, and seemed to doubt the reality of his dignity, and to deem that his diadem could not be truly royal, until it was placed on the legitimate brows of a daughter of some ancient dynasty.

The refusal of his alliance in Russia was an almost certain presage of his subsequent defeat there; and the miserable policy with which he afterwards preferred consulting the interest of his Austrian father-in-law, to conferring liberty on Poland, betrayed all the errors he fell into from the falsity of his position. The only success which attended his new alliance was the birth of a son, heir to an empire already on the decline. The reaction which commenced with Russia, Prussia, and with Spain, and which rapidly extended itself by the continental system throughout Europe, was signalised by the defection of the emperor of Austria, notwithstanding the courtesies of his son-in-law, and the rising of the whole of the north of Germany, after that memorable campaign in which Napoléon left amongst the snows and the ruins of Moscow the character of his troops and the charm of his renown.

He was vanquished at the moment when it was most necessary for him to conquer; for the nation, long enslaved by his glory, was fatigued by his dominion. Crushed beneath the conscription, the impositions, and the *cours prévôtales* of Napoléon, the citizen languished for security, quiet, and commerce, while the priest conspired in his prison against the enemy of the pope, and the ex-minister of the empire plotted to be minister of the Restoration.

Then it was that, driven behind the Rhine, abandoned by the people he defended, alone against the world, Bonaparte relied upon his veteran soldiers and his own genius, and prepared, with a skill and a courage suited to his better days, to protect France from the armies who, profiting by the returning tide of war, were pouring on to her invasion. Swartzenburg was advancing by Switzerland, Blucher by Frankfort, Bernadotte by Holland, and the English under the command of Wellington—the English, who had never bowed the neck,

nor relaxed in the pursuit—the English, proud of their indomitable perseverance—looked down on their ancient enemy from the heights of the Pyrénées.

It was not long before these hostile bands dictated their terms of peace to the inhabitants of Paris. At Prague, Napoléon might have bounded his empire by the Rhine: at Châtillon he might have sat upon the throne of ancient France. All that now remained to him was—the sovereignty of Elba—to which he retreated. Thus fell the only man who in modern times has aspired to universal dominion!—after having planted his standard in every capital of Europe, except London—after having visited as a conqueror Rome, Naples, Madrid, Berlin, Vienna, Moscow—after having gained a kingdom at every battle, and distributed crowns and sceptres with the majesty and the omnipotence of a providence, one reverse defeated him: and he fell easily, for he stood unsupported. The energies of the nation he represented were pulverized under the weight of his image. Even the military spirit which had hitherto sustained, forsook him—when in one year he demanded one million one hundred thousand soldiers from a population that had already sustained three thousand battles.

The later years of his reign, splendid for his military achievements, but pale in the aspect of his fortunes, were stained by a weakness from which one vainly hopes that heroes may be free. It was then that the king of kings boasted he was a gentleman—it was then that the severe, but frank and friendly soldier, degenerated into the *bourgeois empereur*, and surrounded himself with all the antiquated *niaiseries* of a Bourbon court. One sickens at the disgusting vulgarity with which he sought to fill his palace with a proud nobility that despised him: at his respect for the "*dames du château*," and those who under the the old régime engrossed the privilege of riding in the royal coaches. Ambitious to be revered more as the monarch than the warrior, he was now rather surrounded by courtiers than by pupils. He inspired less the passion of glory than the desire to rise; and his marshals, different from the poor and enthusiastic generals of the republic, thought less of the country than of the estates for which they fought, less of the victory they had to gain than of the principality that would reward it.

As a warrior Bonaparte is not to be juged by ordinary rules

—by his simple success or failure in the field of battle. Some great political conception was usually connected with his military plans, and he fought not to gain a post or a place, but to change the destinies of the world. It was frequently necessary, then, not merely to obtain a victory, but to obtain it in a particular manner—to frighten Europe by the audacity of his designs, as much as by the success of their execution—and so we see during the whole of his career he hardly ever gained a battle without dictating a peace. Indeed it was the immense consequences attendant upon his victories that should have taught him that they could not often be repeated. No one yet ever played for a number of years with the chances against him in order to win much, without finally losing all.

But the despotism which had been organized to make war, rendered war necessary to continue it. "France was obliged to conquer Europe, or Europe to conquer France:" *—the phrase is the phrase of a French general attached to the person of Bonaparte, and the Englishman who reads it, and who has had the oportunity of inquiring into the vast plans, and of tracing the vast ambition of Napoléon Bonaparte, will acknowledge—ay, even despite the taxes and the calamities which a long war necessarily entails—will still acknowledge—if he have the courage to rise above the prejudices of party faction—that as Europe owes a great debt to England for her perseverance, so England owes a great debt to those ministers and those warriors by whose unwearied energy and untiring resolution the only peace was obtained which could really guarantee the liberty of mankind. †

One of the circumstances most difficult to reconcile with the violent royalism, the constitutional doctrines, and the passionate republicanism of the present day, is the still remaining affection among all parties for their ancient emperor.

* General Foy's Peninsular war.

† I do not approve of our conduct to Bonaparte when he was at our mercy, nor of our conduct to France in 1815, when we should not have confounded the nation with the army, nor humiliated a brave people, with whom we wished to rest in peace; but, opposed as I am, and have ever been, to many of the principles of that party who then possessed power in England, I think it but an act of justice to observe, that the long war it engaged us in appears to me a fatal necessity—dangerous to obey, but, with such a man as Bonaparte on the throne of France, impossible to avoid.

Forgetful of the sentiment with which they shook off his tyranny, the partisans of almost every opinion now unite in chanting the same fatiguing hymn of applause; and as one among the many marvels of our epoch, we saw the monarchy which rose upon the shoulders of a free press, banish Lafayette from its councils, and re-establish the statue of Bonaparte.

There is a generosity which approaches to meanness. What can a government, preaching peace, professing liberty, have to do with the conqueror who broke under the wheels of his war-chariot every law but that of his own will? Can it admire him? No: why should it profess admiration? 'Ay! cry the French, the foot of a despot was on our necks; but his despotism was glorious!—' glorious!'

> Vous avez vu *tomber* la gloire
> D'un héros trop indompté,
> Qui prit l'autel de la Victoire
> Pour l'autel de la Liberté;
> Vingt nations ont poussé
> Jusqu'en vos murs——le char impérieux!

Where, Frenchmen, was the glory of having the Cossacks encamped in your walls, and a sovereign dictated to you by the stranger? Never was France, since Crecy and Agincourt, in so pitiable a condition as at the end of that reign with which you connect her glory. Her commerce was destroyed, her industry repressed, her population absorbed by a system too weak to keep the enemy from her capital. From 1802 to 1817 (fifteen years) the number of patents was only increased by 56,000.* From 1817 to 1829 (but twelve years), they underwent an increase of 253,000.† In 1814 the births in Paris were 21,247; *deaths*, 27,815.

These are facts that signalize the glories of the empire; and such is the difference between peace and war, between even an enlightened despotism and an imperfect constitution. The continent which he conquered owes more to Napoleon than the nation subservient to his conquests. Abroad he carried the civilization and the code of France. In the old kingdoms, which have been re-established, he destroyed many of the old ideas, which it has become impossible to restore. Wherever he

* Patents in 1802, 791,500; 1817, 847,100.
† Patents in 1817, 847,100; 1829, 1,101,193.

carried defeat, he carried improvement, and the communications which were to facilitate victory, have been utilized to industry and commerce.

At home he repressed many of the energies which elsewhere he excited. But in criticising his reign, it would be unjust to deny its advantages. The same passion which carried Bonaparte to Egypt and to Moscow, expended itself in the interior of his kingdom on those bridges, canals, triumphal arches, and memorable edifices, with which France during his power was decorated and improved. The same system, which for a time so fatally confined industry within certain channels, gave a stimulus to native manufactures. The same unlimited thirst for glory which finally brought the stranger within his dominions, mounted up the mind of the French to a pitch which will long render them capable of great achievements: and, lastly, that spirit of concentration and force, which destroyed many of the principles and benefits of the revolution, consolidated and secured the rest. He was as much the creature of circumstances as of his own genius; both contributed to his success, both contributed to his fall.

The reign of Bonaparte, instead of an argument for despising public opinion, is a strong proof of its power—a power which he never offended with impunity, and to which, even in his most unpopular acts, he always paid a certain attention. It contains three epochs: the first when the nation and the army were one, and military success abroad and security at home *were the public opinion*. To this period Bonaparte properly belonged. This was the era suited to his genius, and he was then what he idly believed himself afterwards, the real and sole representative of the people.

The next period is that, when hurried on by his genius he passed by that public opinion which lay in the course which he pursued: the admiration for military glory which had carried him to the highest place in the republic, he made the foundation of an arbitrary empire—the desire for security, which had strengthened his hands as a free magistrate, he made the basis of a servile submission. The policy of reigning by an army separates the army from the nation, and gives to each its particular views, and its particular interests. In France, where the whole population was deeply imbued with a love of arms,

this division would naturally take place with a certain insensibility and slowness that nearly rendered its progress unperceived. The victory of Austerlitz was celebrated with almost as much national enthusiasm as if it had been gained by the first consul: but the battles which followed, in which success was equally as complete and equally as glorious, seem to have created among the people at large only a moderate sensation; and the triumphs of Eckmuhl and Ratisbonne, in the trophies of which might be counted twenty thousand prisoners, added less to the glory of the conqueror than to the satiety (beginning to exist) of conquest. The third and last portion of Napoleon's reign commences where his despotic spirit had created a reaction in public opinion, which had formerly favoured tyranny by its passion for repose; while his warlike genius, equally extreme, had wearied even the martial ardour of his soldiers. It was then that liberty acquired new force by every imperial decree destined to subdue it, and that that great army was defeated which had marched almost dispiritedly to conquest.*

* To any one who reads the conspiracy of Mallet, Bonaparte will not appear to have been lost at Moscow. When a soldier of fortune (escaped from prison with eighteen francs for his treasure, and only those whom a disposition to be credulous might render dupes for his accomplices) could endanger a throne which had no hereditary prestige for support, the popularity on which it stood was a treacherous quicksand. But while the essential qualities of Bonaparte's genius, seeming to acquire additional force by the continuance of their action, irresistibly prescribed his course, the clearness of his judgment always showed what ought to be his object. He always felt and saw that his power was that of popular favour and public opinion; but those strong energies in his character, which had made him a type of the inclinations of a particular period, were too indomitable to be turned or constrained towards the wants and wishes of another. He was far *from despising popularity*; but *decision and force* being the *characteristics of his genius*, he always flattered himself that it was *by decision and force that popularity was to be obtained.*

RESTORATION.

I.

Louis XVIII. died, having long in reality ceased to reign.—Never had prince assumed a crown with more difficulties than Louis assumed his in 1814.—What party could he rely on for support?—Universal division where there was the appearance of universal content.—The momentary force of the Restoration its permanent weakness.—The first discontent felt by the military.—Causes of discontent.—The battle of Waterloo decided against the army.—The events of the Hundred Days favourable to the Bourbons.—Moderate policy of Louis XVIII. on his return.—The persecutions, however, which follow, and which unite the army and the patriots.—How far Louis XVIII. was to blame.—M. de Talleyrand resigns.—Conflict between the two sects of royalists for power.—Louis XVIII. at the head of one, Comte d'Artois at the head of the other.—The administration of the Duc de Richelieu, a compromise between these two parties.—The governments of Messrs. Dessolle and Decazes are the governments of Louis XVIII.—The character of Mons. Decazes.—The government of Dessolle and Decazes based on the new law of election.—King frightened by the election of Grégoire.—The state of the ministry and the chamber.—A government must have some tendency.—Mons. Decazes determines on turning to the less liberal side for support.—Left by Mons. Dessolle.—Forms a new ministry.—Means to alter the Law of Election.—Assassination of Duc de Berry.—Mons. Decazes goes out.—Fatal effects of his late policy.—Review of his government.—The enemies of the throne take courage; men in general become more despondent as to the Restoration, and the Throne gains foes hitherto not opposed to it.

I NOW approach a time at which the impartiality of posterity has not yet arrived. Amidst the clamour of contending parties, struggling upon the errors of a fallen throne—where is the voice to render the Restoration justice? Separated from his friend, enslaved by his family, debauched * by his mistress, surrounded by the last pomps of religion, and thoughtful for a dynasty of which he knew the faults and predicted the misfortunes, the brother of Louis XVI., the admirer and imitator of

* The details that are given of the last days of Louis XVIII., of his mental profligacy, of his physician's advice, of Madame ——'s influence and endearments, would form a melancholy chapter in the history of the fallen dynasty.

Henry IV., the uncle of Henry V., a prince of many royal virtues —saw a life of vicissitudes drawing to a close. The sceptre he was still presumed to wield had already fallen from his hand; as much from indolence as impotence, he had for years renounced the hope of governing an undivided people, and consented to a system which he had the wisdom to comprehend, but not the force to resist. On the 6th of September, 1824, Louis XVIII. terminated an existence which his sufferings rendered wretched, and of which it is too probable that his excesses shortened the duration. He may be said to have reigned for ten years, and the greatness which he had shown in his misfortunes had been at times perceptible during his power. Never was crown so difficult to wear as that which, in the right of hereditary superstition, foreign hands had placed upon this king's head.

By what party was he to support himself? From what elements could the government be formed, which would assure him a prosperous and peaceful reign? The armies that escorted him to the Tuileries had marched over the prostrate legions of defeated France—the sovereigns who gave him a kingdom were the successful enemies of the people whose interests he was come to cherish. He could not rely upon his army then, for he was the friend of the stranger; he could not rely upon his allies, for he was sovereign of France.

There was a party who had followed his fortunes—of gallant lineage, of tried fidelity; they had a hold upon his prejudices, a right to his affections, and they claimed to be the counsellors of the monarch whom they had obeyed and honoured as the exile. But this party, in following the fortunes of the King of France, had stood for twenty years opposed to the fortunes of the French people; they were aliens in the country they wished to govern: a deluge had swept over all things since their departure; and in vain they sought for the ancient world which they found every where altered, and which they wished to find every where the same. There were other parties: there were the parties of the Revolution; the parties of the Empire; there were the parties that had stormed the Tuileries on the 10th of August; voted the death of Louis XVI. on the 21st of January (1793); assisted Bonaparte on the 18th of Brumaire (1799); and vowed allegiance to his empire on the 2nd of December (1804); there were the Republicans by principle,

the Imperialists by gratitude, habit, and interest. Could the royalists be employed? Could the republicans be gained? Could the imperialists be trusted? There was universal division, even where there was the appearance of universal content. The emigration rejoiced at the idea of a court which would breathe life into the forgotten memories of Versailles; the more liberal of the old assemblies and the senate equally rejoiced at the substitution of a constitutional king for a military despot; and the high dignitaries of the empire imagined for a time that their services would be remembered and their origin forgotten.

The *momentary force* of the Restoration was in its giving *hopes* to all; the *permanent weakness* of the Restoration was, in the necessity of its giving *disappointment* to all. The satisfaction was immediate; it surrounded the horse of the Comte d'Artois, and applauded his graceful air; it followed the coach of the royal exile from Hartwell, and in spite of the bonnet of the Duchesse d'Angouleme,* and the Englishified aspect of the Duc de Berry, remarked the wit of Louis's conversation, the dignity of his manner, and the benevolence of his countenance. The satisfaction was immediate—the dissatisfaction gradually developed itself—until each party had assaulted the system which each party had expected to control. The military were the first to feel disgusted at the change. The veterans of the *vieille garde* of the *grande armée* could little brook the insolence of those favoured troops, who, reviving the old names, the old uniforms, the old prejudices of a by-gone system, considered it their principal distinction to have escaped the contaminating victories of an usurper. Offended at the loss of their eagles, passionately fond of their ancient colours, the soldiery received a new provocation in the order to change the numbers of their regiments; and obeyed, with ill-smothered indignation, the command which severed them from the last of their military recollections. And, if the soldiery considered themselves aggrieved, so also did the generals and the marshals of the empire deem they had their causes of complaint. The recent genealogies of the camp lost their illustration before the ancient chivalry of the court. Trusted with high commands,

* Nothing, however, tended, at the time, more to add to the dislike, and to increase the contempt with which a certain portion of the Parisians regarded the royal family, than to find them—*so ill dressed.*

the great officers of Napoleon were treated with little respect; while their wives—long accustomed to the homage of that ardent and warlike youth who passed with alternate passions from the battle to the ball—long accustomed to have their charms undisputed and adored—now galled by the contempt of a new race of rivals, now disconcerted by the formal *hauteur* of the old courtier, and the supercilious disregard of the young noble—filled the saloons of the Queen Hortense, listened with sparkling eyes to the vivacious sallies of Mad. Hamelin,* and sighed for the graceful confidences of Josephine, and the splendid days of Marie Louise. The army then was the first to be disgusted;—the battle of Waterloo decided that the wishes of the army could not be obeyed.

Nothing could have happened more fortunate for the Bourbons than the events of the Hundred Days; those events had alarmed the civil part of the nation at the power which the military part possessed; they had rendered the nation jealous of the army—they had dispersed and dispirited the army itself —they had shown France that she could only obtain a change by a war with Europe, and that for such a war she was too weak; and more than all this, they had furnished a comparison between the *additional act* of the empire, and the *constitutional charta* of the Restoration.

If Bonaparte, by his defeat on the field of battle, attached to his name some melancholy and affectionate remembrances, the recollections which Louis XVIII. had left in the legislative assembly—the calm courage and the noble dignity with which, in the presence of his military rival, he had held the charta as a buckler before the throne, were favourable to his person, and threw a constitutional halo round the renewal of his reign.†

* The Hundred Days might fairly be called "the revolution of the women;" and among the ladies engaged in the intrigues of the time, the most conspicuous for her talents, her conversation, her energy, her charms, and the confidence of Bonaparte, was that lady whom I have just mentioned!

† It was before quitting Paris that Louis XVIII., who had, from the first landing of Napoleon, shown calmness, firmness, and dignity, made the attempt to excite a constitutional enthusiasm by appearing to the chambers, and delivering one of those remarkable discourses which no one better knew how to utter or compose. "Celui qui vient allumer parmi nous les torches de la guerre civile y apporte aussi le fléau de la guerre étrangère: il vient remettre notre patrie sous son joug de fer; il vient enfin détruire cette Charte constitutionelle que je vous ai donnée, cette Charte, mon plus beau titre aux yeux

The remonstrances of foreign diplomacy, the manifest faults which the royalists had themselves committed, the bitter lesson that Bonaparte brought with him from Elba, the certainty that the nation was neutral, and the army hostile—the good sense of Louis XVIII. himself, who saw that his policy must be to unite under the wing of the monarchy the different factions into which an attachment to the old régime, a prominent part in the revolution, or a situation under the empire, had split his agitated and divided people—procured for a moment the appearance of moderation, which the dismissal of the Duc de Blacas, and the appointment of Fouché, a regicide, and Guizot, a protestant, to office, seemed to guarantee. But how often is it deemed impossible to adopt *a general system of conciliation* without a *partial display of force.* The party who clamour for punishment must be appeased, while there is something fatally flattering to human vanity in the demonstration that if we *choose to be generous*, we *dare to be severe.* Hence those fatal executions and proscriptions which overshadowed the great name of the Duke of Wellington, and revived the worst memories of the French republic. Hence the exile of Carnot, the assassination of Labédoyère,* while Nismes, Toulouse, and Marseilles were disgraced by the madness of an infuriated populace,† and the blood of Marshal Brune at Avignon disgraced the cause of royalty and religion.

It was now that a new class of persons, attached to the Bourbons at the commencement of their reign, began to wish and to conspire for their overthrow. The republicans and the more liberal part of the constitutionalists had welcomed the Restoration from their hatred of Bonaparte: and though the senate felt that the *octroyisation* of the charta was an attack in point of form upon the privileges of the nation, still it felt also that that charta did in fact assure those privileges. We find

de la postérité, cette Charte, que tous les Francais chérissent, et que je jure ici de maintenir." "We'll die for the King," shouted the people; but *liberty* was not at that time a habit, and Bonaparte marched to Paris at the head of his troops.

* Labédoyère was not actually brought to trial until the ministry of Richelieu.

† It is but justice to observe, that the state of the Protestants in the South excited the attention of the British and Prussian governments, who insisted on the repression of these disorders.

then that Barras, previous to the Hundred Days, warned the Duc de Blacas of the catastrophe that was preparing, and that Manuel and Lafayette, after the battle of Waterloo, paralyzed all Napoleon's further plans of resistance. Had it not been for this—had the liberal and the military part of France been at that time united, a battle would have been fought under the walls of Paris, and the army of the Loire might have been still formidable to the invaders.

The persecutions of Louis XVIII. effected that which the misfortunes of Bonaparte had not been able to produce; they united against the Restoration—the opponent parts of the empire, *i. e.* the heroes who had formed its glory, the patriots who had objected to its principles. But how far was Louis XVIII. to blame?

Every day made his difficulties more apparent: the government of M. de Talleyrand, notwithstanding the cruel compliances which alienated one party, found it impossible to resist the wrath which its mere reputation for liberality excited in another.

Fouché published his celebrated memorials,* among the most important political documents that ever appeared; and finally, the Prince of Benevento found himself obliged to tender his resignation.

The mass of the imperial army, the more violent of the imperial opposition, were now hostile to the Bourbon régime; a conflict commenced between the more moderate and the more bigoted royalists, as to who should administer its affairs. At the head of these parties were the Monarch now in exile—the Monarch then upon the throne.

There had been between these two Princes a kind of jealous rivalry from their very boyhood. Celebrated for his grace, his intrigues, the flower of the fashionable nobility of Versailles, the Comte d'Artois had early in his favour all the more brilliant part of the court of Marie Antoinette. The women extolled him, the young men imitated him, and applauded the frankness of his follies—in opposition to the more reserved carriage and the more serious pursuits of the Comte de Provence. Moreover, the aristocracy of the emigration, instituting

* See Appendix.

a kind of periodical hierarchy among themselves, placed the persons who departed after the first triumph of the revolution in a much higher rank than those who subsequently retired.*

The Comte d'Artois, then, opposed to any popular compliances, was decidedly the royalist chief. Proud of his situation, vain of his authority, irritated by a restless desire for contention and intrigue—this prince—the presumptive heir to the crown—already disputed the administration of affairs;† and constituting a cabinet of his own, aspired to impose upon the royal councils the resolutions of the Pavillon Marsan.‡ Louis XVIII. was of a temporizing disposition; the same feelings which made him favourable to a moderate line of policy, made him hostile to an open quarrel with those who urged a violent one. Besides, he was not altogether beyond the influence of his youth, and felt a respect—that was involuntary—for that man in his family who was most fashionable with his Court.

The first and second administrations of the Duc de Richelieu were administrations of compromise between the two brothers and the two parties. But, named twice under the auspices of the Comte d'Artois, the Duc de Richelieu was each time eventually honoured by his disapprobation:—first, when he would not pass a universal sentence of proscription upon all that prince's enemies; secondly, when he would not give all the places at his disposal to that prince's friends.§

The governments of Dessolle and Decazes—which may both be considered as formed under the influence and representing the opinions of M. Decazes—though under different circumstances, and in different degrees—the governments of Messrs. Dessolle and Decazes, intervening between the two administrations of Monsieur de Richelieu, represented the ideas

* Louis XVIII. frequently complained in private of this distinction.

† He had already assumed, in 1814, the title of Lieutenant-General without authority, to the great dissatisfaction of the King.

‡ That part of the Tuileries where the Comte d'Artois resided.

§ It was for this reason that this administration was opposed; and the Duc de Richelieu's illness and death were mainly to be attributed, it is said, to the disgust and vexation which he felt at the Comte d'Artois' attack upon his government—a government which he (the Duc de Richelieu) had only undertaken under the express promise of Monsieur's support and assistance.

of the King, of the more moderate royalists, and stood at once uncompromisingly opposed to the whole power of the Pavillon Marsan.

This is the interesting and critical period of the Restoration. In the contest at issue were engaged the destinies of the monarchy and the two policies which the Restoration had to follow. It was impossible for the moderate party to be more fortunate than it was in its chief. M. Decazes, now placed in so prominent a position, had in early life been secretary to Mad. Bonaparte; he was subsequently known as a distinguished magistrate,* and—remarkable during the hundred days for the zeal and ability which he displayed in favour of the Bourbons—had been named *Préfet de Police*, under Fouché, at their return. Favoured by accident with an interview with Louis XVIII., the monarch, pleased by his address, struck by his capacity, and anxious to be independent of the political probity of the Duc d'Otrante, desired the *préfet* to submit his reports directly to himself, † and expressed a wish to improve the acquaintance.

This was the commencement of M. Decazes' favour. At the time I am speaking of, that favour was at its height. M. Decazes then was the intimate friend (such was the appellation which Louis XVIII. gave him) of the sovereign: he had great popularity in the country, many friends in the chamber. To these advantages he joined habits of official business, an easy and conciliating eloquence, and the quality, so important in a difficult ministerial situation, of soothing the irritation and satisfying the *amour-propre* of a doubtful and displeased adherent. The minister had a graceful manner, an imposing person—a countenance noble, handsome, and agreeable—great tact, considerable talent—and very wise and large views in favour of the industry and the intelligence of the country. Attached to no party, he professed to stand upon the general ground of moderate men and moderate opinions. He wished to make the King—"not as Henry III. the chief of the

* De la cour d'assises du département de la Seine.

† Louis XVIII., in common with all the Bourbon family, had a great pleasure in the political gossip with which it is easy for a minister, who has the police at his disposal, to decorate his reports; and here M. Decazes had an opportunity, which few in his situation would have neglected, of improving any favourable impression he might first have made.

Leaguers, but as Henry IV. the father of his people." This was the idea, as this was the comparison, which above all others pleased Louis XVIII.

Shortly after the dissolution of 1815, he himself had said to M. Ravez, " Trop d'agitations ont malheureusement troublé la France: elle a besoin de repos; il lui faut pour en jouir des députés attachés à ma personne, à la légitimité, et à la Charte, mais surtout *modérés* et *prudens*." To another person his language had been the same.

" Les sages amis de la légitimité et de la charte," he had said, " veulent avec moi et comme moi le bonheur de la France—ils sont convaincus que ce bonheur est dans le repos, et que le repos ne peut naître que de la modération."

These were the views of the King: these were the views of his minister. From September 5th up to the retirement of M. de Richelieu, and the nomination of M. Dessolle, there had been a continued series of mild but popular concessions. The formation of the army, the election of the chamber, had undergone two great and liberal alterations; the press, though still fettered, was more free—and France, beginning to enjoy the blessings of internal liberty, had delivered herself on better terms than she might have expected from foreign occupation.

The ministry of M. Dessolle had been formed on the determination to maintain the new law of election. This law contained no violent scheme of popular government, for it gave but eighty thousand electors to a people of twenty-seven millions, but it had almost completely excluded the *extrême droite* (the more bigoted royalists), and brought Grégoire and Manuel into the chamber. A little more parliamentary experience would have taught the monarch that he had nothing to fear from two or three obnoxious elections, and that on the contrary a government gains by meeting chiefs of a hostile party front to front in a place of public discussion. The nomination, however, of the ex-bishop of Blois,* the mitred regicide, threw even Louis XVIII. into consternation. Already he had supported his ministers by a creation of peers, and in a letter, the copy of which I have been shown, denounced the fatal effects of an unforgiving policy;†

* Grégoire.

† To any person at all acquainted with the correspondence of Louis XVIII. it would be useless to speak of the peculiar pains which he took with all the

but the republican elections startled him: the constitution of the chamber had been changed in order to restrain the violence of the ultra-royalist faction; he trembled lest he should be thrown into the violence of a faction still more to be dreaded. The system he sought was, as I have said, a system of moderation, but placed under the necessity of a choice, he would have preferred the *coterie* of the Comte d'Artois to the *coterie* of M. Laffitte.

The chamber at this time was split into different divisions. There was the right, at the head of which were Messrs. Corbière, Villèle, and Labourdonnaye. The left, at the head of which were Manuel, Dupont de l'Eure, Lafayette, Laffitte and Ternaux. Each of these sections had two parties, the more moderate of which adhered to M. de Villèle on the one side—to Monsieur Ternaux on the other. The government was supported by the left centre, the *Doctrinaires*, a title then coming into notice, and a portion of the right centre—which it gradually lost as it tended towards more liberal measures, and might hope to regain if it remeasured its steps.

No ministry can long stand completely balanced between two parties; it must have *some tendency.* The tendency of the French ministry had hitherto been liberal, and it had gradually been verging towards the left: but there was a party towards the left with whom it could not venture to make terms, and there was a party towards the right which still clung to it, and which had considerable influence in the other chamber.

I have said there was a party hostile to the Bourbons in the chamber, but that party was still small. Benjamin Constant—Foy—the wisest, the ablest, the most popular, and the most eloquent of the *côté gauche*, were all attached to a constitutional monarchy and an hereditary succession. That party (and with that party the press) offered their undivided—their zealous and active support to M. Decazes, if he would maintain untouched the existing law of election. On the other hand, the *droite* of the chamber, the court, and finally the king, were

letters and billets, the writing of which was one of his principal amusements and occupations; penned in a very small, neat hand, in very pure and studied phraseology, these little documents contained a great deal of good sense and dignity when their subject was serious, a great deal of grace and gallantry when it was not.

for its modification. In an evil hour for legitimacy, M. Decazes abandoned the opportunity by which he might for ever have crushed the two parties—here struggling against the dynasty, there against the nation. With Benjamin Constant, Foy, Ternaux, and he would at that time have had Laffitte, added to the whole force of the *Doctrinaires*, and his own personal party on the *centre gauche*, M. Decazes, strong in his own ability, strengthened by the popular voice, would have been able to wield the whole force of the country and of the monarchy, and to have smitten down his enemies on either side. Attached to the king, exposed to the remonstrances of the Carlsbad confederacy, irritated, perchance, by some injudicious liberal attacks, he resolved, I repeat, in *an evil hour*, to *retrace* his steps. It is fair to acknowledge, however, that he did not do this in the ungenerous spirit of a renegade: moderate in his advance, he was moderate in his retreat. Left by M. Dessolle, he had to form a new government, and he composed it of men of high character, of superior abilities, and of principles as temperate as he could adopt for the course he had determined to pursue:—by this he hoped to reconquer the favour of the court, and to preserve the support of the Constitutionalists. This he hoped—and what in reality took place? He offended the one party as much as if he had pleased the other.

The waves of opinion ran too high for such a system of peace, and dashed on either side over a ministry which, at once assailed by two oppositions, had to repel the double attack of Labourdonnaye and Lafayette. Stigmatized as the timid deserter of their cause by the Liberals, still regarded as their disguised and humbled enemy by the Royalists, both parties threw in the face of his present policy his past professions.* An event was only wanting to overturn the government, which no person ardently supported. A terrible event came: the only popular prince of the Bourbon family was stabbed by the knife of Louvel. The blow fell like a thunderbolt upon the ministry: it annihilated—it beat it to atoms. Nobly defended by

* It is impossible, in recurring to this part of French history, not to apply it to what is taking place in England and in our own times, ay, even at the moment at which I am writing, when a cabinet is yet to be formed. Whatever result from the late resignations, let me express an earnest hope that the policy so fatal to the dynasty of France may find no imitators here. July 11, 1834.

the party he had left, infamously aspersed by the party he had approached, M. Decazes resigned—nor could he have stood an hour. He had no longer the nation at his back; the Comte d'Artois and the Duchesse d'Angoulême insisted on his dismissal; the court even clamoured for his impeachment; and M. de Chateaubriand, with one of his *great charlatanisms of expression*, declared, "*That the foot of M. Decazes had slipped in the blood of the Duc de Berry.*"

I have dwelt at some length on the events of this time, not only because it is the critical time of the Restoration, but because it is a time which all statesmen, now living, acting, and thinking, would do well to study!

* * * * * *

With the fall of Monsieur Decazes fell the courage of Louis XVIII., who, first glad to interpose Monsieur de Richelieu between the two systems, finally resigned himself to the dictation of his brother, and the government of M. de Villèle; while the hearts of many grew dead to the hope of reconciling the existing race with free institutions, and vast numbers went over to swell the ranks of the faction, already hostile to the legitimate throne.

From the ordonnance of September to the death of the Duc de Berri, is the great epoch of the Restoration; and to M. Decazes more especially is owing the impulse given at this time to the industry of France, and which since that time has carried on the nation with giant steps in a new career. Then was instituted a board for the amelioration of agriculture; then was formed a council for the inspection and improvement of prisons; then was shown most earnest solicitude for elementary and popular education; then were manufactures encouraged by a national exposition, at which the artisan met the monarch, and received the prize, which society owed him, from the royal hand.* This period was a period of improvement—a period of impartiality, a period at which the nation made an immeasurable advance—at which the destinies of the throne were yet undecided. To M. Decazes the people owed in some degree the Revolution; he developed the people's energies—

* A table of this exposition is to be found in the vol. of M. Chabrol, to which I have alluded in my appendix.

to M. Decazes the monarchy might have owed its security—he would have united the monarchy with the nation.

The Duc de Berri was assassinated the 13th of February 1820, and in the September following was born the Duc de Bordeaux, heir to a throne which was at the same time assailed by an adverse superstition of hatred and devotion. On all sides—violence: here the ill-concerted plans of republicans put down, there the unhappy schemes of royalists successful: in Europe, the same struggle between abstract doctrines and arbitrary rule.

The war against Spain displayed the principles of the French government abroad; the Septennial Act asserted them at home—while the press crawled feebly on, under the weight of the censorship, and through the trammels of corruption. ... Such was the state of things when Louis XVIII. died.*

His brother passed from the chamber of death; the royal doors unfolded to the new King—

"*Le Roi, Messieurs,*" said M. de Blacas according to ancient usage, and Charles the Tenth received the homage of the princes and great officers of the crown.

* The following words are given to Louis XVIII. just previous to his death, and seem, from what I can learn, to have been, with some verbal inaccuracies, really addressed to his brother.

"I have dealt with all parties as did Henry IV.; and, more fortunate than Henri IV., I die in my bed. Do you do as I have done, and you will die as I die. I forgive you all the pain you have caused me:" and subsequently, when the Duc de Bordeaux was presented to him, "Let Charles X. have a care for that child's crown!" *Hist. de la Restauration.*

I believe I may be permitted to say that I have seen in different parts of his private correspondence, very extraordinary proofs of Louis's great sagacity, of the fears he entertained for the projects of the Comte d'Artois, and of his sense of the danger to which those projects would expose the throne of his nephew.

RESTORATION.

PERIOD II.

Charles X. popular, though the Comte d'Artois so unpopular.—The French hailed a King who could ride on horseback.—The abolition of the censorship.—Reaction against the King.—The Jesuits.—M. de Villèle carries the powers of the Constitution to the extremest verge.—The system which he essayed left in its failure no resource.—The character of M. de Villèle.—Ministry of Martignac.—Steps towards liberty.—Why unsuccessful.—The march taken by the nation during the Ministry of Villèle.—Opinions of M. de Martignac.—Ideas of Charles X.—Difficulties of situation, and causes.—Advantage of popular names to avert too sudden popular concessions.—Reasons why this advantage should exist.—Danger of choosing unpopular names.—Example in M. de Polignac.—Feelings in the country.—Course of the King.—Ordonnances consistent with Charles X.'s character.—Considerations.—Great difficulty of preserving the institutions of 1814, and the principle on which they were given.—The three mean-way systems failed.—Not once was the chamber liberal, but that it passed to doctrines hostile to the *sacred* prerogatives of the Crown; not once was the Chamber *royalist*, but that it insisted on a policy inimical to the *accorded* liberties of the people.—Weakness never so fatal to its possessor as when accompanied by violence.—An absolute theory worst enemy of a constitutional throne.

STRANGE to say, never was king at the commencement of his reign more popular than the unpopular heir to the throne.* With the happy levity of their character, the French forgot the religious prejudices, the constitutional repugnance of the Comte d'Artois on the accession of Charles X. Change itself was no inconsiderable blessing to such a people; and wearied with a decrepit monarch, swathed in flannel, they delighted themselves in the possession of a king who enjoyed the pre-

* Often, and even lately, I have heard people, looking back to this time, speak of the change that took place, the kind of religious enthusiasm that was suddenly kindled in favour of Charles X., as one of the most remarkable political phenomena of their changeful day; and when one considers Charles the Tenth's known opinions, known personal attachments, it does appear far more astonishing that his manners should, even for a moment, have deceived his people, than that their confidence should have so fatally and so decidedly deceived himself.

eminent advantage of bearing himself gallantly on horseback. Charles X. courted popularity, and had in his favour all the external circumstances which procure it. Courteous, dignified, with a peculiarly royal air, and a singular grace of expression, his manner and his conversation were far superior to himself, though it is very erroneous, notwithstanding all his errors, to suppose that he did not possess a certain ability.

I remember being in Paris about this time.—It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm which pervaded it when the abolition of the censorship wound up to the highest pitch the popular excitement.* But this enthusiasm, wide as it spread, was neither calculated to last long, nor did it penetrate deep: it was upon the surface of the nation.

Those who had approached the King in the transaction of affairs, knew the prejudices which guided him, and the incompatibility which must exist between his future government and his momentary popularity. Those, into whom the last reign had inspired a deep and almost desperate dissatisfaction, paused, it is true, for a moment in their thoughts and plans—would have been willing to pardon, at the price of almost impossible concessions—but first doubting, finally disappointed, they added to the list of their wrongs the vainness of those hopes that had been excited, and with a more dark and determined spirit pursued their reveries of revenge.

In vain did the new Monarch, with a noble policy that did honour to his advisers, attempt to unite all the feelings, and all the generations, old and young, of his people, in the solemn

* Charles the Tenth owed the greater part of his short-lived popularity to a certain grace of language, and a certain chivalry of manner, of which it is impossible for any one but a Frenchman to understand the value. The removal of the censorship, however, was a new title to applause, and seems at first sight to militate against what has previously been said of the views and policy of this Prince. But it is a singular fact, that the extreme Royalists were always favourable to the liberty of the press—partly because they had been in opposition when the government of Louis XVIII. had proposed to control that liberty, partly because they really and sincerely believed, that in spite of the republic and the empire, the antique adoration for royalty still lingered in the hearts of men, and that it only required to be frankly and loyally appealed to. Charles X. then, fond of scenes, fond of popular applause,—as what monarch, dreaming despotism, is not?—seized, with delight, an opportunity which, as he thought, would untimately extend his power, and which, at all events, rendered him for three days the idol of Paris.

and comprehensive terms of his coronation oath*—even then brief as was the period that had elapsed, his opinions were recognised, and his popularity was on the decline.

What else could be expected? The unfortunate Charles X., with the swift descent of a misgiving sinner, had plunged from the pinnacle of gay debauch, where he had signalised his early days, down to the very depths of superstition. Those religious men—the civilized benefactors of a barbarous age, and who then, inverting their endeavours, struggled to quench and to put out the sacred light which humanity honours them for having kindled—the Jesuits—no longer the friends of intelligence, the propagators and professors of the liberal and learned arts—the Jesuits—as far behind the time in which they were living as they had been before the time at which they appeared—the Jesuits—not, as of old, remarkable for their profound knowledge and vast acquirements—but retaining merely their dangerous and selfish policy, their profligate and treacherous morality—were marching with stealthy steps, through bye-ways and secret avenues, towards the most important offices in the country, and hoping and attempting to substitute for the misfortune of infidelity—the curse of superstition. Already had this crafty and ambitious sect crept near the cabinet of the King, whispered into the ear of the minister, insinuated itself into the seminaries of education—the affairs of religion became the daily business of the state; laws were brought forward which punished sacrilege as parricide; the Chamber of Deputies resembled a council of Nice; and the government interfering—where it is most dangerous to interfere—with the pleasures of the Parisians—elongated the gowns of the actresses and

* Coronation Oath.—"En présence de Dieu, je promets à mon peuple de maintenir et d'honorer notre sainte religion, comme il appartient au roi très-chretien et au fils aîné de l'Eglise; de rendre *bonne justice à tous mes sujets*; enfin, de gouverner conformément *aux lois du royaume et à la Charte constitutionnelle*, que je jure d'observer fidèlement; qu'ainsi Dieu me soit en aide, et ses saints Evangiles." As Chief Sovereign and Grand Master of the Royal and Military Order of Saint Louis, and of the Royal Order of the Legion of Honour, the King said, "Nous jurons solennellement à Dieu de maintenir à jamais, sans laisser déchoir leurs glorieuses prérogatives, l'Ordre Royal et Militaire de *Saint-Louis* et l'Ordre Royal et Militaire de la *Légion d'Honneur*; de porter la croix desdits ordres, et d'en faire observer les statuts. Ainsi, le jurons et promettons sur la sainte Croix et sur les saints Evangiles."—The Order of Saint Louis—the order of the Legion of Honour!—Here were two epochs.

the opera dancers, and peremptorily decided how many inches of their necks and their ancles should be exposed.—Lo! through the streets of Paris, so gay, so indolent, so prone to ridicule and irreligion, marches the long procession, chanting the *miserere;* and the minister of war delights the army with an assurance that—*that* regiment is excellent at prayers, and *this* regiment incomparable at *Pâques.* While the *Tartuffe* recovers its originality, and is given amidst shouts of applause, as if it were a new piece written for the period.

And now amidst a series of measures, the one more unpopular than the other, the monarchy moves steadily and unhappily on to its destruction.

The indemnity to emigrants weakens the security of property —the law of primogeniture shocks that equality, * at once the darling passion and the ruling principle of France—the law against the press,† which, when refused, is followed by an

* The law to establish a system of primogeniture was thrown out in an *hereditary Chamber of Peers.*

"What," said M. Molé, whose moderation I need not mention—"What," said M. Molé, "of the adoption or the rejection of this law? The parties interested are fathers, elder children, younger children, and France. Well! will the fathers receive more authority? or will they not, by the most immoral of combinations, be condemned, in some degree, to disinherit many of their offspring? And the eldest born! That right which they will hold from the law, in opposition to Nature, will it not render them odious and hostile to their brothers and sisters? And the younger born, against whom this project is directed? In wishing to make *an aristocracy with the elder children,* will you not make a *formidable democracy with the younger ones?* And France —in taking from the circulation one fourth of her property, will you not diminish her landed revenue, and will she not be menaced by new impositions?" . . . . .

"The right of the elder born," said another Peer, "is intelligible at the time when the possession of fiefs obliged their proprietors to lead their vassals to battle. But every thing is changed; the people to-day pay the subsidies, and concur in the formation of the army; *nobles* and *roturiers* all have the same duty to perform. No one has the right to claim peculiar laws or peculiar privileges to protect his property, and watch especially over its conservation. The transmission of fortune from a father to his children, without distinction of age or of sex, is the law of God, and man has only the right to interfere so far as to regulate this right and to conciliate it with paternal authority."

Such were and are the opinions in France.

† The plan of the Government was, by increasing the duty on the newspapers, to increase their price, thereby reducing their influence and the number of their readers. It is just worth remarking that this idea was taken from the English system, and recommended to M. de Villèle by M. Cottu.

"A-t-on jamais vu un calcul plus erroné," said M. Benj. Constant, "que ce-

ordonnance—the disbandment of the national guards—the new creation of peers—carry the administration in every way to the furthest verge of constitutional power. Each spring of the constitution, stretched to the utmost, is strained, and its powerinjured.

M. de Villèle, as a statesman, was guilty of that fault, which, if we regard its consequences, is a crime. The system which he essayed, left, in its failure, no legitimate resource. Moderation after violence becomes weakness; and when violence has been carried to the extremest limit of the law, the next step you make justifies resistance. M. de Villèle was a man of ability; he had a certain administrative talent, a certain parliamentary tact; but he had none of those loftier and more noble qualities which lift a statesman to that height from which he can survey and provide for the wants of an epoch. All his ideas and hopes were within the hemisphere of detail and intrigue—to tickle the ear of the king, to entrap a majority of the chamber, and to attend to the official duties of his department—all this M. de Villèle understood, and understood well: but to see the course necessary to the nation, to urge the king to that course, to lead the chamber to it—such a part was beyond the reach of his capacity, and totally out of the range of his ideas. Simple in his habits and expressions, regular in his office, and prodigal in places and dinners to his adherents, he exercised a great sway over the minds of those deputies who, fresh from their provinces, sympathized with his manners, enriched themselves by his appointments, and felt themselves raised in consideration by his hospitality. By this provincial body M. de Villèle was adored; but all the better men of his time and of his party he alternately offended and disgusted. He

lui qu'on nous présente! En élevant le prix des journaux, on ne diminuera point leur produit annuel! mais le plus simple bon sens n'indique-t-il pas *qu'en doublant le port*, on *diminuera le nombre des abonnés*, et par *conséquent le produit de la taxe?* Maintenant toute la question est de savoir s'il est juste, sage et politique de diminuer la circulation des journaux de la capitale, et de tuer l'existence de ceux des départemens.

"Dans tout ceci," said M. de Chateaubriand, "n'y a-t-il pas quelque chose de puéril et de sauvage qui fait véritablement rougir? La France est-elle donc redevenue barbare?" . . . .

"Dans la pensée intime de la loi," said M. Royer-Collard, "il y a eu de l'imprévoyance au grand jour de la création à laisser l'homme échapper libre et intelligent au milieu de l'univers!"

The Academy protested; the law was finally withdrawn.

betrayed M. de Richelieu, neglected MM. de Lalot and Labourdonnaye, dismissed M. Hyde de Neuville, insulted M. de Chateaubriand :—obtaining a certain reputation as a statesman, there is not a principle that he laid down, or a conviction that he followed—the whole course of his administration was foreign to his character, and in opposition to the policy he would more willingly have pursued. An advocate of peace, he engaged in the war with Spain; in nowise given to bigotry and superstition, he became the minister of the "congregation;" essentially of a cautious and moderate nature, the career of his government ran through a series of rash and violent experiments. An able man, he was the very reverse of a great man. In short, *he had just sufficient talent to keep his place during six years, and to render the dynasty impossible for more than three years after his resignation.**

Such was Monsieur de Villèle.

To a ministry which Charles X. said represented himself, succeeded a ministry which represented nothing.

One is startled at almost every page in the modern history of France, to see the little political faith that burns in the hearts of public men. M. de Martignac comes into office because M. de Villèle can no longer command a majority in the Chamber. *All* that M. de Martignac looks to, then, is *to get the majority* which M. de Villèle *wants*. He casts his eyes to this side, he casts his eyes to that side, in search of recruits; and it is a singular fact that the ministry distinguished from M. de Villèle's by its moderation, began by an offer to the party which, during M. de Villèle's administration, had formed the Ultra Royalist opposition. M. de Labourdonnaye, however, was not to be obtained, except on higher terms than M. de Martignac could afford to give him; and the government, which began by a proposition to the extreme right, wheeled round at once to the left centre—and now its march becomes every day

* Mons. de Villèle gave himself one chamber by a creation of peers, and hoped with the usual arts of government to strengthen his majority in the other by a new election; but the feelings against the 'congregation,' and against the arbitrary succession of measures which had left the nation without defence, from the double power of absolutism and superstition, except in its representatives, excited throughout the country such a feeling in respect to the election of those deputies, that the minister was completely baffled, and in consequence—resigned.

more and more decided towards the left. The members of the former government, Chabrol and Frayssinous, who, at first remaining, formed a kind of link between the old government and the new, are dismissed. The liberty of the press is to a certain degree accorded. A law to regulate and preserve the purity of elections, scandalously violated by M. de Villèle, is brought forward. The deficit left by that minister is acknowledged. But all these recognitions of public opinion are insufficient to satisfy it.—Why is this?—

When a system of concession is adopted *because* a *system of repression* is found *unavailing*—when such is the case—when a government *conciliates* because it *cannot coerce*, it should not merely *yield to what is demanded*, it should *go beyond what is expected;* the applause which it thus *surprises* from the people becomes a barrier against future opposition; it obtains the credit, not of submitting from weakness, but of acting from opinion; it environs itself with the double charm of power and popularity, and by appearing to *do more than concede*, it acquires *strength to resist*.

And now one word as to the folly of an intempestive course of repression. In what direction did the nation march during the reign of M. de Villèle?—Mark!—Men—the most moderate—men, who, like M. Villemain, had formerly supported—men, who like M. Decazes, had formerly proposed the censure—were now far in advance, not of the administration that had gone by, not of the administration of M. de Villèle, but of the liberal administration that had succeeded—of the administration of M. de Martignac; nor could the King or his administration oppose themselves to the unanimous cry which demanded the ordonnances of June against the Jesuits.*

The new minister, embarrassed by the nation on one side, by the court and a strong party in the two Houses on the other; alive to his difficulties, uncertain perhaps in his course, was still not insensible to the feelings that were abroad, nor to the only career which the monarchy had to run. Prevented by the

* The principal part of these ordonnances was that which declared that no person thenceforward could remain charged with any office of instruction in any of the places of education dependent on the university, or in any of the secondary ecclesiastical schools, if he did not affirm in writing that he did not belong to any religious congregation not legally established in France.

circumstances that surrounded him from being more liberal than he was, he was fully aware of the peril of being less so; and one of the most remarkable acts of his administration was, the 'mémoire' presented to the King in 1828, and concluding with these singularly prophetic words—

"Insensate must they be who would advise your majesty to a dissolution of the Chamber. The electoral colleges would only return a more powerful and compact majority, who as their first act would declare the sovereignty of parliament. Then there would remain to your majesty but one of these two alternatives; either that of bowing your august head before the Chamber, or of recurring to the unconstitutional power for ever alienated by the Charta, a power which, if evoked, could only be evoked once, for the purpose of plunging France into new revolutions, amidst which would disappear the crown of St. Louis."

Every thing which occurred in the two administrations that succeeded M. de Villèle's, is to be accounted for by the condition in which, as I have stated, that Minister left the crown. Legal severity had then been tried to the utmost; a feebleness beneath the law, or a violence beyond it, were the two alternatives that remained. The Ministry of M. de Martignac represented the one, as the Ministry of M. de Polignac represented the other. The King and the people alike looked upon the Martignac Ministry as a transition. They each saw that that Ministry could not stand, and that something must follow which would decide the long struggle of sixteen years, either by destroying the charta or by proclaiming that it was the *right of the nation* and not the *gift of the King*.

It is difficult to say whether the state of the country and of parties was such, that there could at this time have been made any concessions that would have kept the dynasty and the constitution the same. A feeling of hatred to the elder race of the Bourbon family had grown up among all classes and provinces of the kingdom. There was not perhaps a wide extended conspiracy against them, but there was a firm belief and conviction that they could not endure. I remember a conversation that I had in the year 1828, with one of the most intelligent *doctrinaires* of the present Chamber. I remember that conversation forming the subject of a letter to Sir Brook

Taylor, then at Berlin; and if he recollects, or has ever referred to that letter, he will remember that almost every thing was then predicted that since arrived, with this difference, that ten years were given to the development of events which two years decided. When a revolution has commenced its march, its steps are not to be numbered.

M. de Martignac himself shared the general conviction, and thus expressed himself to a friend, who repeated the remark to me :—

"We do all that we can—but all that we can do, is—to conduct the monarchy down stairs, whereas it would otherwise be thrown out of the window."

However this might be, the only chance which the monarchy then had, was by conceding to the popular voice in *names*, and thus to avoid, or diminish, the necessity of doing so too violently in *things*. A country, when it knows and approves of the general principles and opinions of a minister, will allow him a certain latitude in following those opinions out. The mere appointment of Lord Chatham appeased, in his time, the popular discontent; the mere appointment of Mr. Canning quieted, in his time, the agitation of the Catholic claims.

Change in the form of a government ceases very frequently to be demanded when we feel sure that the spirit animating the government is good. The nomination of the popular man lulls suspicion, as the nomination of the unpopular one awakens it. A change of men—from unpopular ones—is, in fact, the only, the ordinary, and the reasonable resource which a representative government affords for its duration; and the cant, and nearly always hollow and perfidious cry of "measures and not men," merely shows, where it is sincere, a double ignorance of human nature and affairs. Many acts of a government it is almost impossible for any person out of the government to know; an administration with popular appearances may be taking a subterraneous road to arbitrary power; if the general principles which a man has hitherto professed are hostile to your notions of right, and on his becoming a minister he seems to act in a manner favourable to your opinions, you are bound to mistrust him, for it is more likely that he is false to you than that he is false to himself. The statesman who, after a long political course, tells you suddenly that he means to sail on a

new tack, is to be looked upon as a "Coster" in politics—a swindler the more dangerous for the smiling candour of his address. This is the sober way of viewing things, and this is the way which the public, with its broad and plain common sense, usually views them. Mark the example! M. de Polignac comes into office—the first act of the minister, dreaded for his Jesuitism, is the abolition of the unpopular office of *minister of religion*,—the King speaks of prosperous finances, the minister announces administrative amendments* and economical concessions.

But, afar from these favours and promises of amelioration, severe and stern, with folded arms and knit brow, the great body of the nation stood aloof—full in front of the throne and its proud prerogatives, stood, I say, the people—firm against compromise; embodying all their feelings in one opinion; expressing them all in one remonstrance; replying to every argument of the Government by one sentence:—"Remove the Minister!"

They listened to no other concession; they demanded no other compliance, for to an *unpopular principle* there is a definite and *prescribed resistance*, but to an *unpopular person* there is *none*—there are *no bounds to suspicion, no bounds to fear, no bounds to hatred*—and the name of M. de Polignac gathered round it, and attracted into a focus, as it were, all the hostile, and angry, and dangerous feelings that, differing one from the other, various and dispersed, were burning in the hearts of men, and which, in order to be irresistible, only wanted to be concentred.

Not a lip throughout the country that did not murmur in echo to that eloquent and terrible denunciation, "Malheureuse France! Malheureux Roi"† and Lafayette, the old banner of republican feeling, was brought out once more amidst popular acclamations; and the press that had fallen into temporary oblivion during the better days of Martignac, lifted up its masculine voice, and felt the majesty of a new mission; while the nation's representatives expressed their '*solemn sorrow*,' and the nation itself quietly and publicly organized a resistance to

* Some in the Diplomacy were particularly good.

† Words of a celebrated article published at the time in the Journal des Débats.

any system of government contrary to *the national rights*, and, let me add, to *the national will*. Such was the awful aspect of those things in presence of which the King's ministry had to deliberate, when their maintenance in office was the King's decision. Seated on his throne, environed by all the pride and circumstance of royal superstition, Charles X. had (on the 2nd of March, 1830) pronounced, with the studied accentuation of a theatrical display, his last address to the peers and representatives of France; to that address the famous majority of two hundred and twenty-one had made their historical response, * while the Monarch, with a fatal firmness, declared that the choice which alarmed his people was the irrevocable resolution of the crown. There was a long controversy in the cabinet. The Government, however, could have but one course to pursue: a dissolution was the first step: on the second chamber being as unfavourable as the one preceding it (and that it was so soon appeared), either the decision pronounced *irrevocable* was to be *revoked*, or an appeal to the people be succeeded by an appeal to the sword.

For some time prior to July there hung upon the public mind a heavy cloud, which, with the fatal inspiration of calamitous times, every one felt to be charged with the dread burthen of great events. The mysterious stillness which brooded over the royal councils rather excited than dulled expectation; and when the two famous ordonnances appeared, there was nobody *out of the Diplomacy* who had been deceived. They who best know Charles X. know that the greater part of his life had been passed in schemes of similar catastrophes. The first victim to the events of 1789, the long years of his exile had gone by amidst meditations on the manner in which those events might have been averted; and with a royal confidence in his own ability, he always imagined that he was peculiarly fit for essaying those perilous shocks of fortune, by which a crown is lost or made secure. From the moment, then, that M. de Martignac came into office, Charles X. had looked to the famous XIVth Article* as the basis of a daring plan, which, if the

* See Appendix.

† Art. 14 de la Charte.—Le roi est le chef suprême de l'état; il commande les forces de terre et de mer, déclare la guerre, fait les traités de paix, d'alliance et de commerce, nomme à tous les emplois d'administration publi-

conciliatory plans of his Minister were unsuccessful, would release majesty in a more summary manner from the vulgar opposition of the commons.

With more ability than is usually attributed to him, he saw at once, on the retreat of M. de Villèle, the future difficulties of his situation; he saw that he should be asked for great concessions—that he might be obliged to make a great resistance. Certain concessions he was prepared to make, larger ones he was resolved to refuse. Trying the milder system first, "Let it fail," said Charles X. "and fail I think it will, and I will take a minister of my own choice, of my own faction, in whom I can entirely rely. I will have at my disposal the whole force of royalty. The country may possibly yield when I display that force; if not, I am determined to use it." "La chambre joue un gros jeu," said he, after receiving the address of the two hundred and twenty-one; "il pourra bien lui en cuire, de blesser ainsi ma couronne!" And thus amidst a series of events which we may call fortuitous, but which were so intertwined in the great mesh of human affairs as to make one almost believe that each was the necessary consequence of the other; thus, the two principles which had once contended came again into conflict, and a new example was bequeathed to posterity of the wisdom of the philosopher who, many years previous to our first revolution, declared that "all restorations were impossible." I acknowledge, for my own part, that the more I linger over this period of history, the more I marvel, not that the Restoration should have at length perished, but that it should have so long endured. A frank and honest recognition of the great principles of civil liberty, and a practical policy in accordance with those principles, must have led to the declaration and acknowledgment that the monarch held his crown from the people, and not the people their liberties from the crown. This would have been, in point of fact, the revolution,—the revolution of July. It would have separated the monarch altogether from the emigration, from the nobility, from the priesthood; it would have put down the maxim—that wise emanation of king-craft, "That the king had never ceased to reign."

But in this sentence the Restoration was contained; and,

que, et fait les réglemens et ordonnances nécessaires pour l'exécution des lois et la sûreté de l'état.

let us confess the truth, without it the descendant of St. Louis and Henry IV., brought into France by foreign bayonets, had far less right than General Bonaparte to the French throne. Without this sentence, then, the hereditary Restoration was unjust; with it, a large and open system of liberty was impossible. Between these two difficulties, the monarchy was kept in a state of miserable fluctuation.

"Act up to the constitution you have granted!" said one set of men. But no sooner did the sovereign prepare to do this, than he found himself at war with the principle on which that liberty was given.

"Assert and maintain the prerogative, which, after all, only gave these free concessions as a favour," said another party: and, lo! the crown found itself in conflict with its own concessions.

Thrice a mean-way system of moderation was tried—by M. de Talleyrand, by M. Decazes, by M. de Martignac. The first experiment was, perhaps, too early; the second I consider to have been too late; there were many circumstances in favour of M. Decazes. Could he have saved the dynasty? The question is difficult, and I have ventured to give my own opinion. But what historians may dispute, history has decided. The Restoration, with its roots struck deep into the past, with its long hopes extending into the future, is no more; and I repeat, that we may marvel at its long duration when we consider the agitation by which it was accompanied.* In fifteen years it was fairly worn out. Every new system of violence excited new passions; every new departure from moderation made new and irreconcilable enemies. Not once was the Chamber *liberal*, but that it passed to doctrines which were hostile to the *sacred* prerogatives of the crown: not once was the Chamber *royalist*, but that it insisted upon a policy which was inimical to the *accorded* liberties of the people. Year after year it was found impossible to place the Government in a just position; to make it an affectionate and holy link between the king and the nation. A system of fraud and exclusion separated it from the one; any approach to a fair and popular representation severed it from the other. Nor was this

* Under the Restoration 2192 persons were condemned for political offences, of whom 108 were put to death.

all: from the various political events which had distracted France for forty years, so many parties had risen up, that no one party was powerful.

The different sects united in opposition were strong; but as each stepped out singly, and placed itself at the head of affairs, it betrayed its incapacity for remaining there. Uncertain what stay to look for—what arm to lean upon—the Government of necessity pursued a vacillating course. Its wanderings I have traced to their close—I have announced its end, and I now write its epitaph, while I call posterity to witness—

"That weakness is never so fatal to its possessor as when accompanied by violence; and that an absolute theory is the worst enemy of a constitutional throne."

REVIEW OF THE RESTORATION.

The benefits of the Restoration.—From 1817 to 1827 the wounds of France healed.—Advance in agriculture, in manufactures, in printed publications.—A new philosophy, a new literature, a new race.—The new race and the old race in presence.—The course taken by each.

Say what you will of its ministerial errors, of its factious agitations, the Restoration as a period of improvement was a mighty epoch. No country perhaps ever made, in the same time, the same advances that France made from 1815 to 1830.

The ambitious soldier and the enthusiastic boy may linger with a fond delight over the narrative of those almost miraculous exploits, which place upon so lofty a pedestal the endeavours of human genius; the more cool-blooded politician will observe that the Tower of Babel, the loftiest edifice on record, was the least useful, the most certain not to be completed; and that the merits of a reign are to be measured—not by the admiration it excites, but by the benefits it produces. The battle of Waterloo left France the victim of two invasions. The losses which had been inflicted upon her territory have been estimated at fifteen hundred millions of francs, the same sum

that she was condemned to pay the allies. "From 1818 to 1827, in nine years alone," says M. Dupin, "these wounds, profound and terrible as they were, had been healed; and even their scars obliterated. In the wars of twenty-three years, fifteen hundred thousand men had perished, and in thirteen years their loss had been repaired." Agriculture, which the presence of a foreign enemy had repressed (one department alone had suffered to the extent of 75 millions of francs), revived, and had even advanced during the Restoration, as well by an increase in horses and cattle, as by various improvements in the art of cultivation.

The manufactures of wool, of cotton, of silk, aided by the improvement of machinery and the experiments of chemistry, had added during that time in no small degree to the resources of industry and the investments for wealth. The population of Lyons alone had advanced in eleven years from 100 to 150,000 inhabitants. The product of indirect taxation, that sign not merely of the riches, but of the enjoyments of a people, had been swelled during the interval of 1818 to 1827 by 25 per cent. The Customs and the Post produced more, the Lottery less; and—a circumstance not to be forgotten in the details of administration—the expense of collecting the revenue had diminished as the revenue itself had increased. The number of printed sheets were, in 1814, 45,675,039; in 1826, 144,564,094; thus displaying in the production of human knowledge, a yet greater increase and a yet greater activity than in the other rapidly and daily increasing productions.

Accroissemens annuels.	*Pour cent.*
De la population humaine	⅗
Du nombre de chevaux	1
Du nombre des moutons	1 ¼
Des consommations indiquées par les droits indirects	3
Idem, par les octrois	3 ¾
Des opérations industrielles indiquées par le revenu des patentes	3 ¾
De la circulation indiquée par le revenu de la poste	3 ¾
Du commerce indiqué par les droits de douane	4
Des productions industrielles indiquées par l'extraction de la houille	4
Idem, par la fabrication du fer	4 ½
Des publications de la presse périodique et non périodique.	9 ¼

"By this table it appears," says the valuable little pamphlet I quote from, * "que l'accroissement numérique de la population est *moindre* que celui de toutes les forces matérielles, que celui de tous les produits du travail; et que l'accroissement des publications, qui représente l'activité progressive de l'esprit, est *le plus grand* de tous. † In three years, (from 1817 to 1820) the elementary schools from 856,212, advanced to have 1,063,919 scholars; and the number of persons receiving instruction at these institutions within the period contained between 1816 and 1826 has been computed at five millions and a half. Schools of arts, agriculture, and the sciences, were formed throughout the kingdom; and, borne along on this mighty rush of new opinions, came a new and more noble philosophy—a new, a more rich, a more glowing, a more masculine, a more stirring and energetic literature. The spirit and intellect of the country received a fresh birth, and at the same time a fresh race was born; a race that had neither the ideas, the wants, nor the history of its predecessors.

This was the real revolution. Within the last thirteen years a population of twelve millions and a half had been added to *Young France*, a population of ten millions belonging to *Old France* had gone down to the tomb. In 1828 the electors belonging to the new régime were 25,089, to the ancient régime 15,021. Thus the two generations were in presence; the one *published the ordonnances*, and the other *raised the barricades.*

* "Les Forces électorales," by Ch. Dupin.

† The effect of which may be seen in the subjoined calculation. *Printed sheets on matters of Science* :—In 1814—232,314; in 1820—369,862; in 1826—1,177,780.

THE ORDONNANCES.

Not violent enough for their purpose; Charles X. would have acted more wisely in throwing himself entirely upon the army.—The people did not look to the mere act of the Government, but its object.—They saw that if these means failed to effect that object, another would be tried.

On July 26th* appeared the Ordonnances, accompanied by that famous report, not less remarkable for the eloquence than for the history it contains. As a matter of history, that document stands forth as the most singular and public protest against constitutional liberty that ever appeared in a constitutional country; as a display of eloquence,† that document convinces us that arbitrary power, even in the worst times, and under the least favourable circumstances, will never want able, perhaps conscientious, defenders. The Ordonnances totally put down the liberty of the press,‡ and altered the system of election in a manner favourable to the aristocratical interests of the country.

Their violence has been reproached, and in some degree exaggerated: I have no hesitation in saying they were not sufficiently violent for the object they had in view. Such was the state of feeling, that I deem it more than doubtful whether a Chamber elected according to the new prescription would not have returned a majority against the ministry of Polignac. And this was the folly of the proceeding: for if the Government had met with no immediate resistance, the difficulties of the Government would only have been in their commencement. Charles X. most assuredly would have done a wiser thing had he declared that "finding by experience that his subjects were unfit for the Charta which had been given to them, he withdrew it, and threw himself entirely upon the army for support"—he

* Signed the 25th.

† Supposed to be written by M. de Chantelauze.

‡ The press is put down because it points out certain members as unpopular, and advises, contrary to the royal wish, the re-election of the two hundred and twenty-one liberal deputies.

would have done a wiser thing for himself had he done this, for he might have rallied his partisans around him by an appearance of force; it is just possible, too, that he might have pleased the soldiery by a plausible address; while it is certain that he could not have made more enemies or separated himself more entirely from the great body of his subjects than he really did.

People looked not to the mere act itself, they looked to the object the sovereign had in view who resorted to it. They saw that his object was to govern as he pleased—that he altered the form of government in order to effect that object; and that it was quite clear, if the present experiment were unsuccessful, he would be perfectly willing, and was perfectly ready to try any other.

REVOLUTION OF 1830.

I.

The conduct of the Newspapers and the Journalists.—27, Struggle commenced in the Palais-Royal.—28, Troops concentred, and the People's courage rose.—The Duc de Raguse's plans.—How far successful.—Night of 28th.—The great charge of the Parisian populace.—Retreat of the troops from the Tuileries to the Champs Elysées.—Command taken from the Duc de Raguse and given to the Duc d'Angoulême.—Order to march to St. Cloud.

It was the energetic conduct of the press, which had at once to choose between ruin and resistance, that first aroused the Parisians from the boding stillness by which the royal decree had been succeeded.

The editors of the liberal newspapers, fortified by the opinion of M. Dupin, and the ordonnance of M. Debelleyme,* published

* M. Debelleyme, president of the tribunal of Première Instance, declaring that the ordonnance relative to the press was illegal in its form, and unjust in its immediate provisions, recognised the right of the journalists to continue their publications.

their protestation. Believing that the Government would have a temporary triumph—for it was impossible to imagine that a Government which deliberately invited insurrection, was not prepared to resist it—M. Thiers, M. Carrel, and their colleagues displayed a spirit worthy of their position. The proper guardians of public liberty, they placed themselves in the van as its defenders, for they knew that the freedom of a state is only momentarily in peril as long as it possesses citizens ready to give the example of suffering for freedom's sake. "Le régime légal," said they, "est interrompu, celui de la force est commencé," words which *should be remembered now*, for they *would have been remembered, if the revolt to which they invited had not proved a revolution.* It was on the 27th that the struggle commenced. "Aux armes, aux armes!" shouted the students, jumping on the chairs of the Palais Royal.

The cavalry cleared the square, the gendarmerie charged in the streets; a man was killed in the Rue du Lycée.—"Vive la Charte!" cried the mob, as, careless of the danger, furious at the fire, they attacked the troops on every side with sticks, with stones. And now the barricades began in the Rue St. Honoré; the *bourgeoisie* shut their shops; the soldiers (fifth of the line) refused to fire, and the consciousness of a cause that was invincible breathed an iron energy into the insurrection.

On the 28th, the troops concentrated in large bands at the more important places, left many of the streets free which they had occupied the day before, and flattered the people with the idea that their resistance had been hitherto successful. The popular courage rose. The views of the people expanded. The cry of "Vive la Charte!" was dropped—the cry of "à bas les Bourbons!" was raised. The Duc de Raguse urged concessions.* The Ministers declared Paris to be *en état de siége*, and amidst conflicting counsels and useless edicts, high above the voice of authority swelled the popular tempest, sweeping at every instant with a most terrible wrath over the minds of men, and scattering far and wide the feelings which shook the foundations of the throne. The Commandant hesitated. Should he take a position and be counselled by events? Should he evacuate Paris and establish himself without the walls? Should he march

* "The honour of the Crown," said he to Charles the Tenth, "may yet be saved. To-morrow, perhaps, this will be impossible."

forward at once into the heart of the city against the insurgents?

The last plan was the boldest, perhaps the best. Along the Boulevards, along the Quais, to the Bastille, to the Place de Grêve, to the Marché des Innocens, advanced the troops—and the clatter of the cavalry and the heavy rattling of the cannon, and the shouts and the musket-shots of the populace, announced in this direction the recommencement of the contest; and now from every door, from every corner, from every passage, from every window, an invisible and invulnerable enemy poured forth their fire; and paving stones, and tiles, and bottles, and bricks, and logs of wood, and masses of lead, tossed from the tops of the houses, hurled across the streets, bruised and beat down the soldier, who, incapable of defence, disapproving of his cause, marched on, undesirous of victory, and forbidden by honour from submitting to defeat.

Felled trees, overturned carriages, barrels filled with stones, formed new ramparts at every step against the harassed cavalry; and on all sides you might have seen the veterans of Napoléon, and the schoolboys of the *Ecole Polytechnique* leading, exhorting, instructing, fighting. The *garde nationale* appeared in their uniform; the whole city engaged in the struggle: while the tricoloured flag was hoisted on the towers of Notre-Dame!

In spite, however, of the resistance accumulating at every step, the four columns which had advanced, arrived at their respective destinations. General St. Chamans marched up the Boulevards as far as the Bastille, and, driven from the Rue St. Antoine, returned by the Bridge of Austerlitz, and the Esplanade of the Invalides to the Place Louis XV. General Talon crossed the Pont Neuf, advanced to the Place de Grêve, and placing himself at the head of his men, carried the Hôtel de Ville, which was then in the possession of the people, but which (having no ammunition) he evacuated during the night. General Quinsonnas arrived without much loss at the Marché des Innocens, where he found himself blockaded in all directions. Rescued by the almost incredible valour of a Swiss battalion from this situation, he took up his position, according to the orders he had received, along the Quai de l'Ecole. General Wall went to and from the Place des Victoires and the

Place Vendôme without difficulty. This was the result of the military operations of the 28th. For a moment the people believed that that result was almost entirely hostile to the popular cause; and many of those most active in commencing the resistance, now retired from Paris. But while some in the city believed in the success of the troops, the troops themselves felt that they were discomfited. This was the opinion of the Duc de Raguse: "*Je ne dois pas vous cacher*," said he, in a letter to the King, "*que la situation des choses devient de plus en plus grave.*" This was the opinion of General Vincent, who, forcing the King's apartment, declared to him, "*Que tout était perdu, et qu'il n'y avait plus qu'à rapporter les ordonnances.*"

M. de Polignac, however, still persisted, and the struggle was referred to a third day for its ultimate decision.

Pursuant to an order which the Duc de Raguse had received from St. Cloud, the royal forces were now concentrated at the Tuileries, the Louvre and the Palais Royal.

The whole of Paris, with the exception of these places, was in the indisputed possession of the Parisians. The posts which had been forced in the morning, they found vacated in the evening, and the first impression which the taking of the Hôtel de Ville had occasioned was more than effaced by its subsequent abandonment. The night came: if it be true as was deemed by Tacitus, that the warrior's mind is overshadowed by the aspect of a disastrous sky; that stars, dim and pale, infuse into the soul their uncertain hue; and that the midnight enterprise languishes under the omen of a clouded moon; the citizen soldier was happy in his auspices—pure, and bright, and glorious as his own cause, was the heaven above his head, on the night which intervened between the 28th and 29th of July. And now a wide watch is kept throughout the city; every eye is awake, every hand is in action. Here the pavement is upturned—here the torch is planted—here the weapon is prepared—every where you may see the women mingling with the men—now sharing their labours—now binding up their wounds.

No distant and unruly noise mars the mystery of the hour; but there circulates a confused and immense murmur—the cannon, the tocsin is still; the busy gun has ceased to be heard;

not a carriage moves; but the chopping of wood, the rolling of stones, the hammering at arms, the exchange of signals, the march of sentinels, the groans of sufferers, mingling together, form a mass of stifled and solemn sound, more awful, more terrible, perhaps, in this pause of action, than the loud thunder of artillery, or the crash of careering squadrons.

By the morning there were six thousand barricades in Paris. The great force of the royal troops was at the Louvre, on the Place du Carrousel, on the Place Louis XV., on the Boulevard de la Madeleine, and on the Place Vendôme, while cannon was so placed as to sweep the Rue de Richelieu, and the Place du Palais-Royal. The day commenced with a proclamation, which declared that hostilities would be suspended by the royal troops: it produced no effect. The people's courage was animated by the previous day's struggle—by the last night's labours—by the sight of the national uniform now mixed up in all their groups, and of the tricoloured flag now flying from all their houses.

The bands that had hitherto been scattered and spread throughout the town assembled more regularly, and combined their plans of resistance and attack. On, in the front of the Parisians, marched the ardent youth of the Polytechnic school, the students of law and of medicine,—and on behind them poured the determined populace,—on they poured along one side—down the Faubourg St. Honoré, down the Boulevards—on they poured along the other—down the Faubourg St. Germain, along the bridges—on they poured to the Place Louis XV.;—where the soldiers, fatigued, famished, disgusted with their cause, disgusted with the cowardice of those for whom they fought, still looked with a gallant face on the dark and angry masses which menaced them in all directions.

At one time there were hopes of an armistice: the Duc de Raguse entered into a parley with the citizens, advancing by the Rue de Richelieu—but at this moment, in a new and unexpected quarter, recommenced the firing. The Louvre, evacuated by mistake, had been entered by the people; the troops in the Place du Carrousel were seized with a sudden panic: the commandant had only time to throw himself on his horse, and charging at the head of his men he cleared for a moment the court before the Tuileries. But the Tuileries themselves

were soon entered by the gate of the Pont Royal. Their defenders jumped from the windows into the gardens: all discipline was gone; the terror was universal, and the utmost efforts of the Marshal could only infuse some degree of order into the retreat. A Swiss battalion in the gardens covered the rear; the force in the Place Louis XV. checked the multitudes of the Faubourg St. Honoré, and allowed the troops still on the Boulevard de la Madeleine an opportunity to retire: retire they did by the Champs Elysées; and at the Barrière de l'Etoile, the Marshal received the letter which announced the appointment of the Duc d'Angoulême to the office of Commander-in-chief, and ordered the royal forces to be directed to St. Cloud.

Paris was now triumphant: the contest of the three days was over. The people had fought bravely, desperately; and doubtful as the struggle had been, they had not from the commencement wanted, among the legal and civil authorities of France, determined and courageous defenders.

REVOLUTION OF 1830.

II.

26th, Civil resistance of the Journalists.—Meeting of Deputies.—View taken by M. de Laborde.—View by M. Périer.—How far M. Périer was right.—27th, Meeting of Deputies at M. Périer's.—First meeting of Deputies at M. de Puyraveau's.—Second meeting at M. Bérard's.—Proclamation agreed to, and message sent to the Duc de Raguse by the first.—The names of all the liberal Deputies at Paris affixed to the proclamation by the second.—29th, Meeting of Deputies; different feelings among them from those of preceding days.—Fictitious Government of M. Bérard.—Real provisional Government appointed.—Civil transactions at Paris in favour of the people now arrived at the same period as that to which military affairs have been conducted.—What took place at St. Cloud and the Court and among the Ministry during this time.—27th, M. de Polignac gives the command of Paris to the Duc de Raguse.—Want of preparation at Paris.—The Council assembles at night and declares the city *en état de siége*.—Charles X. in the meantime perfectly tranquil.—28th, The King might have made favourable terms.—Did not think himself in danger.—Mass, whist, ceremonies as usual.—In vain a Deputation waited on M. de Polignac.—Confusion

among the troops,—Camps of Lunéville and St. Omer ordered to march.—Ministers ignorant even on the 29th of the real state of things.—The Duc de Raguse's advice to the Council; M. de Polignac's opinion.—Mission of M. d'Argout and M. de Sémonville to St. Cloud.—The disposition in which they found the King.—The Ordonnances recalled by the advice of the Ministry.—New Administration formed with General Gérard, and M. de Mortemart, and M. Périer.—Charles X. would not sign any order but that which named M. de Mortemart President du Conseil.—Fatal effects of delay.—The fortunes of Charles X. and General Lafayette once more in opposition.

On the 26th the Journals had agreed to the protestation I have spoken of, and many electors, assembled at the bureau of the *National*, had determined to refuse the payment of taxes. A meeting of liberal deputies had also taken place at M. de Laborde's. At this meeting opinions were divided. Monsieur de Laborde himself, M. Villemain, M. Daunou, contended that a violation of the Charta had released the people from their obligations, that such an opinion should be loudly pronounced by the Deputies at Paris, and that the force which the crown arrayed against the nation should be met by such force as the national representatives could bring against the crown! Monsieur Périer was for more moderate councils:—he considered the Chamber legally dissolved; the Ordonnances themselves he looked upon as unwise and imprudent edicts, though justified by the letter of the Charta. "Even," said he, "if they be not so, the power to decide between the sovereign and the people cannot be assumed by any set of individuals."

"Let us," he continued, "as the guardians of the public peace, confine ourselves to presenting a respectful address to the monarch, requesting the repeal of measures by which that peace seems likely to be disturbed."

M. C. Périer * spoke reasonably. A resistance improvised against a government which has had the means of preparing for its defence—is in most cases a hazardous expedient. An unsuccessful recourse to arms is more fatal to the popular cause than the most passive submission; and it is only in *very* rare and *very* extreme cases that a sound policy will justify the more violent instead of the more moderate course; which, if it promise less than the former, also risks less.

Moreover, it is idle to disguise the fact. The right assumed

* Called in public life, M. Périer, M. C. Périer, indiscriminately.

by Charles the Tenth would, if left to the calm decision of lawyers, have involved a doubtful claim. But there are cases which lawyers can never be called upon calmly to decide. If we can fancy a people with eyes bent on the ground, and arms folded, lost in the most peaceable and profound meditation, coming to an eminent jurisconsult, and requesting mildly to know whether they have a *right* to resist their government, whatever might be their *right*, it would be their *wisdom* and their *policy* not to do so. But when a whole people feel at once, as by inspiration—feel without pause, or without reflection—that their government *is* changed—that their liberties *are* violated, that their laws are broken through—they do not err, they cannot err, if all the lawyers in the universe, consulting all the laws that ever were written, declared the contrary—they have a right to resist, nay, more—they are certain to resist with success.

Monsieur Périer, and those who adopted M. Périer's opinions, spoke and thought, then, like reasonable men; but in all great crises, that part of our minds which is the most passionate and imaginative rises above our ordinary reason. It has a more powerful and comprehensive judgment; a clearer and more sympathetic prescience. In great emergencies, your man of feeling is right, your man of calculation is wrong. A few passionate words of Mirabeau judged and decided the revolution of 1789.

Thed meeting at M. de Laborde's was without result. On the 27th a similar meeting took place at M. Périer's. Here Messrs. Mauguin, Bertin de Vaux, de Puyraveau, were of the opinion expressed the day before by M. de Laborde; Messrs. Sébastiani and M. Dupin adopted the previous opinion of M. Périer.* After some debate on the propriety of a letter to Charles

* An assemblage of electors at M. G. Gassicourt's produced more important results. It was there agreed to form twelve committees to correspond with the twelve arrondissements of Paris; twelve committees sitting permanently, and organizing and exciting resistance in their several districts.

These boards were to have a common centre, and communicate through M. Schonen with the liberal deputies.

Such was the existing difference of opinion, even at this time, in respect to active resistance, that M. Périer said to M. Schonen, who was exciting the people,—*Vous nous perdez en sortant de la legalité;—vous nous faites quitter une position superbe.* On the same evening, M. Odillon Barrot said that war

the Tenth, this meeting ended like the former, with an appointment for the morrow.

On the 28th, M. de Puyraveau, M. Mauguin, M. Laffitte, and General Lafayette (who had then arrived), pronounced all reconciliation impossible, and were for inviting the Chamber to place itself behind the barricades of the people. Messrs. Dupin, Sébastiani, and Guizot still protested against any act contrary to the law, and declared that the Chamber should remain as a mediator in the conflict, and pronounce itself merely the advocate of public order. A proclamation, much in this sense, containing a compromise between the two parties, although opposed by M. Laffitte as beneath the exigencies of the occasion, was at last agreed to: it was moreover resolved to send a deputation to the Duc de Raguse with an order, delivered in the name of the law, to stay, on his personal responsibility, the fury of the troops. This first meeting on the 28th separated at two o'clock, to meet at four.*

Its result had been the proclamation,† which however was not to be published till the following day, the deputation to the Duc de Raguse, and a declaration from General Lafayette, expressing, as I have stated, the resolution he had adopted on his arrival at Paris, to place himself at all hazards at the head of the insurrection.

In the short interval which took place between the first and the second meeting of the deputies, the prospects of the people had appeared rather on the decline. Neither was the answer of Marmont, "that he would only accept unqualified submission as a basis of treaty," well calculated to restore the courage of any whose spirit had begun to fail.

Messrs. Villemain, Bertin de Vaux, and Sébastiani, although the two former had been hitherto sufficiently energetic, now refused to sign the proclamation of the morning, and retired in spite of the remonstrances of their colleagues. More favourable advices, however, arrived before the meeting had broken up, and M. Guizot, who, though willing to make an easy com-

was declared, that force alone could decide the contest, and that it was the duty of every one to take arms.

* To meet at M. Bérard's.

† This proclamation, given to M. Coste, the editor of the 'Temps,' for insertion, was rendered by him more popular and more energetic than it was originally conceived.

promise with the crown at a more fortunate moment, showed both courage and presence of mind at this important crisis, proposed at once to affix to the proclamation the names of all the deputies of the liberal party known to be at Paris. This measure, after, some dispute, was adopted at the suggestion of M. Laffitte, who rather happily observed,

"That if the people were defeated there was no fear but that the deputies, whose signatures had been used without their consent, would deny their connexion with the paper it was affixed to; while if things turned out otherwise, few would notice their absence or express any disapprobation at the liberty taken with their names."* Another meeting took place at eight o'clock, at M. Puyraveau's, when Lafayette, Mauguin, Laborde were still for adopting a decided part—for even publicly appearing in their uniform of deputies, and with the tricolour in their hats; while General Sébastiani, on the other hand, was still anxious that some power should remain capable of mediation, and not committed by any decided act of hostility against Charles X. Those who were of the former opinion agreed to meet at five o'clock the following morning at M. Laffitte's.

On the 29th at eleven o'clock, and not at five, the meeting took place; and instead of ten Deputies who had met the night before at M. de Puyraveau's, between thirty and forty were collected. The disposition that prevailed, even among the more moderate, was different from that of the preceding day. †

At this time it will be remembered that the Swiss and Royal Guards still fighting, fought retreatingly: and, and driven successively from each post they had occupied, were concentrating themselves for a last stand upon the Tuileries, and the Place Louis XV. But it was not merely the retreat of the troops which inspired that extraordinary confidence which begets

* Monsieur Dupin's name was omitted, on knowing which he expressed great regret.

† This was natural: a great change had taken place in passing events; nor are such vicissitudes of feeling in moments like these to be held up to ridicule and blame. That which is caution at one time becomes timidity at another, and though in such crises men of an energic resolution are required, it is not amiss that some should show a more peaceful and careful disposition. We sympathise with the more daring; it is not necessary to censure the more prudent.

extraordinary success, into the popular cause. To M. Bérar d I believe, was owing the bold and ingenious conception of a fictitious government, consisting of Generals Gérard and Lafayette and the Duc de Choiseul. No such government existed: but it was cleverly and plausibly announced to exist, and a sentinel placed at the Hotel de Ville repulsed every one who requested an audience with this imaginary authority, by saying "On ne passe pas; le Gouvernement est en conference." The mere mention of a Government operated as a charm: and decided the last remaining doubts as to the success of the people. Such was the state of things on the morning of the 29th, when, as I have said, the Deputies met at M. Laffitte's—and it was then that a commission, consisting of five Deputies (Laffitte, Schonen, Puyraveau, Lobau, and C. Périer), * replaced the fictitious creation of M. Bérard.

I have now conducted the civil transactions of the three days to the point at which I left the military operations. It only remains for me to relate what had been taking place during these events in the cabinet and at the court. On the morning of the 27th, M. de Polignac first made known to the King the troubles which had taken place the preceding evening, and Charles X. sent for the Duc de Raguse and entrusted him with the command so fatal to his reputation and his fortunes. On arriving at Paris, the Marshal found the most utter want of preparation for that kind of resistance which the Government ought to have expected. The troops were not even consigned to their quarters, and it was necessary to wait the muster hour in order to assemble them together. Things, as we have seen, not proceeding so quietly as was expected the council, assembled at night, decided on proclaiming Paris *en état de siége*, which was done the following morning. In the mean time, Charles X., who had ordered the Duc de Raguse to return in the evening to St. Cloud if the city were quiet, remained in the most perfect state of tranquillity, notwithstanding his absence. "*Il n'y a rien*," he said to an officer about his person; "*je l'avais autorisé à revenir; mais il a bien fait de rester.*"

The 28th was the critical day. The court on this day

* Mauguin was afterwards added.

might have made its peace with dignity, for there was a moment, as I have shown, when the troops were deemed to have been successful, and this was the moment when the Duc de Raguse, demanding concession from the Deputies, urged it most strongly to the King. The same fatality, however, which indured Charles I. to reject the moderate advise of Clarendon, presided at St. Cloud.* Monsieur de Komierowski, sent by the Duke with his despatch, was honoured by no written reply, and merely told to charge the Marshal *de tenir bon, de réunir ses forces sur le Carrousel et à la Place Louis XV., et d'agir avec des masses.* Everybody about the place was in the most serene quietude. In the morning—mass, the usual ceremonies and receptions;—in the evening—the rubber at whist:—less anxiety was expressed for the destinies of the nation than for the turn of a card.

In vain a deputation waited on Monsieur de Polignac: he thought he showed firmness when he displayed imbecility; and when told that the troops were going over to the people, merely observed, that "it would then be necessary to fire upon the troops!" Horses and soldiers were unprovided with food, but that was a matter of little importance; by such trifles as these the peace of the King and the security of his minister were not to be disturbed. During the night, however, it was decided to give a month and a half's pay to the regiments at Paris, and an order was sent to the Camps of Lunéville and St. Omer to advance upon St. Cloud. Even on the 29th the ministers, blockaded in the Tuileries, were still in a state of the most complete ignorance as to the real nature of the insurrection.

They mistook that for a plot which was the result of inspiration. "Ce sont les fédérés qui ont conservé leur ancienne organisation," said Monsieur de Peyronnet. He was soon undeceived. The Duc de Raguse himself assembled the council, and advised, as the last resource, a treaty with the people on the basis of a repeal of the Ordonnances. The ministers had no power for this. "Come and obtain it from the King," said Monsieur de Peyronnet. "Nothing can be

* If Monsieur Laffitte and General Gérard proposed peace, it was from insolence and they were strong, or from fear and they were weak, and the presumption and the timidity of rebels were equally to be despised.

better for the royal cause than the present aspect of affairs," said the infatuated Prince de Polignac. At this moment arrived Monsieur d'Argout and Monsieur de Sémonville, who were also come to urge the ministers to adopt a speedy and conciliatory decision. Quarrelling* with Monsieur de Polignac, they set out for St. Cloud, where the Marshal himself, after the complete discomfiture of his troops, shortly afterwards arrived.

In what disposition did they find the King? Already, before the appearance of Monsieur de Sémonville, the Duc de Mortemart had made two fruitless attempts to persuade him to recall the Ordonnances. "*Bah! bah! ce n'est rien,*" said Charles X.; "*ne vous inquiétez pas.*" "Je ne veux pas monter en charrette comme mon frère," † was his reply to any argument urging concession. ‡

At the advice of his ministers themselves, however, he was at length induced to relent; the Ordonnances were to be recalled, M. de Mortemart named President du Conseil, and M. C. Périer and General Gérard included in the new administration. But the only order to which Charles X. could be prevailed upon to affix his signature immediately, was that relating to M. de Mortemart. The others, the orders which revoked the Ordonnances, named C. Périer and General Gérard, and convoked the Chambers for the 3rd of August—these, with that fatal weakness which induces us to withhold to the last moment what we are yet determined to grant—these he could not be prevailed upon to sign that night, and twenty-four hours went by while the proverb that "every minute is an hour," was being literally fulfilled;—and now,—

The whee of fortune, which had been so rapidly turning since 1789, seemed to be again pausing at the very place where it had been forty-one years before, and there was—the Comte

* Monsieur de Sémonville and M. de Polignac felt for each other the contempt which a man of the world feels for an enthusiast, and which an enthusiast returns for a man of the world.

† Nobody so obstinate as a weak man when he once has an opinion. The idea which governed the life of Charles X. was that his brother had fallen from a want of firmness.

‡ The situation of the Duchesse d'Angoulême, at that time travelling in the provinces, and very possibly exposed to popular violence, was the sole circumstance that seemed to affect him.

d'Artois crushed beneath it, and at the topmost pinnacle of its curve—General Lafayette.

REVOLUTION OF 1830.

III.

General Lafayette's march to the Hôtel de Ville.—M. Laffitte gives M. F. Janson a passport for the duc de Mortemart, who does not come on the evening of the 29th as was expected.—Consequences.—The evening of the 29th.—30th, Two proclamations to the people and the army—M. de Mortemart now arrives.—Fate of his mission.—Agitation of the people.—Necessity of prompt decision.—Mission to Neuilly.—Received by the Duc d'Orléans.—State of things on the night of the 30th.—31st, the Duc d'Orléans accepts the lieutenancy of the kingdom.—Visits the Hôtel de Ville.—Feelings of the people.—Is received by Lafayette.—Conversations that then took place.—1st of August a day of Jubilee.—2nd of August, Abdication of Charles X. and the Dauphin.—3rd, Chambers met.—4th, the Chamber of Peers, which had hitherto kept aloof, nominated a Commission to reply to the speech of the Lieutenant General.—7th, the Duc d'Orléans invited by the two Chambers to accept the Crown.—His answer.—9th, Louis Philippe proclaimed King of the French.—What had taken place to Charles X. between 30th of July and 16th of August, when this unfortunate prince embarked from Cherbourg.

"Vive Lafayette! vive Lafayette!"—this was the cry in every street, as down from every window, as down from every balustrade whence the ball and the broken bottle and the massive pavement lately rushed, now dropped gentle flowers on the venerable head of the friend of Washington,—of the old General of the National Guard;*—and wafted on every breeze flew the national cockade, the old and famous tricoloured ribbon;—and lo! the very hero of popular parade, the revolutionary veteran, bowing, smiling, embracing;—and lo! the immense masses, shouting, laughing, waving their hats, firing their arms!—To the Hôtel de Ville marched the long procession.

* "Laissez, laissez," said the old General to some one wishing to conduct his steps; "laissez, laissez; je connais tout cela mieux que vous."

In the meantime, M. Laffitte was informed of the resolution taken at St. Cloud, and gave M. de Forbin Janson a passport for his brother-in-law the Duc de Mortemart. It was arranged that the Duc should be at M. Laffitte's house some time that evening: unable to obtain the new Ordonnnances from the King, and refused a passport from the Dauphin, M. de Mortemart disappointed the Deputies who expected him, and this event was perhaps the most important one of the three days.*

It was on this night, after waiting for the Duc de Mortemart in vain, that M. Laffitte, left alone with Messrs. Thiers and Mignet, took the first of those measures which led to the election of the present monarch. Then it was resolved that the elder branch of the Bourbons should be given up to those who were fearful for the freedom, and the younger branch adopted as a guarantee to those who were fearful for the tranquillity of the country; and then were framed the handbills, placards and proclamations which, appearing in every corner of Paris the following morning, directed and fixed the public opinion.

The morning of the 30th began with two proclamations, the one from the provisional government announcing the deliverance of Paris to the people, the other from General Gérard, offering an amnesty to the army; at this moment the Duc de Mortemart arrived from St. Cloud, with the Ordonnances that he should have had the preceding evening. A slowness fatal to the old monarchy still attended him. † M. de Sussy, whom he charged with these ordonnances, was not at the Chamber so soon as he

* Though many were confident as to the ultimate success of the continued struggle, no one believed it over at this time. Troops, it was conceived, would march upon the capital in all directions. Paris might be invested, its brave but volatile population was not to be depended upon. The lesson which royalty had received was rude. The repeal of the Ordonnances, and the nomination of a popular administration, was as great a triumph as it seemed possible to achieve without running all the perils, all the hazards, and all the horrors of civil war. A republic was dreaded; the Duc d'Orléans had not then come forward; young Napoleon was at Vienna. It is impossible to say if the Duc de Mortemart had appeared at M. Laffitte's the night of the 29 th, whether Charles X. might not still have been at the Tuileries.

† M. de Mortemart, fatigued by his walk (he had come a roundabout way from St. Cloud), disappointed in finding M. Laffitte at his own house, unable owing to the barricades to proceed otherwise than on foot, was prevailed upon to charge M. de Sussy with the Ordonnances repealing those of the 25th and M. de Sussy proceeded with them to the Chamber.

was expected. The Deputies, when he reached it, had already invited the present King to Paris—M. Thiers, who said "*Les plus prompts aujourd'hui seront les plus habiles*," had already been to Neuilly, and succeeded in obtaining from Mademoiselle Adélaide the promise that she, at all events (the Duc d'Orleans was not to be found), would appear, if necessary, on her brother's behalf—when M. de Sussy arrived, then, the die was cast; and the Chamber refused to acknowledge the sovereign on whose behalf he appeared. Lafayette and the provisional government treated his mission with still greater direspect; and such was the feeling at the Hôtel de Ville, that M. de Puyraveau, who read the papers that M. de Sussy presented, said in answer, "That the French were determined not to have another royal master, and that a republic was better than the government called a constitutional one."

Agitated by different rumours—hearing of embassies from St. Cloud, meetings at M. Laffitte's and at the Chamber, conferences at the Hôtel de Ville—the people, always suspicious, began to murmur—to mutter together in small groups—to speak of treason. An event was only wanting to awaken into a more terrible force those popular elements of trouble which it was so necessary to lull speedily to repose.* Celerity was every thing, inaction was the utmost danger; not a moment was to be lost; the Chamber sent a deputation to Neuilly with the offer of the 'Lieutenance Générale.' It was at night, at the gate of his park,† by the pale and flickering light of a torch, that the Duc d'Orléans read the communication so important to his family and to France. He saw the crisis —he saw that the time, long perchance looked forward to, was arrived; he lost not an instant: he set off immediately, and on foot, to Paris. Nor were his partisans idle. On all the walls you might have read:—"Charles ne se croit pas

* It was attempted to quiet them by a proclamation, and a proclamation now appeared, in which the Parisians were called demi-gods and heroes;—"Vive la France! vive le peuple de Paris! vive la liberté!" said the provisional government, and the people were less dissatisfied than before. In this proclamation Charles X. was, for the first time, declared to have lost his throne; and M. Périer refused to sign it, because it contained, as he conceived, an act of authority beyond the power with which the provisional or municipal government were endowed.

† He had returned to Neuilly.

vaincu." "Le Duc de Chartres marche au secours de Paris avec son régiment." "La république nous brouillerait avec l'Europe." "Le Duc d'Orléans était à Jemmapes." "Le Duc d'Orléans est un roi citoyen," &c.

Such was the state of things at Paris; agitation with the people, indecision with the republicans, neither courage, energy, nor good fortune with the royalists; and amidst all surrounding doubts, difficulties, and fears, to the empty throne the faction Orléans wound itself ably and rapidly along. The advice of Marshal Marmont to the King at St. Cloud was, "Take your troops to the Loire; they will there be beyond the reach of disaffection; summon the chambers and the *corps diplomatique* to your place of residence; take these measures immediately; your throne is yet secure!" The King hesitated —the troops deserted. The few moments that should have been spent in adopting some energetic line of conduct, were wasted in a violent dispute between the Dauphin and the Duc de Raguse.* There was no hope where there was no union, no conduct, no courage.

We arrived at the 31st.

The succeeding events of the revolution are rapid in their succession. At twelve o'clock, the Duc d'Orléans, with some affected coyness, accepts the *Lieutenance Générale*. The chamber assembled at one, receives his Royal Highness's answer, and publishes a declaration of its proceedings.† Almost

* The Duc de Raguse published an order of the day to the troops, which, by inadvertence, he had not shown to the Duc d'Angoulême. This order, moreover, was contrary to the Dauphin's opinions. He was furious, rushed upon the Duc de Raguse, and even wounded himself in wresting his sword from the Marshal's side. Charles X. succeeded in procuring mutual apologies; but such a quarrel at such a moment inspired mistrust among all parties, and filled up the fatality of the unfortunate King's fortunes.

† "La France est libre: le pouvoir absolu levait son drapeau; l'héroïque population de Paris l'a abattu. Paris attaqué a fait triompher par les armes la cause sacrée qui venait de triompher en vain dans les élections. Un pouvoir usurpateur de nos droits, perturbateur de notre repos, menaçait à la fois la liberté et l'ordre: nous rentrons en possession de l'ordre et de la liberté. Plus de crainte pour les droits acquis, plus de barrière entre nous et les droits qui nous manquent encore.

"Un gouvernement qui, sans délai, nous garantisse ces biens, est aujourd'hui le premier besoin de la patrie. Français, ceux de vos Députés qui se trouvent déjà à Paris se sont réunis, et, en attendant l'intervention régulière des Chambres, ils ont invité un Français qui n'a jamais combattu que pour la

immediately after this, the new Lieutenant-General, on horseback, with no guards, escorted by the Deputies, visited the Hôtel de Ville. The crowds who lined his passage were cold, doubtful, and, as it were, embarassed. They felt they had not been consulted—they did not know whether they had been deceived. All eyes were turned upon the Hôtel de Ville —great was its power at that moment, and solemn was the pause when Lafayette—the picture of that venerable man, the arbiter of the troubled hour, whom Virgil has so beautifully described—his aged head crowned with the character of seventy years—appeared on the same balcony where he had been so conspicuous nearly half a century before, waving in one hand the flag of the old republic, and presenting in the other the candidate for the new monarchy. Then, and not till then, burst out the loud, hearty, and long-resounding shouts of a joyous and trusting people; then, and not till then, the nation that had been fighting for its liberties, and the party that had been plotting for their Prince, understood one another, and felt that their common object was to be found in their common union. It is useless to dwell on the conversations which are stated to have taken place on this day, and which have been so frequently recounted and disputed. Their word-

France, M. le Duc d'Orléans, à exercer les fonctions de Lieutenant-Général du royaume. C'est à leurs yeux le plus sûr moyen d'accomplir promptement par la paix le succès de la plus légitime défense.

"Le Duc d'Orléans est dévoué à la cause nationale et constitutionnelle. Il en a toujours défendu les intérêts et professé les principes. Il respectera nos droits, car il tiendra de nous les siens. Nous nous assurons par les lois toutes les garanties nécessaires pour rendre la liberté forte et durable :

"Le rétablissement de la garde nationale, avec l'intervention des gardes nationaux dans le choix des officiers ;

"L'intervention des citoyens dans la formation des administrations départementales et municipales ;

"Le jury pour les délits de la presse ; la responsabilité légalement organisée des ministres et des agens secondaires de l'administration ;

"L'état des militaires légalement assuré ;

"La réélection des Députés promus à des fonctions publiques.

"Nous donnerons enfin à nos institutions, de concert avec le chef de l'état, les développemens dont elles ont besoin.

"Français, le Duc d'Orléans lui-même a déjà parlé, et son langage est celui qui convient à un pays libre : 'Les Chambres vont se réunir,' nous dit-il; 'elles aviseront aux moyens d'assurer le règne des lois et le maintien des droits de la nation.'

"La Charte sera désormais une vérité."

ing is of little import; their spirit could not be very different from the proclamation published at the same period, and which said nearly all that the wildest demagogues could desire. But who wants to know that in a moment of popular triumph the parties investing themselves with power must have made popular professions?*

The provisional Government was now superseded by the Lieutenant-General. We are come to the 1st of August; it was a Sunday. The weather was beautiful; the streets were crowded with that idle populace so peculiarly Parisian—the churches open, the quays thronged, and the people dancing—and every where you saw the national colours—every where

* Conversation of M. Lafayette and Louis Philippe.—"Vous savez, lui dis-je, que je suis républicain, et que je regarde la constitution des États-Unis comme la plus parfaite qui ait jamais existé."—"Je pense comme vous, répondit le Duc d'Orléans; il est impossible d'avoir passé deux ans en Amérique, et de n'être pas de cet avis; mais croyez-vous, dans la situation de la France, et d'après l'opinion générale, qu'il nous convienne de l'adopter?"—"Non, lui dis-je; ce qu'il faut aujourd'hui au peuple français, c'est un trône populaire entouré d'institutions *républicaines*, tout-à-fait républicaines."—"C'est bien ainsi que je l'entends," repartit le Prince.

Proclamation of General Lafayette.—"La réunion des Députés actuellement à Paris vient de communiquer au Général en chef la résolution qui, dans l'urgence des circonstances, a nommé M. le Duc d'Orléans Lieutenant-Général du royaume. Dans trois jours la Chambre sera en séance régulière, conformément au mandat de ses commettans, pour s'occuper de ses devoirs patriotiques, rendus plus importans et plus étendus encore par le glorieux événement qui vient de faire rentrer le peuple français dans la plénitude de ses imprescriptibles droits. Honneur à la population parisienne!

"C'est alors que les représentans des colléges électoraux, honorés de l'assentiment de la France entière, sauront assurer à la patrie, préalablement aux considérations et aux formes secondaires de gouvernement, toutes les garanties de liberté, d'égalité et d'ordre public, que réclament la nature souveraine de nos droits et la ferme volonté du peuple français.

"Déjà sous le gouvernement d'origine et d'influences étrangères qui vient de cesser, grâce à l'héroïque, rapide et populaire effort d'une juste résistance à l'aggression contre-révolutionnaire, il était reconnu que, dans la session actuelle, les demandes du rétablissement d'administrations électives, communales et départementales, la formation des gardes nationales de France sur les bases de la loi de 91, l'extension de l'application au jury, les questions relatives à la loi électorale, la liberté de l'enseignement, la responsabilité, devaient être des objets de discussion législative, préalables à tout vote de subsides; à combien plus forte raison ces garanties et *toutes celles que la liberté et l'égalité peuvent réclamer* doivent-elles précéder la concession des pouvoirs définitifs que la France jugerait à propos de conférer! En attendant, elle sait que le Lieutenant-Général du royaume, appelé par la Chambre, fut un des jeunes patriotes de 89, un des premiers généraux qui firent triompher le drapeau tricolore. Liberté, égalité et ordre public, fut toujours ma devise; je lui serai fidèle."

you heard the notes of the too famous "*ça ira*" swelling the soft breezes of a luxurious summer evening—and all Paris seemed one large family.

> "Men met each other with erected look,
> The steps were higher which they took,
> Friends to congratulate their friends made haste,
> And long inveterate foes saluted as they past."
>
> DRYDEN'S *Threnod. Aug.*

The 1st of August was a day of rest, a day of Jubilee. On the 2nd of August came the abdication of Charles the Tenth and of the Dauphin. On the 3rd the Chambers met, and the Lieutenant-General opened them with a speech. On the 4th the Chamber of Deputies verified the powers of its members, and the Chamber of Peers, which had hitherto kept aloof, nominuted a commision to reply to the opening speech of the the Lieutenant-General. On the 6th, M. C. Périer was named President of the Lower Chamber, and a commission was appointed to consider M. Bérard's proposition for a modification of the Charta. On the 7th the Duc d'Orléans was invited by the two Chambers to assume the crown upon such conditions as the alterations in the Charta, that had been agreed to, then prescribed.

"I receive with profound emotion the offer which you present to me. I regard it as the expression of the national will, and it seems to me conformable to the political principles which I have expressed all my life. Still, filled with those recollections which have always made me shrink from the idea of ascending a throne,—free from ambition, and accustomed to the peaceful life which I have passed in my family—I cannot conceal from you the sentiments which agitate me at this great conjuncture. But there is one sentiment predominating over every other—it is the love of my country. I feel what that sentiment prescribes, and I shall fulfil its commands."

This was the Prince's answer; and on the 9th, amidst peals of cannon, and the loud chant of the *Marseillaise*, the French people accepted Louis Philippe as King of the French, while the Bey of Titeri was vowing allegiance to Charles the Tenth, "the great and the victorious."

On the 16th of August this unfortunate monarch embarked

at Cherbourg. On the 30th of July he had left St. Cloud; for a day he halted at Versailles. He halted there amidst the recollections of bygone times; every tree had a story linked with far distant days; and melancholy must it have been to have seen him as he looked fondly over those stately avenues—as he lingered (and long, his attendants say, he did linger) upon the steps of that royal palace, which he had known so early, and which he will never see again. When he arrived at Rambouillet it was night. The moon threw a ghastly light on the antique tower, and into the dim court-yard of the old château, as bent with fatigue, and worn by agitation, the old King descended amidst the scanty crowd, collected less from affection than curiosity. Here he determined to abide. The great body of the troops were bivouacked in the woods and park, and in spite of many desertions, a large force was still devotedly attached to the royal family.

There is something mysterious in the transaction of this period. In a letter, published by the Dauphin (1st of August), an arrangement is spoken of as being *then entered* into with the *Government* at Paris. Almost immediately after was announced the abdication of the King and the Dauphin in favour of the Duc de Bordeaux. This certainly seems to have been the arrangement previously alluded to. Whether the Lieutenant-General, or the Government at Paris, had held out any expectations, which they never had the wish, or which, if they had the wish, they had not the power to realize, must long remain a mystery; because, if any communications did pass, it is improbable that they should have been of that direct nature which leaves the matter capable of a positive decision. But certain it is, that up to the time that the Duke of Orleans accepted the throne, Charles the Tenth believed that it would be given to his grandson. Even the Commissioners * did not combat this belief. M. Odillon Barrot said—"Votre majesté sentira que le sang versé pour le Duc de Bordeaux servira mal sa cause—il ne faut pas que son nom, qui n'a pas été encore compromis dans nos débats civils, se mêle un jour à des souvenirs de sang."

Why this language, from a man so sincere as M. Odillon

* M. Sckonen, M. Odillon Barrot, Marshal Maison, sent by the Government.

Barrot, if the Duc de Bordeaux was at that time out of the question?

This was on the 3rd; already on the 2nd the Commissioners had attempted to obtain an interview with the King for the purpose of inducing him to withdraw from France, or at all events from the neighbourhood of Paris. They passed through the camp; Charles the Tenth refused to see them. They returned to Paris, and their return was the signal for one of the most singular expeditions by which a monarch was ever yet driven from his dominions. The drum beat in the streets—the still excited populace collected:—"Charles the Tenth is coming to Paris!"—"Charles the Tenth will not go away from Rambouillet;" all the women in accents of terror—all the little boys in accents of fury screeched out the name of "Charles the Tenth,"—"to Rambouillet!—to Rambouillet!—after Charles the Tenth to Rambouillet!" was the cry—as on a no less memorable occasion it had once been—"*to Versailles!*"—And to Rambouillet, in carolines, and hackney coaches, in carts, in cabriolets, running, riding, driving, without plan as without preparation, rushed the population of Paris. The Commissioners preceded this incongruous cohort, and to-day they succeeded in obtaining an interview with the King.

Charles the Tenth, even as a young man, wanted personal courage. He had been accused of this weakness in the court of Louis XVI. Years had not invigorated his spirit. His nerves were shaken and his mind unstrung by the quick succession of adventures and calamities that had so rapidly followed one another during the last few days. He received the deputation in a state of great agitation.

"*Qu'est-ce qu'ils veulent? me tuer!*" was his address to Marshal Maison.

He then asked advice of the Duc de Raguse. What can you say to a man who at the head of a gallant army asks, what he should do?

There were that day at Rambouillet twelve thousand infantry, three thousand five hundred cavalry, and forty pieces of cannon. The Royal Guards were on foot, at the head of their horses, one hand on their pistols, one foot ready to put into their stirrups! A prince of courage, wisdom, and resolution might still have extricated himself from the difficulties sur-

rounding Charles X.; but in these difficulties such a prince would never have been involved. Alarmed by an exaggeration of the numbers of the approaching multitude; fatigued with the toil of thinking and planning, which he had already undergone; and incapable of a new mental effort to meet the new crisis; flattering himself that the Duc de Bordeaux would still, as the best political combination, be named to the throne; conscious that blood spilled, even in victory, might endanger the peaceful establishment of this prince, in whose favour he had himself already abdicated; swayed in some degree, doubtless, by these considerations, but urged more especially by his fears and his irresolutions, Charles threw away the *sword*, where others might have thrown away the *scabbard*, and resigned himself quietly to the destiny which doomed his exile. The soldiers of the hackney coaches returned to Paris, and the *late* King of France set out for Maintenon, where, reserving a military escort, he bade adieu to the rest of his army.

His journey was now made slowly, and under the delusion that all France would yet rise in his favour. Betrayed, and left by many of his courtiers, his hopes remained by him to the last; and perhaps still remain—alone faithful in sorrow and in exile.

REVIEW OF THE REVOLUTION OF 1830.

IV.

The two parties among the Royalists and the Liberals.—The wishes and ideas of each.—Young Napoléon and a Republic, or Henry V. and the Monarchy, the two best combinations.—Reasons why not adopted.—Having formed the existing Government, it is wise to maintain it.—Astonishment at the hostility shown by those who put the present King on the throne to the natural consequences of his accession.—What Louis Philippe's system must be.—Title adopted by him.—Triumph over the more moderate party.—Constitutional changes caused by the revolution.

To any one who has followed the events of this revolution, there will seem to have been on the side of the people, as on

the side of the King, two factions. The Royalists were divided into the friends of the ordonnances and the ministry, and the friends of the monarchy without the ordonnances.

The liberal deputies also were divided. There were those who, without any personal affection for the reigning family, wished for the old form of governmment, popularly administered (M. Guizot and M. Sébastiani). There were those (MM. Laffitte, de Laborde, Mauguin)* who wished for a new dynasty and new institutions. M. C. Périer seems to have been between the two parties, and General Lafayette to have gone beyond them both. To M. Guizot, and those who thought like M. Guizot, Henry V. ought to have been more acceptable than the Duc d'Orléans—by M. Laffitte the Duc d'Orléans, even if not personally recommended, would have been preferred to Henry V.—To M. C. Périer the claims of the one whom circumstances most favoured were likely to appear the best.—To General Lafayette the American republic was the dream of a long life.

In the nation, if it could have been polled, the liberal nobility would probably have been for Henry V.; the bourgeoisie for the Duc d'Orléans; the old army for young Napoléon; the masses for a republic. If the Duc d'Orléans was selected, it was because, while his accession promised the least to any particular party, it promised something to all, and was least likely to offend any one party. "The multitudes would have been passionately opposed," say many, "to the legitimate line of the family they had been fighting against." The army would have despised, and the bourgeoisie dreaded the red cap, which had presided over the confiscations and proscriptions of the Comité de Salut Public. M. Guizot and his friends accepted the Duc d'Orléans as a Bourbon; M. Laffitte and M. Mauguin, as a member of the opposition during the time of the Bourbons; General Lafayette, as the soldier of Jemmapes, as the aide-de-camp of Dumourier. Besides, Louis Philippe was the first person proposed, when everybody was uncertain. "Take the Duke of Orleans for your King," said M. Laffitte. "Liberty will be satisfied with the sacrifice of legitimacy! Order will thank

* It is these two parties that have formed the Government and the Opposition of Louis Philippe's reign.

you for saving it from Robespierre! England, in your revolution, will recognize her own!"

All declared against Charles X. None spoke of young Napoléon, none of Henry V.—and yet, if circumstances had favoured, a government might perhaps have been formed, under the sanction of either of these names, more popular and more strong than the one which was adopted. The Legitimate Monarchy and Henry V.; the Republic and young Napoleon; these (I venture the opinion as an historical speculation) would have been the two great and most reasonable alternatives.

For the legitimate monarchy there was, the past; for a republic, the future. The claims of the one were in the tombs of St. Denis; it was sanctioned by time, and it promised repose. A desire for new things could alone justify the pretensions of the other; and its existence could only have been an existence of action, and glory, invasion, defence, conquest. As for a republic, with Lafayette, it would have been the vision of an hour—for the title of a republic would have been a declaration of war; and, if war were to ensue, what name but that of "Napoléon" had a military prestige?

Nor had young Bonaparte without a republic any chance of success. The soldier of France would have rallied round his cause—the citizen of France would have shrunk from it. A name possessed by one, a boy in the Austrian capital, was not alone a sufficient basis for a government. If France were desirous of throwing herself at once into a new position—of braving Europe, and defying, the *propagande* in hand, the legions of the Holy Alliance—the young Napoléon, the first consul of a military republic, would, I say, have aroused and united all the energies demanded for this daring career. If, on the other hand, the revolution was a combat for what had been obtained by the Charta, and not for a new system that was to succeed the Restoration;—if the internal policy of France was to be—conservation; the external policy—peace; if monarchy was to be preserved and royalty respected, it was better to keep a crown that nine centuries had hallowed, and to preserve to majesty its history and its decorations. Tranquillity and the past, with Henry the Fifth—agitation and the future, with young Napoleon—these, I repeat, were the two great and complete ideas between which the people, if they could then have reasoned

with the cool philosophy with which we reason now, would have chosen after the combat of July. But in times of trouble and intrigue, it is not one great idea that strikes us with force; we bend beneath a thousand little circumstances and considerations. Besides, though I have conjecturally united the young Bonaparte with a republic—as the best combination—we must not forget that at the time of the Revolution those who thought of Napoléon, thought of the Empire; those who thought of a republic, thought of Lafayette. The people, moreover, still saw in Henry V. the shadow of the old régime. A long array of peers and pensions, of guards and tabourets, stood between him and them. They had been fighting to the cry of "à bas les Bourbons!" and the blood was yet dripping from their clothes which had been shed by the soldiers of legitimacy.

But might not a liberal regency have been named? Was not Louis Philippe himself a Bourbon? And is it not just possible that the same people who bound up the wounds of the Swiss, would have felt pity for the innocence of a child? Charles the Tenth at the head of his guards, the Duchesse de Berry with the Duc de Bordeaux in her arms, might at two different moments have changed the destinies of France. But the blood of the grand constable was frozen in the veins of his descendant; the heroine of la Vendée was guarded in her chamber; the religion of legitimacy passed away when he who wore the crown of Henry IV. had neither his heart nor his sword; and an army of omnibuses dispersed the heroes who had gathered round the oriflamme of St. Louis.

But whatever might have been best under possible circumstances, I am by no means surprised at what took place under existing ones. Nay, more; whatever government it might have been advisable to form for France in 1830, as a liberal and rational Frenchman, I should be anxious, in 1834, to maintain the government that is;—liberty cannot exist without stability —it cannot exist under perpetual and violent changes; and there are some cases where it is wise for a people to preserve even many evils in order to acquire the habit so necessary for all social purposes, of preserving something. They, I say, who when every thing was to form four years ago might wisely have been republicans or legitimists—cannot wisely be so now —when a government is constituted, and can only be upset by

a new and more terrible revolution, of which they could neither direct the course nor predict the consequences. Moreover, the government of Louis Philippe was, if not the strongest, perhaps the easiest and safest that could have been adopted; and I own that what most surprises me is, not that the French should have chosen this government, but that, now they have chosen it, they should be so hostile to their choice. They seem to have thought that because the present king would owe his situation to the popular voice, he would always concede to popular opinion. If this was their theory, was it a wise one? Do not we know that every man is under the influence—not of the circumstances which placed him in a particular station—but of the circumstances resulting from the situation in which he is placed. Give a man rank and power, he will endeavour to preserve that rank and power; it matters not how he obtained it. If there be in his origin difficulties to overcome, it is to his origin that he will be perpetually opposed. The veriest schoolboy in politics and in history might see at once—that the life of a prince sprung from a popular convulsion, would be passed in struggling against popular concessions. Here he may do well to yield, there to resist—but to resist he will somewhere be obliged, to yield he will always be required. The nation will be unruly under him, and you must govern an unruly nation as, if you are a skilful rider, you will govern an unruly horse—you will not dare to lay the reins upon his neck, but as you pat his crest you will play with his bridle; if you give him his head, or if you pull at his mouth, it is neither force nor fear that will restrain him—he will run away with you.

The system of the present King of the French must be a system of repression, for the expectations which he excited are extravagant: but it may be a system of granting much in order to obtain the power of refusing more: if he refuse every thing, if he pull too hard—but—I am about to recur to my simile of the unruly horse.

It now only remains to me to say—that in the two questions which arose respecting the throne, first, whether it should be declared vacant on account of the absence of the family of Charles the Tenth; secondly, whether Louis Philippe should begin the new monarchy or take a title which would connect him with his predecessors—a negative was given to the more

moderate party, and so far the commencement of another era was undoubtedly proclaimed. A reference to the charta as it was* and as it is, forms the best conclusion to this part of my work.

THE STATE OF PARTIES SINCE THE REVOLUTION.

Two parties during the Three Days.—A third party.—Natural consequences of their union.—In order to understand the policy of the present Government, we must perpetually refer to the policy which presided over its creation.—In creating the Government, the French should have considered that its course was prescribed for at least ten years.—What the present King's Government was likely to do, what it was not likely to do.—Its policy.—The persons who can best maintain it on that policy.—The Doctrinaires.—Ministry of Laffitte, of M. Périer, of the Duc de Broglie.—Of Soult, of Gérard.—M. Thiers.—His character.—He the best person to maintain the present Government.—What are the difficulties in maintaining it?—Its necessary unpopularity.—The dangers of that unpopularity.—Its safety in its gaining time.

Having carried the political events of France down from the first to the second revolution, I would now take a brief view of the condition of the new monarchy, and of the state of the parties which have existed under it; reserving to myself the opportunity of returning to the subject, when, having made more familiar to the reader the manners, the character, the influences, the institutions, and the men of this country, I may take a broader, a bolder, and a more satisfactory view of its future destiny.

It is evident from what I have already said, that the revolution from the first of the three days contained two parties—those who felt strongly, and those who reasoned calmly. The first joined it with the desire to overthrow a tyrannical government, the second with the hope to prevent present confusion. The first, while the conflict was still uncertain, was for declaring the ordonnances illegal, and placing themselves at the head of the people; while the second were for renouncing a

* See Appendix.

resistance by force, and for treating with Charles X. So, after the treaty of Rambouillet, the one was, as I have said, for beginning the new race with a new title: the other, for connecting the monarch whom the people had chosen with the long line that had reigned by the divine grace of God.

The natural bent of these two parties would have led them to diverge even wider than they did. The enthusiasts for liberty would have taken the republic—the advocates of order would willingly have declared for Henry V.—But there was a third party—the personal party of the Duc d'Orléans, which appealed to the sympathies of the republicans—to the ideas of the legitimists. To the first it said, I fought with you in the days of July, and I propose to you the soldier of Jemmapes. To the second it said—the Duc d'Orléans is a Bourbon, and remember the revolution of 1688. In this manner the revolution which had been commenced and continued without a plan, was constituted and confirmed with one.

Its natural consequences were—vast concessions to popular opinion in the moment of passion. The triumph of the party in favour of order and tranquillity, when tranquillity and order were restored. And, lastly—since in order to overthrow the former government, the personal friends of the Duc d'Orléans had been obliged to side rather with those who were for destroying than with those who were for conserving—they would, when the principles of the present reign became conservatrice, be obliged to separate either from their party or their patron.

In order to have a proper idea of the present king's policy, it is necessary to be perpetually referring to the policy by which his election was dictated. Very few of the French understand their own revolution. They cry out against the *juste milieu*. Their revolution, as I have said, was the *juste milieu*. Louis Philippe was the *juste milieu*. If they had expected, through peaceable representations, the respect, the attention, the confidence of the despotic governments of Europe, they should not have taken Louis Philippe: if they had expected war with those governments, a reign of glory and action, they should not have taken Louis Philippe. If they had expected from the crown the continued perpetual concession of popular rights, they should not have taken Louis Philippe; for they should not have taken a man with the passions and the ambition of

a man. If they had expected tranquillity in the Soult of France,—submission in la Vendée on the one hand—or an abhorrence to hereditary rights, and a detestation of the royal name of France, on the other,—they should not have taken Louis Philippe. Directly they chose their sovereign, they ought to have considered that they had traced, for ten years at least, the direction of their revolution. They had chosen the Duc d'Orléans to satisfy those who were against the family of Charles X. They had chosen a Bourbon, in order to reconcile the friends of legitimate succession; they had chosen a monarchy, in order to pacify those who were afraid of a republic; they had made that monarchy the commencement of a new era, in order to satisfy the republicans; and more than all—they had chosen peace in the selection they had made, and evinced a dislike, if not a fear, of war;—and yet there is not one of the parties to whom Louis Philippe was a compromise, that has not alternately claimed the triumph of its own opinions.

Was Louis Philippe's government the one likely to allow the family at Holyrood to enter France? Was Louis Philippe's government the one to pull down from the public edifices the fleurs-de-lis? Was Louis Philippe's government the one likely to march hand in hand with the Americo-republican Lafayette? And was Louis Philippe's government the one best calculated to remonstrate effectually with the Emperor of Russia, or to march with the tricolour flying, in favour of the Poles? Was Louis Philippe's government the one which would command the ear of Prince Metternich—or Louis Philippe's the name that would speak to the Austrian veterans of Austerlitz and Marengo! No, Louis Philippe's government was a government of peace—of peace to be obtained by an unpretending posture abroad, by a sober, quiet position at home. It was the government of the *juste milieu*, as Louis Philippe himself was the *juste milieu* between a variety of thoughts and things. It was a government of the *bourgeoisie*, in which we were neither to look for the chivalry of ancient France, nor the turbulent energy of the Republic, nor the military greatness of the Empire, nor the hereditary majesty of the Restoration.

It was the government of the *bourgeoisie* in action as in ideas, of that order which is least susceptible to imaginative

impressions—the most likely to be conducted by material interests—of that class which looks to the enjoyment of the ordinary rights and pursuits of life; and which occupies itself the least with the governmental theories and the state of Europe—of that class which, in the present state of civilisation, forms the bulk of every nation, but rarely the force; given, too much, in every crisis, to cry, like the Italian Marquis when hoisted on the shoulders of the carbonari and proclaimed chief of the Piedmontese revolution, "Faites ce que vous voulez, Messieurs; mais, ne me chiffonnez pas."

It was this feeling which created the first reluctance to fire upon the insurgents of June, and produced, after it was put down, the cry of "Vive l'état de siége!" It was this feeling which, on a late occasion, sanctioned the barbarities of the troops, and permitted an innocent family to be butchered in cold blood, because somebody, in somebody's part of the building they inhabited, had disturbed the order so beloved by the bourgeois of Paris.

Such is the government of Louis Philippe—such, if he remain, must his government remain—a government of order and peace. If a foreign war break out, there is the chance of a military republic; if internal agitation long continue, there is a chance for the Bonapartes—there is even a chance of Henry the Fifth. The sovereign's policy is distinctly traced, nor can he govern by any other party than that which, possessing the ideas conformable to his origin, is alone compatible with his existence. They who exclaim against the policy which is the destiny of Louis Philippe's reign, exclaim against Louis Philippe himself.

Now who are the men by whom the inevitable policy of Louis Philippe can best be supported?

The principles of those who are placed at the head of a government, more especially when that government is a government of principle, and has a peculiar line traced out for it, is no doubt an object of great importance; but neither must we forget that to individuals and to names there is also an importance which it is never wise wholly to despise or to neglect.

The cry of *à bas les jésuites!* was fatal to the ministry of Polignac. The cry of *à bas les doctrinaires!* was raised

against the administration of the Duc de Broglie. "What do you mean by doctrinaires?" is the question that a foreigner is perpetually asking in France, and it is very rare indeed that he gets an answer from which much can be understood.

During the time of the Restoration there was a small party in France, consisting chiefly of young men, affecting to consider the Duc de Broglie as their head, and conducting a paper called the *Globe*. M. Guizot was their historian, M. Cousin their philosopher. This party was a party of system, which, laying down certain ideas as the general basis of all good government, admitted few exceptions to its peculiar plan, and, allowing little for time and circumstances, measured by a fixed rule the goodness or badness of all that was meditated or proposed. It was not a school that answered to that of our utilitarians, since it supported the *intrinsic* merit or demerit of actions, and defended virtues, altogether independent of utility. Its metaphysics were German, its politics English. It combated the government of the time by appeals to the reason—and never by appeals to the passions—and from the kind of *doctoral* tone in which it lectured the public, obtained the name, at that time popular, of *doctrinaires*.

The great misfortune of this party was, to have accepted power directly after the days of July, when the minds of men were in that state of agitation, which made it necessary to govern them rather through their passions and their imagination than through their judgment—when there was something more than absurd in speaking with book-learned pedantry of a liberty which had been conquered in a moment of drunken enthusiasm—and measuring out the refinements of legislation to a mob who had conquered with the barricade and the bayonet. The name which had been given as one of respect became then a by-word of ridicule and reproach; and for having at an unfavourable moment wished to govern the nation by its reason, the doctrinaires lost all their hold upon its sympathies.

The cabinet of M. Laffitte failed through want of administrative skill; and the nation, placed between a bankruptcy and a change of ministers, cheerfully accepted his resignation. The administration of M. C. Périer, unwise and impolitic in many respects, was the administration which, more than any other,

represented the destiny and the genius of the existing government; and this was so generally felt and acknowledged, that the overthrow of the minister and the overthrow of the monarch were considered almost synonymous. The system was a weak one, but it was sustained by a man of energy and force.

At M. Périer's death it was necessary to maintain, and difficult to avoid changing, the policy he had pursued. The three alternatives were:—M. Dupin; the Duc de Broglie; M. Odillon-Barrot. But M. Dupin would only enter on the condition of forming his own cabinet; and the discontent, or retreat, or expulsion of M. Périer's friends, would necessarily be taken, for the time at least, as the sign of that change which was to be avoided. M. Odillon-Barrot could not enter without the real change of which M. Dupin would have been the appearance. The preference then was given, not without some intrigues, to the Duc de Broglie.

But the Duc de Broglie, though a person of great knowledge, and indeed of great ability, was too much of the *grand seigneur*, and too much of the *savant*, to conduct an administration which was to be perpetually dealing with the casual views, and the passing passions, which a representative system will be perpetually bringing into play.

A man of views, he was not a man of expedients. He could plan his voyage, but he could not set his sails quick enough to catch the favouring shifts of every breeze. He could see the port he was to arrive at, but he could not steer with sufficient adroitness through the creeks, and by the rocks, near which the course of the French government is destined for many years to run.

He was succeeded nominally by Marshal Soult, and Marshal Soult is succeeded nominally by Marshal Gérard; but M. Thiers is the person who, as well for his ability as his influence, is really to be considered the chief of the present ministry.* If any man can maintain the existing monarchy, and the system of the existing monarchy, it is M. Thiers. Sprung from the revolution of July, he knows its men; he understands its passions; he has no prejudices separate from it. With an intelligence which must give him a general plan for his career,

* The King himself is no inconsiderable person in his own cabinet.

he has a peculiar quickness for seeing, a peculiar facility for adopting, and adapting himself to, the events of the day. He looks around him with at once the eyes of the journalist and the statesman; he projects for distant times; he acts for the present; and, instead of despising, profits by the daily prejudice and opinion. Ready, bold, adventurous—revolving great schemes, and possessing an extraordinary facility in elucidating and arranging intricate details—carrying to the tribune what is remarkable in his character—never hesitating for an argument or a word, but seizing the first that occurs, and caring less for its accuracy than its force—supporting his party or his principle with a popular *on dit*—attacked on all sides, and not troubling himself with a defence, but carelessly attacking—an excellent parliamentary leader, for the courage he gives—in spite of the animosities he excites—sound, I believe, in his views—not so scrupulous, it is said, as to his means—talking of the English revolution of 1688, but knowing, and studying, and calculating upon the dispositions of the French in 1834—wishing to improve their history, but remembering that he cannot alter their character—an advocate of education, but a strong upholder of the executive power—if the present Government is to be maintained, M. Thiers, I repeat, is the best man to maintain it.

Yes; you, M. Thiers, are the man of the present monarchy—and to you I address myself—*Nam quid ordinatione civilius? Quid libertate pretiosius? Porro quàm turpe si ordinatio eversione, libertas servitute mutetur? Accedit, quod tibi certamen est tecum: onerat te questuræ tuæ fama.*

But, what are the difficulties you will have to contend against?

The present Government of France is, as I have said, a government of peace, a government, without pretension abroad, a government that is to please the *bourgeois* at home; it is a government essentially based on the *bourgeoisie* and on the character of the *bourgeoisie*. In England this foundation for a government would be solid, because it is just the qualities which distinguish the *bourgeoisie* as a class, which distinguish England as a nation. It is the *bourgeoisie* which in England is the class most national, in its seriousness and thoughtfulness,

in its industry, in its morality, in its love of order. These qualities, the characteristics of the *bourgeoisie* of every country, are, reader, the peculiar characteristics of our country. But what is the case in France? Are seriousness, and thoughtfulness, and industry, and morality, and a love of order —are these the characteristics of the French people? As in England the *bourgeoisie* represents the character of the English, so in France the character of the *bourgeoisie* is most antipathetic to the character of the French.

The French are gay, are gallant, are witty, are vain. This is what the French are most especially—and this is what the *bourgeoisie* is less than any other part of the French nation. So much for the *character* of France—then for the *history* —What does the history of France show us? The reign of a court—the reign of philosophers—the reign of a mob—the reign of an army—the reign of priests, and a provincial gentry —a revolution effected at once by the populace, by the soldiery, and by the journalist—have any one of these epochs sown the seeds for a government of the *bourgeoisie*? Then there are influences arising out of the combination of the character and the history of a nation. What are these in France?—female influence—military influence—literary influence—are any of these influences favourable to a government of the *bourgeoisie*?

We may regret it, but I think we must own that a government of the shopkeepers, incorporating the feelings, the wishes, the prepossessions, and the prejudices of the shopkeepers, cannot be *popular* in France. It may be a good government— I think, upon the whole, it would, in time, become a good government, for France—but for many years it cannot be a popular one. For many years it must have the wit, and the vanity, and the gallantry of the French—the influence of the women, who are universally fond of letters, and arms, and of the military men, and of the literary men, opposed to it. It cannot be a popular Government—but what are the dangers of an unpopular government?

One great danger of an unpopular government is, that it never knows what unpopular act it may be obliged to have recourse to, on the one hand, nor by what extent of concession it may be obliged to purchase popularity on the other. It cannot pursue a certain course, because it must be regulated, not

by what it really intends to do, but by what people suspect it of intending to do. But, if you are suspected of intending to overturn the liberties of a state, such will be the spirit prevailing, and the resistance prepared, against you—that *if you mean to resist*, you must resist *such violent fears by violent means*, and the existence of your power then depends upon the chances of an *émeute*. If, on the contrary, *you mean to concede*, how *extraordinary* must be the concessions *that satisfy suspicion!* Besides, in France, to what and to whom will the Government have to concede? To military influence, to literary influence, —to the military men, to the literary men! And where would these men, and these influences, *if the Government must concede to their extremes*, lead it? To a war with Europe, and then to a republic—or to a republic, and then to a war with Europe.

This is the perilous position of the present Government in France. It took its origin from a course not natural to the character of the people; it remains based upon conditions to which the character of the people is opposed. Hence, a long series of agitations—and the dangers attendant upon a long series of agitations—if its policy be moderate. Hence, the chances of revolution on the one side, if it take a violent course to put down resistance—the chances of war on the other, if it take a violent course to obtain popularity—a war and a revolution both leading to the same result.

Time, however, is the great resource of a state placed in this situation; for the effect of time is to blend and to harmonize opposing things, to introduce the character of a nation into the institutions—the institutions of a nation into the character of its people; and for this reason the policy which the present monarchy has to pursue is, and must be, a policy of expedients. A ministry must be formed sufficiently strong to sustain the weakness which exists in the principle of the Government itself. This is the best chance, perhaps the only one, for the stability of existing things.

Oh! it is impossible to stand on the spot where I am now standing, with yon splendid confusion of domes and spires, of palaces and public buildings, stretching out before me—in sight of the altars of Bossuet and Massillon; of the palace of Louis XIV. and Napoléon; of the Quai Voltaire, and the se-

nate of Foy, without feeling the wish (where all is great in recollections, as in hopes) to unite the past with the future—and from the monarchy of the fleurs-de-lis, and from the empire of the sword, and from the classic eloquence of the theatre, and from the noble reason of the tribune, to see, in letters, as in government, a new system arise, with the youth and freshness of which may be blended the venerability and majesty of by-gone years.

And yet it is impossible to see so many of this people ridiculing the past without comprehending its poesy or its power; plunging into the future, too ignorant of its depth; discontented with the present, without having any hope that satisfies, to supply the reality they would destroy—yet is it impossible to see the strife between the ideas and the habits—the reason and the imagination—the desires and the capabilities—the fanaticism and the irreligion—the loyalty and the republicanism of this doctrinizing, democratizing, romanticizing, classifizing, religionizing, St. Simonizing race,—without doubting, amidst the confused and the uncertain shadows which float around you,—which are those of the things *that have been*, which are those of the things that *are to be.*

In the present monarchy there is neither the love for the new nor for the old; it rests not on the past, it contents not the future. It was taken by all as an indifferent substitute for something which their theory or their imagination taught them to consider worse. It has no hold on the affections, no root in the habits, no power over the passions, of the people—no magic bridle upon the genius of the time, which it would curb and guide.

Still, let us not forget that the incertitude of its destiny is in the uncertain character of its origin—the blemish which disfigures it seems to have been inflicted at its birth. There is a scar on the rind of the young tree, which, as it widens every year, becomes at once more visible and more weak. And so in the monarchy of July, the time which displays, destroys—which expands, obliterates its defects.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THIRD BOOK.

PREDOMINANT INFLUENCES.

Est enim admirabilis quædam continuatio seriesque rerum, ut alia ex aliâ nexa et omnes inter se aptæ, colligatæque videantur.—*Cicero, Proœm. Lib. I. de Naturâ Deorum.*

WOMEN.

Influence of women.—Talleyrand, Bonaparte, and Louis XVIII.—Female influence at the time of the Restoration.—Mad. Roland and Mad. de Staël.—Share of women in public affairs.—Their importance in French history.—Their assumption of the masculine character.—Female Aides-de-camp.—A lady-duellist.—Contrast between French women and English women.—Influence of domestic habits.—Moral phenomenon.—New doctrine of masculine obedience.—Female disputants.—Le Royaume des Femmes.—Policy of encouraging the development of female intelligence, and the exaltation of female principle.

I HAVE just been speaking of influences, partly created by history, partly by national character—and which, rooted deep into the past, must extend over the future. One of these influences, I said, when I was on the subject of gallantry, that I should again speak of—I mean the influence of women. Not even the revolution of 1789—not even those terrible men, who shivered a sceptre of eight centuries to atoms—not even the storm which overthrew the throne of the Capets, and scattered over Europe the priests and the proud nobility of France—not the excesses of the Girondists, the Dantonists, and the triumvirate—not the guillotine, not the dungeon, not the prison, not the scaffold, not the law—not the decrees which cut up the provinces of France into departments, and the estates of France into farms—none of these great changes and instruments of change affected an empire exclusive to no class, which had spread from the Tuileries to the cottage, and which was not so much in the hearts as in the habits of the French people. Beneath no wave of the great deluge, which in sweeping over old France fertilized new France—beneath no wave of that great deluge, sank the presiding landmark of ancient manners; and on the first ebbing of the waters, you saw———the boudoir of Madame Récamier, and the *bal des victimes.*

Monsieur de Talleyrand comes from America in want of employment; he finds it in the salon of Madame de Staël. Bonaparte, born for a military career, commenced it under the

gentle auspices of Madame de Beauharnais. Even Louis the Eighteenth himself, that fat, and aged, and clever monarch, bestowed more pains* on writing his pretty little billets-doux, than he had ever given to the dictation of the Charta.

There was a back way to the Council Chamber, which even his infirmities did not close; and many were the gentle lips, as some persons have confessed to me, that murmured over "amo," in its different moods and tenses, in the vain hope of rivalling Mesdames P*** and D*** in the classical affections of this royal and lettered gallant.

It was under this influence, indeed, that the unfortunate King succumbed: as it was with this influence that many of the faults, as well as many of the graces of the Restoration were combined.

"In 1815, after the return of the King," says a late author, "the drawing-rooms of Paris had all the life and brilliancy which distinguished them in the old regime. It is hardly possible to conceive the ridiculous, and often-times cruel sayings which were circulated in these pure and elegant saloons. The Princesse de la Trémouille, Mesdames d'Escars, de Rohan, and de Duras, were the principal ladies at this time, who ruled in the Faubourg St. Germain. With them you found the noble youth of the old families in France; the Generals of the allied armies; the young women exalted in their ideas of loyalty and loyal devotion; the more elderly ladies, celebrated in that witty and courtly clique for the quickness of their repartees, and the graces of their conversation; the higher functionaries of the Tuileries; the prelates and peers of France—and it was amidst the business of whist and the amorous whisperings of intrigue, that these personages discussed the means to bring back the olden monarchy, and to restore the reign of religion.

"There was, more especially among the women, an ardour for change, a passion for the divine rights of legitimacy, which blended naturally with their adulterous tenderness in favour of a handsome mousquetaire, or a well-grown lieutenant of the garde royale. Then it was, that with their nerves excited by love, they called for proscriptions, for deaths, for the blood of

* When Bonaparte entered the Tuileries, during the hundred days, he found many of these little billets, and a large collection of Louis's interesting correspondence. The Emperor would not hear of their being read or published.

Ney and Labédoyère! What must have been the violence of parties, when a young and beautiful female applauded the massacres of the South, and associated herself in thought with the assassins of Ramel and Lagarde!"

But if the women in France exercise, and sometimes exercise so fatally, a greater influence, than since the time of the Babylonians and the Egyptians they have been known to exercise elsewhere—no country has yet produced a race of women so remarkable, or one which affords history so many great names and great examples. I might take the reader back to the times of chivalry—but with these times the manners of our own may hardly be said to mingle. Let us look then at the annals of these very days! Who was the enemy most dreaded by the Mountain? Who was the rival that disputed empire with Napoléon? Madame Roland and Madame de Staël. These two women—alone, without fortune, without protection, save that of their own talent—boldly vindicated the power of the mind, before its two most terrible adversaries, and have triumphed with posterity even over the guillotine and the sword. There is an energy, a desire for action, a taste and a capacity for business among the females of France, the more remarkable—from the elegance, the grace, the taste for pleasure and amusement with which this sterner nature is combined.

Observe!—from the very moment that women were admitted into society in France, they have claimed their share in public affairs.

From the time of Francis the First, when they established their influence in the court up to the present moment, when they are disputing the actual possession of the bar and the Chamber of Deputies, they have never shrunk from a contest with their bearded competitors. Excluded from the throne and sceptre by the laws, they have frequently ruled by a power stronger than all laws, and amidst a people vain, frivolous, gallant, chivalric, and fond of pleasure—amidst a people among whom the men have in their character something of the woman—the women have taken up their place in life by the side of the men.

More adroit in their conduct, more quick in their perceptions than the slower and less subtle sex, they have ruled absolutely in those times when adroitness of conduct and quick-

ness of perception have been the qualities most essential to preeminence; and even during the violent and passionate intervals which have demanded the more manly properties of enterprize and daring, they have not been altogether lost amidst the rush of contending parties and jarring opinions.*

Not a page in French history, from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth, but has to speak of some female reputation—nor is there a path to fame which female footsteps have not trod! Is royalty more historical than the names of de Montespan, de Maintenon, de Pompadour? What chief of the Fronde do we know better than the Duchesse de Longueville? What diplomatist of Louis XIV. better than the Princesse des Ursins? What clever and able intrigant of the regency better than Madame de Tencin? And then, who does not remember the ingenious Scudéry—the epicurean Ninon—the dear and agreeable Sévigné—the lettered and voluptuous Marion de Lorme—the virtuous Chéron—the celebrated and learned Dacier—the amiable Staël (Mademoiselle Delauny)—the infortunate Duchâtelet—the witty Dudeffend—the graceful Deshoullières? Such are the familiar names of a past generation. Have we not those of d'Abrantès, Gay, Girardin, Tastu, Allart, Dudevant (G. Sand), in our own?

Go to France, and you will find that even costume itself is not considered an insuperable barrier between the sexes. Certes, any good citizen of London would be strangely surprised if he found her Majesty Queen Adelaide amidst the most retired recesses of Windsor Park, skipping over the daisies and buttercups in a pair of breeches! and yet, so lately, when royalty in France was more essentially a spectacle, and every eye was turned on the unfortunate family again passing into exile, it struck no one with astonishment, no one with disgust, that the mother of Henry V. should appear masqueraded as one of her pages.† More is contained in a fact of this sort than we generally suppose! Besides there are various examples (the Chevalier d'Eon is one of the most notorious) where French women have not only attired themselves as males, but actually pursued through life a masculine career.

* It was the women marching to Versailles that created one of the most remarkable epochs of the revolution of 1789.

† See the description of the Duchesse de Berri's dress.

Never have the French armies been engaged in the neighbourhood of France without there being many of those females, of those delicate and fragile females, whom one sees in the *salons* of Paris, slain on the field of battle—to which they had been led—not so much by a violent passion for their lovers (French women do not love so violently), as by a passion for that action and adventure which they are willing to seek even in a camp.

At the battle of Jemmapes, Dumourier had for his aides-de-camp two of the most beautiful, the most delicate, and accomplished young women in society of the time: equally chaste and warlike, these modern Camillas felt a veneration for the profession of arms—they delighted in the smoke of the cannon and the sound of the trumpet. Often, a general told me, in the most desperate cries of the battle, he has heard their slender but animated voices reproaching flight, and urging to the charge; "Où allez-vous, soldats? ce n'est pas là l'ennemi! —En avant! suivez!"—and you might have seen their waving plumes and amazonian garb amidst the thickest of the fire.

In the duel of the Marquise de B—— you see, in the time of Louvet, and in the romance of Faublas, the manners and the disposition—the reckless and the daring character—of the ladies of the court, previous to the Revolution. It happens that a similar event actually occurred to my knowledge, not many years ago. Charged with infidelity to her lover, by a person who falsely boasted of her favours, a lady challenged the slanderer under an assumed name, and moreover wounded him desperately in the rencontre.

It is to this bold and restless disposition, favoured by past institutions, that you must attribute the independence which French women assert—and the power which they have enjoyed, and still maintain,—aided, no doubt, by the general character of their nation, which denies many of the more stern and governing qualities of the mind to the men.

But let it not be supposed that, if a French woman possess power, she holds it in carelessness or indolence,—that it costs her no pains to procure its possession, or to secure its continuance.

How is it possible that an English woman, such as we ordinarily find the English women of London society—how is it possible that such a woman should possess the slightest

influence over a man three degrees removed from dandyism and the Guards? What are her objects of interest but the most trumpery and insignificant? What are her topics of conversation but the most ridiculous and insipid? Not only does she lower down her mind to the level of the emptiest-pated of the male creatures that she meets, but she actually persuades herself, and is actually persuaded, that it is charming and feminine, &c. to do so. She will talk to you about hunting and shooting—that is not unfeminine! oh no! But politics, the higher paths of literature, the stir and action of life, in which all men worth any thing, and from whom she could borrow any real influence, are plunged—of these she knows nothing, thinks nothing—in these she is not interested at all; and only wonders that an intellectual being can have any other ambition than to get what she calls good invitations to the stupidest, and hottest, and dullest of the stupid, hot, and dull drawing-rooms of London. There are of course reasons for all this; and I agree with a late work* in asserting one of these reasons to be the practice which all England insists upon, as so innocent, so virtuous, so modest, so disinterested, viz.:—"bringing out"—as it is called—a young woman at sixteen, who is ushered into a vast variety of crowded rooms, with this injunction: "There, go; hunt about and get a good," *which means a rich*, "husband."

This command, for Miss is greatly bored with Papa and Mamma and the country-house, and the country parson, is very readily obeyed. Away she starts—dances with this man, sighs to that; and as her education has not been neglected, she ventures, perhaps, at the first onset, to give vent to a few of those ideas which her governess, or her reading, or the solitude of her early life have given birth to. Woe upon her! The rich young man who has such a fine property in —— shire, and who is really so very good-looking, and so very well-dressed, opens his eyes, shrugs up his shoulders, turns pale, turns red, and looks very stupid and very confused, and at the first opportunity glides away, muttering to an acquaintance, "I say, what a d—d blue that girl is." Never mind, my good young lady! In a second season, you will be as

* England and the English.

simple and as silly as your chaperon can desire. Do but go on —a constant succession of balls, and parties, and listless conversations, will soon make you all the most plotting mother can desire—and all I regret is, that when you have at last succeeded in the wearisome aim of your youth, when you have fixed the fate of some wealthy, and perhaps titled booby, a constant habit of dulness will have been generated from the stupidity that was necessary to secure him.

Of late years this misfortune has been increasing; because of late years fortune and rank have been more entirely separated from talent and education; to such a degree indeed has it increased—that no man, after his reason has burst its leading-strings, ever now exposes himself to the insufferable ennui of general society.

In England, then, the persons who are engaged in those pursuits which give public influence, fly, as from a pestilence, what is called a life of pleasure, and which, instead of being a relaxation to a set of thinking and active human creatures, has become a business to a class of persons who have neither thought, nor capability for action.

When a woman comes into the world in France, she comes into the world with no pursuit that distracts her from its general objects. Her own position is fixed. She is married, not sold, as the English people believe—not sold in any degree more than an English young lady is sold—though she has not been seen panting from party to party in quest of a buyer.*

Young women, then, come into society in France with a fixed position there, and are generally interested in the subjects of general interest to the world. The persons and the pursuits that they find most distinguished, are the persons and the pursuits that most attract their attention. Educated, besides, not with the idea that they are to catch a husband, but that they are to have a husband, as a matter of course, caught

* A marriage takes place in France under the following circumstances:—The friends of the two parties agree, that if the young people like one another a very suitable connexion might be formed. The young people then meet, and, if they are to each other's taste, the match takes place; and surely this is as sentimental, and as delicate, as teaching a young lady everything that can solicit a declaration of marriage, and which, you may depend upon it, she does not forget afterwards, when any declaration she receives must be a declaration of love.

for them—a husband whom they are not obliged to seduce by any forced and false expressions of affection—but to take quietly from their friends, as a friend,—they occupy themselves at once with this husband's interests, with this husband's occupations, and never imagine that they are to share his confidence, but on the ground that they understand his pursuits—whoever be their lover, their husband is their companion.*

I was talking one evening with the master of the house where I had been dining, on some subject of trade and politics, which I engaged in unwillingly, in the idea that it was not very likely to interest the lady. I was soon rather astonished, I confess, to find her enter into the conversation, with a knowledge of detail and a right perception of general principles, which I did not expect. "How do you think," said she to me, when I afterwards expressed my surprise, "that I could meet my husband every evening at dinner, if I were not able to talk on the topics on which he has been employed in the morning?" An English fine lady would have settled the question very differently, by affirming as an undeniable proposition, that politics and such stuff were great bores, and that a man, to be agreeable, must talk of balls, and operas, and dress.

But it is not only in high society, and in good society, in the *salon* and in the *boudoir*, that you find the female in France take an important position. It is the same in the comptoir, in the café, and at the shop. She is there also the great personage, keeps the accounts, keeps the money, regulates and superintends the business. Go even into a sword-maker's, or a gun-maker's; it is as likely as not that you will be attended to by a female, who will handle the sword and recommend the gun; and there is a mixture of womanly gentleness and masculine decision in the little creature—so easy, so unembarrassed, so prettily dressed, and so delicately shaped—that you are at a loss to reconcile with all your preconceived notions of effrontery on the one hand and effeminacy on the other.

* Matrimonial morality is not high in France. I grant it. But this proceeds from a variety of causes with which the system of giving in marriage (a system which prevails all over the Continent, and in countries where the ladies are quite as faithful as our own) has nothing in the world to do.

There is generally some trait in the domestic habits of a country which may seem at a casual glance unimportant, but which is connected more closely than you imagine with the whole social system that custom, history, and character have established.

If I wanted an illustration of this, I would take the still prevailing custom that banishes women from the dinner-table in England as soon as a certain state of hilarity, or a certain seriousness becomes visible. A profound observer sees in this little fact alone a distinction which must affect the laws, the morality, the crimes, and the amusements of a whole population. He sees at once that the one sex is not a free participator in the plans, and the projects, and the pleasures of the other. He sees at once how this fact extends itself over our society and our statute-book, our prisons and our public-houses; and many of the differences that he finds between the French and the English—differences sometimes to the advantage of one people, sometimes to the advantage of the other—he is prepared to account for by the different relations that exist in France and in England between the two sexes. Let it be crime, or pleasure, conspiracy, assassination, or debauch—whatever takes place in France, be sure that the influence of woman has been felt upon it, that the passions of woman have been mingled up with it;* for the same feelings and the same energies which make us capable of great things, propel us on to bad; and if we wish to find the most innocent, I fear we must seek for them, as in Paraguay, among the weakest of mankind.

There is a remarkable phenomenon in France, which contrasts itself with what occurs in almost every other country. In England, it is a melancholy fact, that many of the miserable creatures who at midnight parade the streets, and whose only joy is purchased for a penny at Mr. Thompson's gin-shop, have fallen, per chance, but a few months since, from situations of comfort, honesty, and respectability. In France, the woman who begins with the most disgusting occupation on the Boulevards, usually contrives, year after year, to ascend one step after another into a more creditable position.† The hope and

* Vidocq's Memoirs abound in proofs of this.

† A great many of the furnished hotels in Paris are kept by women of this description; some of these hotels belong to them—for whenever they have money sufficient they always invest it in property of this description.

the desire to rise never forsake her; notwithstanding her vanity and her desire for dress, and her passion for pleasure, she husbands her unhappy earnings. There is a kind of virtue and order mingling with the extravagance and vice which form part of her profession. The aged mother, or the little sister, is never forgotten. She has not that first horror of depravity which is found amongst our chaster females; but she falls not at once, nor does she ever fall lower than necessity obliges her. Without education, she contrives to pick up a certain train of thought, a finesse, and a justness of ideas—a thorough knowledge of life and of character—and, what perhaps is most surprizing of all, a tact, a delicacy, and an elegance of manners, which it is perfectly marvellous that she should have preserved—much more that she should have collected from the wretchedness and filth which her life has been dragged through. In the lowest state of infamy and misery, she cherishes and displays feelings you would have thought incompatible with such a state; and as one has wept over the virtues and the frailties of the dear and beautiful, and imaginary Manon l'Escaut, so there are real heroines in Vidocq, whom our sympathy and our affection accompany to the galleys.

Such are the women of France! The laws and habits of a constitutional government will in a certain degree affect their character; will in a certain degree diminish their influence; but that character is too long confirmed, that influence is too widely spread for the legislation which affects them on the one hand, not to be affected by them on the other—and it would take a revolution more terrible than any we have yet seen, to keep the Deputy at the Chamber after six o'clock in the evening, and to bring his wife to the conviction that she was not a fit companion for him after dinner. Still, undoubtedly, there has been a change, not as much in the habits of do-

The commonest of Madame Leroi's little apprentices has an air, and a manner, and a tone, that approach her to good society—a mind of natural distinction, which elevates her at once above the artificial lessons of good breeding, and makes her, grammar and orthography excepted, just what you find the fine lady:— you see that the clay of which both are made is of equal fineness; and that it is only by an accident that the one has been moulded into a marquise—the other into a milliner. There is hardly an example of a French woman, suddenly elevated, who has not taken, as it were by instinct, the manners belonging to her new situation. Madame du Barry was as remarkable for her elegance as the Duchesse de Berri.

mestic, as in the habits of political life; and though the husband and the lover are still under feminine sway, the state is at all events comparatively free from female caprice. Is it on account of the power they possess, or because that power appears rather on the decline, that the more sturdy heroines of the day have raised the old standard of the immortal Jeanne, and with the famous device, "Notre bannière étant au péril, il faut qu'elle soit à l'honneur,"* march to what they call the deliverance of female kind?

I was present in the Rue Taranne at one of the weekly meetings which take place among these high-spirited ladies, and I own that as I cast my eye round the room upon the unprepossessing countenances of the feminine apostles who preached the new doctrine of masculine obedience, I could at all events perfectly conceive that there were some conditions between the sexes which they would naturally desire to see altered.

An old gentleman, a member of the *Institut*, and decorated with a red ribbon—an old gentleman, a very kind and amiable but debile-looking old gentleman, was raising a tremulous and affrighted voice, in the vain endeavour to calm the eloquent passions of his agitated audience, who, after having commenced, in an orderly manner enough, by most timidly reading three or four cold and learned discourses, were now extemporising a confusion of clamours and contradictions, which justified, in some sort, their pretensions to a seat in their national assembly.

These most independent dames could no longer, it appeared, support the idea of being presided over by any thing that approached, even as much as the unhappy old academician, to the form and propensities of a man. And the question they called upon him to propose was—his retreat from the post of honour that he occupied, in favour of some one of the sage and moderate crew who, mounted on the chairs, on the table —vociferating, threatening, applauding—reminded one of the furies of Thrace, without giving one the least idea of the music of Orpheus. What became of that ancient gentleman—where he is—whether—his eyes torn from their sockets, his tongue from his mouth, his air from his head, his limbs from

* Motto of Jeanne d'Arc.

his body—he has joined in unhappy fractions the great substance and spirit of the universe—Heaven knows! I shudder to inquire—but on leaving him, I certainly felt far more impressed with pity for his situation than for that of the complaining ladies over whom he presided.*

The cry of this society, however, has found an echo even in the Royal Academy of Music, where you may see the "Revolt of the women" spreading confusion amidst the vast and beautiful galleries of the Alhambra. But if you really wish to find female power in that proud situation of pre-eminence in which "the Parisian philosophesses" wish to place it, go to the Ambigu Comique!... there you find

LE ROYAUME DES FEMMES.

Pièce fantastique en deux Actes.

Two French travellers, carried rather farther in a balloon than they had any idea of journeying, arrive at this powerful and enlightened kingdom, in which, strange to say, the language of France by some miracle is spoken. Here every thing is changed which under an abominable tyranny has flourished elsewhere—and the Queen at the head of a very lady-like Garde Nationale reminds her brave sisters in arms that the fate of their country, of their husbands, of their children, is in their hands, and that it is for them to protect a sex feeble and without defence.†

* It would be unjust, however, not to acknowledge that there were many ideas just and reasonable enough in the written discourses with which the evening's proceedings commenced. The orators on this occasion were, for the most part, governesses, who, as I understand, under the pretext of addressing themselves to the subject of education, to which the room and the president are dedicated, give vent to their notions as to the pursuits and the occupations to which the society ought properly to devote themselves.

I will not dismiss the subject of this meeting, without mentioning one proposition made that evening by a lady, and with which I must say I heartily concur, viz., that the members of this sect should be distinguished by—as she expressed herself—"a piece of red or blue ribbon, or some other badge of distinction."

"Fænum habet in cornu, hunc tu," good reader, "caveto!"

† Nellora entre en scène; son costume est dans le même style que les autres, mais beaucoup plus riche; elle a une couronne sur la tête. Mouvement des femmes analogue à celui de nos soldats lorsqu'ils présentent les armes.

Nellora, après un salut affectueux de Rodolphe, se tournant vers les fem-

In this island,

La femme est pleine de valeur,
De force et de science;
Elle est soldat ou procureur:
Lois, commerce, finance,
Elle fait tout. . . . .
Et son amant?
Fait la soupe et garde l'enfant.

Jeune fille aux yeux séducteurs,
Près d'un garçon trop sage,
Pour cacher ses desseins trompeurs
Parle de mariage;
Le jeune homme modestement
Répond: *Demandez à maman.*
. . . . . .

And in fact the dignity of one's sex is somewhat shocked to find the Queen keeping her seraglio; an old dowager, a major of the Royal Guards, attempting to seduce the whiskered object of her affections by certain lucrative propositions; and a young

mes:—Mesdames et braves camarades, je suis contente de votre zèle, de votre bonne tenue. . . le sort de la patrie, celui de vos maris et de vos enfans est entre vos mains. . . *c'est à vous de protéger un sexe faible et sans défense.*

Air *d'Adolphe* Adam. (Introduction de Casimir.)

Guerrières de tous grades,
Dociles à ma voix,
Mes braves camarades,
Défendez à la fois
Le bon ordre et les lois.
Ce sexe qu'on encense
Vous promet au retour,
Pour votre récompense,
Le bonheur et l'amour.
En avant, en avant! *(bis.)*
Marchez, le pays vous appelle:
Courageux et fidèle
A la foi du serment,
Un soldat va toujours en avant.
Ce drapeau, quand il le faudra,
Signal de gloire,
A la victoire
Vous guidera.
Et vous, Messieurs, soyez toujours exempts d'alarmes,
Faut-il courir aux armes?
Nous sommes là.
(Chœur.) En avant, etc.

man of this remarkable kingdom weeping over the disgrace he has fallen into from his weakness in favour of a young lady, who, after profiting by a promise of marriage, refuses to keep her word.

But it would not be fair, in ridiculing the absurdities of women who are too mad or too ignorant to understand the extent of their folly—it would not be fair to deny, that, in the idea, which some foolish followers of a ridiculous system have made contemptible, there is, as that idea was first conceived, much justice and much benevolence. In opening other careers to female ambition—in making fame and fortune more easy of honest attainment, you would doubtless diminish that calamity which is engendered by necessity and ambition on the one hand, and the want of an honourable way to power and independence on the other. It would never enter into the head of any but a fanatic or a fool to dress up Mademoiselle Cécile in a judge's robes, or a field marshal's uniform; but it would be wise in a government to encourage and assist, as far as a government can encourage and assist, that development of intelligence and that habit of application which would give, in the various situations of life, every facility to the female who pursues a virtuous and useful avocation.*

Much of the fate of females must depend on the instruction they receive. One dislikes to indulge in theories which seem to have no immediate chance of realization; and when we see the wild doctrines of female licentiousness that are abroad in France, it appears almost absurd to show what might be done by female morality—yet, if it be possible to breathe a higher and purer tone into French society—and this is what French society wants—if it be possible to approach in peace the visions of St. Just, and to make virtue, honesty, and justice—*the order of the day*,—if it be possible to make that change in manners without which the laws which affect the surface of a nation will not penetrate to its core; if it be possible to do this —in a country where the influence of the sexes enters into al-

* In a country where the division of fortunes rarely throws a woman upon the world in an utter state of destitution, there is little real necessity for the vices she may fall into; nay, that any clamour should have been ever so indistinctly raised, for perfect equality between the sexes—shows the very great equality that in France really exists!

most every crime, it must be by making that influence serviceable to every virtue.

How are you to do this?—It is not so much the female mind that wants cultivating, it is the female character that wants exalting. The doctrine may be unpopular, but what you have to do cannot be done merely by the elegances of literature or the speculations of science. The education which you must give—to be useful must be—moral: must be an education that will give a chivalric love—such love as women are prone to feel—not for the romantic depravities of life—not for the mawkish devilry and romance of a *bourgeois Byron*, but for what is great and noble in life—for the noble heroism of a Farcy, for the political integrity of a Béranger.

The sex most capable of rewarding public virtue, should be taught to honour and admire public virtue—should be taught to admire public virtue as it was formerly taught to admire accomplished vice; should be taught to feel for the patriot what it feels for the soldier, and what too often it feels for the roué. The female mind should be hardened and strengthened by logical notions of right, as well as filled with the fanciful theories which a smattering of letters and philosophy inspires.

I fear this can hardly be done by laws; much towards it, however, might be done by a court patronizing merit and honouring principle; much towards it might be done by a government which, extending by its nature into every position and relation of society, has an opportunity in every village of distinguishing merit and rewarding virtue. At all events, whatever the court or the government can do for this object—that it ought to do; for there is no influence which should not be employed to elevate the morality of a people to whom Providence has denied the support of religion;—and the influence of which I have been speaking, is an influence which the history and the character of the French ally to sanction, and which will be working deeply to the injury of the state, if it be not turned to its advantage.

MILITARY INFLUENCE.

France under Richelieu.—Under Bonaparte.—Now.—Military spirit of each epoch.—The camp has entered into the city.—The duel of the Duc de Beaufort and of the Editor of the *National*.—The union between the sword and the tribune, impossible in England, may be possible in France.—The people who mourned Foy, Lamarque, Lafayette, mourned a type of themselves.

On a height which overlooked the plains of Roussillon,* and which commanded the dark ramparts of the city he was besieging—a cuirass on his breast—his bald head, the scene and the centre of so many plans, great and terrible, covered with the red cap of the church—stood *the Cardinal*—profound minister, astute favorite, great captain. All eyes were fixed on him, and he could be seen every where; and near him were the generals and the grand seigneurs of the monarchy, grand seigneurs whom he had made courtiers, and around him the chivalry and nobility of France. Never did a more loyal troop follow their sovereign, than that which galloped after King Louis, when, the eye bright, and the hand firm, he forgot the reveries of Chambord on the plains of Perpignan. Many and brave cavaliers were there. When was the oriflamme unfurled in olden times, and that a brilliant army was not ready to follow the white pennon? Yet, the army of France under Richelieu was not France. The priest who humbled the aristocracy had not ventured to open its honours to the nation.

Twenty-one years ago, in that palace which has since known more than one master, you might have seen a man, at once a prey to his ambitious follies and his reasonable fears—with the brow bent, and the lip curled—now pacing his chamber for hours—now stretched for a day together, in still and mute concentration of thought, over immense maps, to which his conquests had given a new surface—nervous, restless, agitated,

* See the eloquent romance of Cinq-Mars.

as he said, by a destiny not yet accomplished—you might have seen that mysterious man, whose sword had already decided the fate of empires, meditating, almost in spite of himself, the scheme of a new conquest—of a conquest cast in the gigantic mould of his own genius, and which was to submit the oldest dynasties of Europe to the sway of an empire hardly yet seen rising from its foundations. Lo! he wakes from his stupor. "Vive la France! vive la grande armée!" sounds in his ear. And hark to the tramp of soldiers, and the beating of drums! and already, along the road of Germany, behold the triumphal arches—which should have been reserved for his return! And now may you see those stern and martial men, accustomed to the reception of conquerors—the head high, the step firm, the eye determined, the lip compressed. Now may you see those men—men of execution—men who only live in the hazards of adventurous action, brandishing their arms with a ferocious gaiety, and waiting in fixed devotion the commands of a chief, whose star has never yet paled on the field of battle.

Such was the army of France under Napoléon; but the army of France under Napoléon was not the nation of France. Bonaparte reigned in an immense camp, which was guarded from the approach of the people.

"La France n'est qu'un soldat," said M. de Châteaubriand, in the first of those eloquent pamphlets, which showed that his genius was not on the decline. Yes, the army of France *is now* the nation of France; but the nation of France is *more than an army*. France is not only a soldier—France is more than a soldier. But do not expect that you can at once sweep away the effects of centuries! Do not expect that you can make a nation of warriors, by the scratch of a pen, a nation of legislators—rather expect that you will give to legislation the manners of war; that, instead of transporting the city into the camp, you will transport the camp into the city.* The ideas of the one will blend themselves with the institutions of the other. The feelings which Francis carried to Pavia, and which made Bonaparte refuse the peace of Chatillon—the feelings which the grand seigneur carried to Fontenoy, and the Republican

* There is a little book published in France, called "Almanach du Peuple," and intended to make the *government popular with the people*, and a parallel

soldier to Marengo—these feelings you may expect to find in the cabinet of the poet, the deputy, and the journalist of the present day. The poet will fight for his verses, the grave constitutional senator for his opinions; and the time was when we might have seen B. Constant himself—his long white hair flowing loosely over his benevolent countenance, seated calmly on a chair—a crutch in one hand, a pistol in the other, and—an enemy at twelve paces.

Do not laugh at this, reader, because it would be ridiculous in England. France is not England, and never can be. Besides, the threads and cords of society are so mixed and intermingled, that it is almost impossible to trace the mysterious force which each exercises over the play of the other; and perchance it is this very military spirit, which now pervades all classes and professions of French society, and which keeps men perpetually mindful of the regard that they owe to one another— it is perchance this very military spirit which maintains order in the movement of the civil machine, shocked and deranged as it is, and as it has been; and allows a universal equality to exist, without engendering universal confusion. Be this as it may, in the various forms of society that France has yet known, that part of society governing for the moment, has always been agitated by the same spirit. Even in the times of the church, we have the old distich—

in two columns is drawn between the Government of the Restoration and the Government of July. Here I find—

Sous la Restauration.	*Depuis la Révolution.*
Le Gouvernement de la Restauration et les armées étrangères avaient fait abattre partout les statues de Napoléon—on faisait un crime aux vieux soldats de se souvenir de leur Empereur et des victoires de Marengo, d'Austerlitz et de Wagram.	Louis Philippe a fait replacer la statue du grand homme sur la colonne de la Place Vendôme.
* * * * *	
So far, so good!—but what follows?—	
* * * *	
Notre armée était *réduite à* 250,000 *hommes.*	L'armée est aujourd'hui *portée à* 400,000 *hommes!!!*

I should like to see the government in England, that, by way of making itself popular, boasted that it had doubled the army.

" Un archevêque est amiral,
Un gros évêque est caporal;
Un prélat préside aux frontières,
Un autre a des troupes guerrières;
Un capucin pense aux combats,
Un cardinal a des soldats."

The precepts of the church did not alter the character of the people; the character of the people carried war into the peaceful bosom of the church.*

But let us draw a parallel; it will show the genius of the French, the influences and the manners of two times.

In 1652 the Duc de Beaufort and Duc de Nemours met behind the Hôtel de Vendôme; the Duc de Beaufort, accompanied by the Comte de Barry, the Duc de Nemours by the Duc de Villars. In addition to these noblemen the princes brought each three gentlemen of their suite. They fought five to five, and the Duc de Nemours was killed.

This happened in 1652—now let us turn back to the literary quarrels of last year, and the manner in which they were settled. The Corsaire laughs at the Duchesse de Berri, and the editor of a legitimist paper calls out the editor of the Corsaire. The editor of the Corsaire is wounded; but, though his hand is disabled, the colour of his ink is not altered, and he very fairly says that he will have his joke for his wound. The Duchesse is still laughed at as much as before.

" That will not do," says the legitimist, and he calls out the satirist again; but the latter shakes his head this time, and shows his arm in a sling. " He can't always be fighting."—" Ho! ho!" says M. Carrel, the warlike editor of the National, whose semicolons almost look like inverted swords; " does any body want to fight?"—"We! we!" the National, and the editors of the National, " we will fight as much as you please." A challenge is immediately sent by a gentleman, and a journalist, whose name I forget; but, in the mean time, the editors of the liberal papers had had a consultation together, and agreed that

* One day the Abbé Maury was followed and insulted by the mob on coming out of the Assembly. One man came up to him and said—" Maury, veux-tu que j'aille te servir la messe?"—"Oui," replied Maury, showing two pocket-pistols—" Viens, voilà mes burettes."

if one fought all should fight, and that there should be a pitched battle of five on a side.*

Well, what is the difference between the two combats—the journalists five on a side, and the great noblemen five on a side—except that the one were journalists and the others great noblemen? But the journal to-day answers to the great nobleman of ancient time. We'll take the National for the Duc de Beaufort, for instance. The National has its three gentlemen attached to it now, as the Duc de Beaufort had his three gentlemen formerly attached to him.

The gentlemen who write for these papers answer—do not they?—to the gentlemen who were attached to the houses of these grand seigneurs!—the great families of France—its great fortunes—are gone. The whole power of the government and of society is changed; but the feelings formerly represented by one class have found their way into another. How do you account for this? The equality which existed among the French nobility has descended and exists now among all classes—the military spirit and the military manners of France have done the same—for the character of a nation will penetrate all its institutions—will give its air and physiognomy to every form of government which that nation essays, and even to which the character of that nation seems opposed. †

But it is not only that we find the soldier's character stamped on the citizen; we also find the soldier prominent in the different pursuits of the city.

What man more known to succeed in that society where a certain air of gaiety and gallantry captivates the women, whose reign of coquetry is drawing to a close, and excites the admi-

* When the gentleman commissioned to carry a hostile message to M. Carrel made his appearance, he was informed of this resolution; "But," said M. C. "there is no rule without its exception. I will be the exception, and fight your friend, sir, as a particular favour, to-morrow morning." They fought, and wounded one another severely. But the great battle was still to have taken place, and it was by an accident that we lost the spectacle of ten gentlemen of the press stripped to their shirts, and, sword in hand, thrusting quart and tierce up to their knees in snow, in a quarrel respecting the virtue of the Duchesse de Berri.

† I say nothing of the army, and its spirit, and its discipline here, since I hope, at a future time, to go more fully into that subject.

ration of the young men who are just beginning to be à-la-mode, than Col. —— ?

A lively and agreeable countenance, over which an eye that flashes fire, and a slight but dark moustache throw a martial air of energy and determination; that sort of wit which is always delivered à-propos, and which rather consists in having something on all occasions ready to say, than in the precise excellence of what is said; a peculiar turn of phrase, which somehow or other gives you an idea, but an agreeable idea, of his profession; and a manner of speaking, soft but short, and full of a slight emphasis, which as he pronounces his words gives a value to them above their meaning: these are the qualities, assisted by an imperturbable impudence, and an excellent education, which have given to this hero of the drawing-room the notoriety he possesses. Magnificent, prodigal, studying effect in his expenses, and desirous to give to his premeditated follies the air of a careless extravagance—famous for the bills he owes for bonbons, and the money he has spent in canes—famous also for his intrigues behind the scenes of the *Français*, in the foyers of the Opera, and in the salons of the Faubourg St. Germain—perfect in the art of ripening one intrigue before he passes from the other, and deriving much of his pleasure from the pain he inflicts—ready to give offence, to take offence—great gambler, great duellist, and fortunate as both—this gentleman is the idol of a circle whose praise one courts at twenty, and despises ten years afterwards.

Col. —— is another character, entirely different from the one I have just been describing; for he is the model of a soldier, such as we figure a soldier in the times of sensibility, chivalry, and *parfait amour*. Passionate, nervous, incapable of rest, he has had but two idols,—peril and the woman he loved. Has he no softer object to transport, torment, irritate, and occupy him?—*malheur à l'état!*—he conspires. But do not imagine that his character changes in his new part; that he is less frank, less open; that he does not say all that he thinks, all that he does. Listen to him! he will tell you that the scheme is almost organized, that so many men are ready in such a province, that so many barrels of powder are concealed in such a cellar in Paris; that the day is fixed; that

success is certain. He is so frank that he deceives every one. The police are disconcerted, they cannot believe in arrangements that are publicly talked of at Tortoni's; a shower of rain, a change of humour, or the sight of a pretty foot, deranges the plot, and the conspiracy sleeps for a while in the arms of a new mistress.

—— dreams of the noblest things, and as his physical force never yields before his desires, he imagines himself capable of carrying the state upon his shoulders, of restoring, destroying; his breast is a volcano of resolutions, of plans half organized, long meditated, and then, in turn, abandoned. But, if you told him that he mistook restlessness for activity, discontent for ambition, a love of change for a love of liberty, and the follies of a vague enthusiasm for the concentrated plans of genius, he would believe that you totally misunderstood his character, and rush with redoubled passion into some new absurdity, in order to prove that he deserved the title of *wise and great* which you refused to him.

This man is irritable, jealous, vain, and easily affronted—but, if he knows you well, his anger soon ceases; for he is generous, tender, and desirous of communicating his emotions. His friends are few; these he loves passionately, and they are generally in a worse position than himself—perhaps, because such are more likely to forgive the irregularities of his temper, and to worship the virtues he possesses; perhaps, because he has a sort of instinctive adoration for poverty, which corresponds with the rudeness and at the same time awakens the kindness of his nature. With the rest of his sex he is boastful, overbearing, full of his own merits and exploits; always talking of the army, "the great army," for he despises sedentary pursuits, and deems that incapability of repose is an aptitude for action. With women his heart melts: he is all softness, delicacy, gentleness. If he speak with affection, the tears are in his eyes; if he love, his passion knows no bounds; his gallantry is romantic, ardent, respectful: his features are strong and coarse, his person uncouth, and gigantic—but if Louis XIV. were alive, he would have no occasion to tell the ladies of his court "qu'il étoit le plus beau,—parcequ'il étoit le plus brave de son royaume." Plain, slovenly, savage, he has been listened to by the most spiritual and elegant women of his time; vain,

disinterested, brave, and passionate to excess, he has in turn been deemed a hero when he boasted of his exploits, an adventurer when he refused to receive a fortune, a man full of ambition when he was only occupied by love. He seems an anachronism in his time; he represents a part of it.

Alike dissimilar from the two persons whose sketches I have just been giving, General —— obtained and deserved a more solid reputation than either. His life was not formed on the scandalous memoirs of a Duc de Richelieu, nor would it afford an episode to the romance of Amadis in the desert. Gallant, courteous, endowed with equal firmness and reflection; the rigid observer of subordination in the camp, the warm defender of liberty in the tribune; sincere, independent, unaffected—uniting the somewhat brusque manner of Napoléon's soldier with the polished address that would have charmed the court of Louis XV.—in my recollections of General ——, I almost see a military model for the rising generation of his country. When I knew this very remarkable person, fatigue, sickness, and meditation—the toils of war, and the changes of climate, had bronzed the fine and delicate and womanlike features of his youth, and rendered a countenance, which was naturally effeminate, severe and stern.

General —— was acquainted with all subjects, and spoke well upon all; but his sentiments did not come from him with that easy flow, or with that passionate vehemence, which marks the man of imagination and enthusiasm: they were rather delivered in observations, separate and apart, observations remarkable for the tact with which they were turned, acute, elegant, and especially satiric.—The great man of his time—legislator, warrior, statesman—he could not have been either of those men in whom these characters were most remarkably found conjoined. More vain and imperious than the simple Washington; more generous and patriotic than the selfish and ambitious Napoléon; more cold and more proud than the fanatical and deceitful Cromwell, he was too haughty to have sunk calmly into the private citizen of the republic, too just to have mounted the throne of the empire, too eloquent to have taken the mace from the table of a House of

Commons. Fond of honour, he would have sacrificed it to liberty; fond of liberty, he might have sacrificed it to glory; the statesman, he would have been the soldier; but in the camp he would not have resigned the Chamber.

Fortunate in most things, Gen. —— was more especially fortunate in living at the moment most favourable to his genius, and in dying at the moment most susceptible to his loss.

These are characters taken from the society of France, and thus we see—now in the journalist with the sword in his hand —now in the General delivering his speech—the same influence still predominating;—and let it be so!

There are political truths equally applicable to all States arrived at a similar epoch of civilization; but they will vary in their application according to the history, the customs, the ideas they meet with among the people to whom they are applied. To these variations give a full and unlimited scope; it is the only method by which you can blend the ideas of the few with the habits of the many, and give the life which you derive from ancient customs to a new constitution.

Where the same species of government finds a new soil, a different genius presides over its foundations. Thus may we see two oaks, whose height and grandeur are nearly the same, lifting with equal majesty their heads to heaven, but their roots will all the while be taking a different course; for in nature and society there is a secret sympathy—and as the fibres of the tree will, if they meet a stone or a ditch, strike under it, in order to escape the obstacle or avoid the cold;—so the interior course of institutions, regulated by obscure causes, is oftentimes shaped in darkness, and, escaping your observation, defies your control.

France, then, may yet be able to blend a military spirit with a free constitution, and the sword which, appearing as an accident in England, banished the mace of civil authority from the House of Commons, seen here as a custom, may lie side by side with it in the Chamber of Deputies. This idea, as it seems to me, should be present to the Monarch who governs the French; the people who have just mourned Lamarque and

Lafayette, saw in the General and the Legislator the type of their own mind.*

* *Time that France has passed in war from the Thirteenth to the Eighteenth Century.*

In the fourteenth century, forty-three years of war: *i. e.* five of civil war, thirteen of war off the territory, twenty-five of war on the territory, of France.—In this period there were fourteen great battles,—among others, that of Courtrai, where the Flemish won four hundred pair of spurs from the French knights; and that of Poictiers, where the King of France was taken prisoner.

In the fifteenth century, seventy-one years of war: *i. e.* thirteen of civil war, forty-three of war on the territory, and fifteen of war carried out of the territory, of France.—In this period there were eleven great battels—Agincourt, Castillon, and Montlhéry were among the number.

In the sixteenth century, eighty-five years of war: *i. e.* forty-four of war off the French territory, eight of war on the French territory, and thirty-three of civil and religious war.—In this period there were twenty-seven great battles.

In the seventeenth century, sixty-nine years of war: *i. e.* eleven of civil war, fifty-two of war carried off the French territory, and six of religious war.—In this period there were thirty-nine great battles.

In the eighteenth century, fifty-eight years of war: *i. e.* one of religious war, six of civil war, and fifty-one of war off the French territory.

Thus in the space of five centuries we have

Civil war . . .	35 years.
Religious war . .	40 years.
On the French territory .	76 years.
Off the French territory .	175 years.
Total . . .	326 years.

During which time were fought one hundred and eighty-four great battles.

LITERARY INFLUENCE.

The anniversary of Molière.—Speech of M. Thiers.—The man of letters is what the Baron and the Courtier were.—The literary man in France is what he is not in America, Germany, and England.—Election of Finsbury.—The false conclusions drawn during the Reform bill, as to the respect which would be afterwards felt for men of letters.—How a love of letters grew up in France.—The causes that extend a power need not be those which have created it.—If you wish to create a love for the arts, and for science, in England, how you must do it.—Dr. Bowring's evidence on the silk trade.—What are the advantages that England would derive from a taste for the arts.—How men of science and letters have been encouraged in France.—List.—Public establishments in France.—Ecole des Arts et Métiers.—What is honoured by the state is honoured in society.—Situation of literary men in France and literary men in England.—Unhappy situation of the latter.—Causes.—The French might even derive more advantages than they have yet done from their national love of science and letters.—New aristocracy that might be based upon it.

16th January, 1832.—It is the anniversary of Molière. . . . "Le Théâtre Français joue le Misanthrope et le Malade Imaginaire, avec la cérémonie. Mademoiselle Mars et l'élite de la troupe joueront dans cette représentation. L'anniversaire de la naissance de Molière sera aussi célébré au faubourg St. Germain. L'Odéon jouera Tartuffe et le Médecin malgré lui." * I copy this paragraph from the newspaper. Every year, on the same day, is observed and celebrated the birthday of Molière, by the great Theatre of France.† On this day one of his comedies is invariably given, and the best performers, male and female, appear in any part, however inconsiderable, that may be assigned to them. Some piece, made for the oc-

* "The French Theatre will give The Misanthrope and The Malade Imaginaire, with the usual ceremony. Mademoiselle Mars and the *élite* of the company will perform in this representation. The anniversary of Molière will also be celebrated in the faubourg St. Germain. The Odéon will give the Tartuffe and the Médecin malgré lui."

† The great Comedian's bust is placed in the middle of the theatre; the comedians, all in the costume of some of the great parts in Molière, walk in procession round the theatre, salute the assembly, and lay, one after the other, a laurel branch at the foot of the statue.

casion, as the "Ménage de Molière," follows, or an ode in honour of the great French dramatist is recited, and the evening concludes with the ceremony, sacred in the place where it is performed, "the Crowning of the Statue of Molière," amidst the shouts and the tears, the religious joy and veneration, with which the populace of Paris hail a triumph of the arts.

One of the influences most powerful in France, and most visible in every society of France, is, undoubtedly, the influence of letters. "I begin my political life," said M. V. Hugo, when his tragedy of "Le Roi s'amuse" was prohibited;—and in a country where the public take so deep and lively an interest in literature, the prohibition of a tragedy is, in fact, the commencement of a political life. At the very moment that I am writing, the words yet ring in my ear which I heard one of the most distinguished members address the other evening to the Chamber of Deputies.—"And I—I who am speaking to you, Messieurs, when people talk to you of an aristocracy and the influence of an aristocracy, what am I? What am I, whom you think worthy of your attention; who take my place on yonder bench, by the side of men who have gained battles;* by the side of men bearing the noblest names † in France? What am I, Messieurs, but an humble man of letters, whom a little talent, kindly noticed, introduced amongst you?"

There are countries, the monarchs of which show an enlightened sense of the dignity with which men of learning and science decorate their dominions—there are countries in which you will find ambassadors and ministers as eminent for their literary attainments as for their high political station; but in no country do literature and science open so free, and honourable, and independent a career as in that France, which M. Thiers addressed from the national tribune, in the few touching words that I have just cited.

"Overturn the monarchy:—give me the liberty of the press, and I will restore it in six months,"‡ was the noble expression of an author confident in his talent, confident in the genius of his countrymen, and only wrong in the folly of his cause. A

* Looking at Marshall Soult.
† Looking at the Duc de Broglie.
‡ M. de Châteaubriand.

great writer in France is a great power. The baron of feudal times sallied forth against his neighbour, or his sovereign, with his armed retainers at his heels; and in those days of violence the goodness of the right depended on the goodness of the sword. The courtier in France, who succeeded the baron, abandoned the glaive and the gauntlet—for the Graces—and trusted to an appropriate smile and a well-turned compliment for the success of his career. But mark yonder pale young man; feeble in his person, slovenly in his dress—holding his pen with a trembling hand, doubled up over his paper! That young man has come from some mean abode, from some distant province, where, amidst penury and insignificance, with his eyes now fixed on the page of history, now on the heading of a newspaper, he has long indulged his reveries of immortality and his hopes of power.* In him see the baron and the courtier of the day—he attacks the monarch or the minister, but it is not with the falchion and the lance. He glides into the cabinet and the boudoir, not in a powdered wig and an embroidered waistcoat, but bound in vellum. He does not measure his force or his address with your's, but his intelligence;—he is the person to admire; he is the person to fear; he is the person, in France, which he is nowhere else.

He is the person in France that he cannot be in America, for there is no superstition for the arts in America; the vanity of wealth, the natural consequence of a nation depending wholly on its industry and its commerce, predominates over the diviner thoughts and more graceful occupations of letters. He is the person in France that he cannot be in Germany—for in Germany, a *von* before your name is a matter of social necessity; to be "well born," or to be "nobly born," or to be "right-nobly born," is a matter submitted to historical rules, and the superscription of a letter demands the profoundest study, the most accurate knowledge, the nicest distinctions. He is the person in France that he cannot be in England—

* Mirabeau, consulted by the Queen of France; and the Institut admitted to the Council of Napoléon:—these are the pictures present to the young man, who in some remote village, surrounded by poverty, and born a little above the plough, pursues with indefatigable perseverance studies, which he sees every day conducting his fellows to the highest situations in letters and the state, and which, if sometimes a cause of misery to himself, are still a source of energy, and strength, and prosperity, to his country.

for, in England, politics is the only passion of the men, fashion the only idol of the women—for, in England, to be a blockhead is far more pardonable than to live in a bad street—for, in England, to have voted against the house and window-tax would win you more favour than to have written the profoundest work on legislation.

Observe! Messrs. Cousin and Villemain and Royer Collard are made peers, because they are very learned and eloquent professors. M. Delamartine is elected a representative of the French people on account of his poems—M. Arago on account of his mathematical acquisitions—M. Thiers on account of his talent as a journalist and an historian.—This takes place in France—and what takes place in England?

THE CLOSE OF THE POLL AT A LATE CONTEST.

Duncombe	2,497
Pownall	1,839
Wakley	677
BABBAGE	383

The most distinguished man of science at this moment in England appears upon the hustings as candidate for a great metropolitan district—he professes liberal but moderate opinions, such as a life of reflection usually engenders. How is he received? Do the people feel grateful and flattered by the philosopher's appearing amongst them as a solicitor for popular honours? Do they esteem his search after their favour as almost the highest compliment that could be paid to popular rights? Are they sensible to the circumstance, that the individual who appears before them and says—"I prefer the pursuit which you can give me—I prefer the honours that you can confer upon me—I prefer the life that is to be passed in combating for your rights and your rewards—to the pursuits which have made me known throughout Europe; to the honours which would be showered upon me by every learned corporation; to the life that in calm and quiet would lead me to an immortal reputation."—Are they even aware that the person who says, or might say all this, is raising to the highest possible pitch the character and the career of a free state? Are they proud, and conscious of the fact, that the man who

offers to sacrifice his energies to their cause has, at the very moment he does so, the eyes of the learned and the wise directed from every corner of Europe on his labours?

No, they see nothing of this; they feel nothing of this. Mr. Duncombe's abilities and principles fully justify, in my opinion, the choice of his electors—I do not speak of M. Duncombe then,—but, mark! the unknown Tory, the violent and eloquent demagogue, every kind of man, is preferred to the man of science—and the person who, perhaps, more than any other without exception in this country, would, if he went to Paris or even to Berlin, or Petersburg, or Vienna, be courted and honoured by all who themselves received honour and courtship, hardly obtains one half of the votes of any other description of person in the popular borough of Finsbury!*

* I know there are some men of little minds ready at once to say—a man of science is not fitting to be a politician. No view is so narrow, so contrary to truth, to history, and to experience. In the three greatest politicians and generals of past times—Alexander, Julius Cæsar, and Napoléon Bonaparte—their love of letters and their knowledge of science are at least as conspicuous as their other attainments. The greatest orators and politicians that England has ever produced—Hampden, Shaftesbury, Bolingbroke, Pulteney, the Pitts, Fox, Sheridan, Windham, Canning, Burke, and let me add, Lord Brougham, and Sir Robert Peel, and Lord John Russell, and Sir John Hobhouse—have all been men of letters, and of business; sincerely and deeply attached to academical as to political pursuits; and finding time, as all men of active and clear minds do find time, for elevating and enlarging their views, for cultivating and improving their judgment and their fancy, as well as for handling and grappling with state affairs. "As for matter of policy and government," says Bacon, "that learning should rather hurt than enable thereunto is a thing very improbable; we see it is accounted an error to commit a natural body to empiric physicians, who commonly have a few pleasing receipts, whereupon they are confident and advantageous, but know neither the *causes* of diseases, nor the complexions of patients, nor peril of accidents, nor the true method of cures: we see it is a like error to rely upon advocates and lawyers, who are *only men of practice*, and not grounded in their books, who are many times easily surprised when matter falleth out besides their experience, to the prejudice of the causes they handle: so, by like reason, it cannot be but a matter of doubtful consequence, if states be managed by empiric statesmen, not well mingled with men grounded in learning. But contrarywise, it is almost without instance contradictory that ever any government was disastrous that was in the hands of learned governors. For however it hath been *ordinary with politic men to extenuate and disable learned men* by the names of pedants, yet in the records of time it appeareth in many particulars that the governments of princes in minority (notwithstanding the infinite disadvantage of that kind of state) have nevertheless excelled the government of princes of mature age, even for the reason which they seek to

I dwell the more upon this, because the most crude conclusions are drawn frequently from what are falsely seen as analogous facts. In the discussion on the Reform Bill, it was frequently argued that if the people of England had the free choice of their representatives, they would be sure to choose men of science and literature, because the people in France did—and this passed for excellent reasoning! Nay, if any one had possessed sufficient information for this, he might have pushed the argument still further, and proved pretty plausibly, that what happened in France would happen in a far greater degree in England. For instance, there rises a member of the House of Commons!—"Sir, the honourable gentleman says, that if the people of England had the choice of their representatives, men of science and letters would be excluded from this assembly. Was ever any thing so absurd? I beg gentlemen not to be drawn away by idle theories and vague declamations, I beg them to pay attention to facts. I beg them to see what happens from the people choosing their representatives in one country, and then draw their conclusions as to what would happen in another. When we are talking of England, let us look to France. In France, it is undeniable that men of letters and science are actually hunted out of their retreats, in order to be honoured with popular favours. Who does not remember M. Royer Collard, that learned professor, a man of no violent opinions, being chosen by eight different colleges? Well, sir, but are we less likely to choose men of letters and science than the people of France? Let us, I say again, look to facts. In France, there is not more than one person in

traduce, which is, that by that occasion the state hath been in the hands of pedants. Nay, let a man look into the government of the Bishops of Rome, as by name, into the Government of Pius Quintus and Sextus Quintus, in our times, who were both, at their entrance, esteemed but as pedantical friars, and he shall find that such Popes do greater things, and proceed upon truer principles of state, than those who have ascended to the papacy from an education and breeding in affairs of state and courts of princes. Neither can the experience of one man's life furnish examples and precedents for the events of one man's life: for as it happeneth sometimes that the grandchild, or other descendant, resembleth the ancestor more than the son, so many times occurrences of present times may sort better with ancient examples than with those of the latter or immediate times: and lastly, the wit of one man can no more countervail learning than one man's means can hold way with a common purse,"—and so he continues proving the activity of learned men in public affairs.—*See Bacon's Advancement of Learning.*

three who can read and write. But in England and Wales, taken upon an average, we find out of 14,000,000, nearly 7,000,000, that is nearly one in every two, who receive education. Is it not likely, is it not certain, that the most educated people will set the highest value on the acquisitions of knowledge? (Hear, hear!) Is not this clear, is not this incontrovertible? (Hear, hear, hear!) Sir, I say, that that which happens in France will happen in a greater degree in England, and that the honourable gentleman is as wrong in his conclusions as he was violent in announcing them." (Loud cheers.) "Those were very sensible remarks." "Yes, yes, he gave it him well," say two old Whig gentlemen, on the third of the treasury benches. Yet never was there such stuff, such miserable twopenny halfpenny twaddle! Never was man more completely wrong than the orator whom we will paint triumphing, if you please, in his success—never was man so wrong. And why? For the best and shortest and simplest and most incontrovertible of all reasons—because he was wrong; because the people of England, though there are more of them who read and write than there are of the people of France, have not, and will not, and cannot have, for long years to come, that love for letters and the arts, that respect for men of science and letters, which the French have, and which the French had—when, in calligraphy and orthography, they were many times more ignorant than they are at present.

It is folly to talk of reading and writing being alone sufficient to prevent crime. It is folly to imagine that reading and writing will necessarily open men's minds, in an extraordinary degree, to the perception of the elegant and to a sense of the beautiful and the sublime. It will do this to a certain degree; but people do not perceive that there will be other and pre-existent causes, which will influence the tastes, and the feelings, and the judgment, which writing and reading are calculated to produce—and that history, and society, and conquest, and even geographical position, all exercise as great an influence upon the knowledge derived from writing and reading as the mere knowledge of writing and reading exercises upon the mind itself. They do not see this; neither do they see that writing and reading form but a small part of the education of the man who also sees, and hears, and acts. No, nor do they even re-

cognize that the natural perceptions of some men, and of some races of men, are quicker, and keener, and more acute, than others—more likely to be acted upon by what pleases the senses than by what excites the mind—more likely to be affected by the beautiful than by the useful, by the showy than by the solid. That there are two countries, in each of which a certain number of the people read and write—proves what? That in these two countries this certain number do write and read. It proves this—it proves nothing more than this—unless you can show that in every other respect the people in the two countries are alike. If the French have an ardent passion for literature, a vast respect for men of letters, it is from a long series of facts, from a long train of events, as well as from a peculiar disposition with which these events and these facts naturally coincide. Here is a passion, here is a respect, which an increase of education, a spread of knowledge, will tend to increase and spread; because to that education and to that knowledge an impulse has been already given—because the feelings originally existed in a small circle, which are therefore naturally extended, as that small circle extends, into a large one.

When Louis the Fourteenth said to Racine, "What man do you think the greatest glory to my reign?" and Racine answered, "Molière"—there was no free press, no national education, none of those vast and noisy engines at work, by which we produce from the minds of the masses what is called public opinion.

Now, I said somewhere in the beginning of this book, that in a vain nation sentiments and habits descend from the higher classes to the lower, as in a voluptuous nation they ascend from the lower to the higher. It was the policy of Richelieu and Louis XIV.—it was the taste of the Regent, and the embroidered philosophy of the court of Louis XV., that gave to certain classes that love for the arts and that esteem for their professors, which the destruction of privileges, the division of property, all the circumstances which melted the court and the monarchy into the nation, blended with the great mass of the nation also.

It is to kings and to courts that the French people originally owe the predilection which many of you, my countrymen, ima-

gine to be naturally and necessarily the feeling of the multitude —it is from the education of the garden, of the gallery, and the theatre, that those tastes have in a great measure been derived, which many of you would attribute wholly to the school. It is, moreover, as the camp succeeded to the court—from war and from conquest—from the variety and the history which connect the chefs-d'œuvre of Raphael and Michael Angelo with the victories of Italy and Napoléon,* that a sentiment is felt for the picture-gallery and the statue-room, which many of you attribute to the improvements and the refinements of peace. And it is again owing to the quick and vivid perceptions, to the enthusiastic and admiring character of the French themselves, that so strong an impulse has been given to the natural effect of the causes I have described. Some of you still think in your hearts, perhaps, that it is only to the press, to the Chamber, to the long number of republican laws and free constitutions, which have succeeded with so much rapidity in France, that a mere man of letters became all of a sudden so proud a title. It is just the reverse—it was not because there was liberty, but because there was despotism; it was not because there was a free press, but because there was no free press; it was not because there was a popular assembly, but because there was no popular assembly—that literary men, as the only organs of enlightened opinion, became, towards the later days of the old régime, a second estate in the realm, and possessing extraordinary power, obtained an hereditary respect. †

* During the campaigns of Bonaparte, in addition to that knowledge which the view of other countries and the necessary study of other customs must have produced with the soldiers abroad—war contributed to the education of the peasant left at home, and the conscript who wrote to his family an account of his exploits stimulated the most ignorant of his village to acquire a knowledge necessary to give the key to so interesting a correspondence. And, in the same manner, from the successes of military despotism, the daily press acquired an interest, an influence, and a power, which at a later period it used against that despotism itself.

† I need hardly say that, in stating what have been the causes of a feeling in France which I would wish to see introduced into England, I by no means think the same causes necessary to introduce it into one country that did originally introduce it into the other. On the contrary—we must look at the feeling by itself—ask whether it be good or bad, advantageous or disadvantageous to a State—and, if we decide in favour of its advantage, turn our thoughts to the consideration—not of what grafted it on the French character, but of what might graft it on ours.

Such nonsense is it to embrace all advantages in one system, and to exclude them from another; so necessary is it in looking at the present to refer to the past; so sure are we to be wrong if we think one effect is always produced by one cause; or believe that the same events which confirm and extend a power have, as a matter of course, planted or produced it.

The authority of letters, now extending and maintaining liberty in France, originated in despotism—and the class carried by the revolution of July into office was encouraged under the ministry of Napoléon, and created by the policy of Richelieu. If you wish, as I wish, my readers, to encourage the arts, to raise in public estimation the character of men of letters in England, it is not by resigning yourselves to the belief that, because you find the one cultivated and the other respected where the people have power, the people having power will alone do this. Neither is it by imagining that ordinary education, which would be sufficient to spread and to increase a love for science and the arts where it already exists, is sufficient to generate that affection where it does not exist. Neither must you think that what has been produced by certain causes in one country requires the same causes to produce it in yours.

If you wish to introduce a love of the arts, and to elevate literary men in England, you must study the genius, the character, and the history of the English people. You must introduce the passion you wish to create, in the manner in which it can best blend with the dispositions that you already find. If you wish to wake the attention of a cold and apathetic people to the arts, you must multiply statues and forms of beauty in your public walks—you must let your galleries and your collections stand with doors wide open to the public.* If you

* There is no doubt that the circumstance of the best collections belonging, not to the State, but to individuals, and depending for their exhibition rather on private courtesy than on public advantage—has kept that taste among the higher classes, where it is only a personal accomplishment—from the lower, where it is a source of national prosperity. Instead of endeavouring to counteract this evil, the State seems to favour and to encourage it, and, at the door of galleries, called "public," you are impertinently, for it is "impertinently," requested to pay for your admission. Nor is this all. Whenever the question is agitated of how much you ought to do to encourage national taste, it is always discussed on the principle of how little you need do. Instead of seeing that, if we wish to rival France, we must *do more* than France, it is

wish to inspire a manufacturing people with any just idea of the value of sculpture and of painting, you must not simply institute schools of painting and sculpture, but schools that shall connect painting and sculpture with manufactures. If you wish among an aristocratical people to raise the situation of men of science and men of letters, you must not merely institute universities and societies, which shall keep men of letters and science apart from the rest of their fellow-citizens; you must confer such honours and distinctions upon literary and scientific labours as are obtained in the army, or at the bar, and not forbid the highest genius in literature to aspire to the same position and the same rank in society that even wealth and court favour are sufficient to give.

I do not, for my own part, see only evil in that species of aristocracy which has long existed in England. I may elsewhere have occasion to observe why I think the modified continuance of such an aristocracy still desirable. But if it continue, it will be by the enlargement and extension of that principle on which it has hitherto maintained itself—it will be by taking into its body all those who are formidable as its rivals. It will be by not considering itself apart from any set of men, who confer public benefit or enjoy popular favour. Had I to choose between the two, I should certainly prefer the aristocracy of birth and of land, to that which has bought its titles yesterday at the Stock Exchange. But the time is approaching when neither the one nor the other will be able to stand alone. The time is approaching when an hereditary aristocracy must receive support from an aristocracy that is not hereditary—and the alliance which it formerly made with talent in the House of Commons be renewed under nobler and purer auspices in another assembly. But it is not here that I would pursue this subject.

And, now let me give a striking instance of the value and of the pervading nature of that literary influence which extends

thought a most triumphant argument if we can show, that in any one instance, as in the opening of the Museum, for example, we do *as much as* France. Nor are we at all sensible, that *a taste important to the French, who are not a commercial and manufacturing people, would be of far more importance to the English, who are devoted to commerce and manufactures.*

over every thing in France, and which is so essentially wanting to decorate the industry, as well as to brighten and to cultivate the character, in England.

Dr. Bowring, in his evidence before the Silk Committee in 1832, says, "I was exceedingly surprised (he is speaking of Lyons) at finding among weavers themselves, and among their children, and amongst every body connected with the production of patterns, a perpetual attention to every thing which was in any way connected with *beauty and colour*. I have again and again seen *weavers walking about gathering flowers and arranging them in their most graceful and attractive shape;*" and so, he says further on, "I beg to state that the universal conviction in France is, that the French are wholly dependent on the superior beauty of their productions for their foreign sale, and the universal desire among the manufacturers is to do something which, in the *regions of taste*, shall be better than that which is done by their neighbours." I do not know any thing more worthy of remark than the whole of this part of Dr. Bowring's evidence. The Mayor of Lyons, aware of the pressure which competition is likely to bring upon the trade of his town, and taking the best means to avert the calamity, does—what? Why he supports and encourages a school, where the weaver may be taught painting, and sculpture, and botany; and begs Dr. Bowring to send him—copies of the Elgin marbles from England!

But it is not only a superiority of colour or of pattern which this study of the arts produces; the taste which it creates is not only present in the *atelier*, and presiding over the loom—it is at the very seat and capital of fashionable empire, viz.:—in the milliner's shop. If the French milliner knows what colours best assimilate, where to put in a little bit of pink and where a little stripe of brown—if she has a peculiar taste in arranging the set of a gown and the fall of a sleeve,* it is the work of

* So far has this taste for the arts penetrated into the nation, and mingled with all that is most national, that you find it enter into the occupations of the army, and many of the regiments amuse and occupy themselves by ornamenting with statues and fountains and walks the town in which they may happen to be stationed. But, if I wished to give at once the most simple and striking instance of the influence of literature in France, I do not think I could give a better than is to be found in the first newspaper on Galignani's table. Observe, whatever the paper is, whatever

laws, customs, years, and not the work of chance; it is the effect of an influence cherished and created at the apex of society, and which has worked its way into the foundations of society; it is the effect of the causes which made Voltaire the idol of the court of Louis XV., which gave David the great cordon of honour, which made Bonaparte * boast of being a member of the Institut of France, and which have brought, as I just said, Mons. Delamartine, and Messrs. Thiers and Arago, into the Chamber of Deputies.

If England could join to her talent for detail, to her power of perfecting and polishing the discoveries of others, to her sound and sterling sense—if she could join to the positive qualities which the practice of daily activity gives—the comprehension, the invention, the elevation, which the study of vague and beautiful things inspires—more industrious than the state of Rome—more steady and resolute of spirit than the states of Greece—she would transmit to posterity a fame which antiquity has not left behind it. To entitle her to this fame, and to the riches, and to the honour, and to the moral greatness which would accompany this fame—to make her mistress of

the subjects of the day it has to speak of—observe, that literature, either in the review of a play, or in the review of a novel, or in an account of the lectures of a professor, is sure to occupy one third of its sides. Here it is not the literary journal separate from the political journal; the same person who takes an interest in politics is supposed to take an interest in literature; and that to which I wish to draw particular attention, is the public, and popular, and general mode which science, in the weekly account of its proceedings—proceedings which appear with all the other news of the day—has of corresponding with the public, and interesting and perpetually informing the public by its inquiries. I allude to the reports of the Institut, which appear in all the political newspapers, and carry to every extremity of France the daily and weekly discoveries of the metropolis. The *savant* appears before his brethren; he tells them what he has been doing during the week, and this information is in every body's hands almost as soon as it has passed the philosopher's lips. The circumstance of such reports finding their way into papers only professing to feed the public appetite, is no less extraordinary as a proof of the general taste for science than valuable as a channel for its general diffusion.

* I never heard louder applause than I did at Franconi's (our Astley's, and filled with a Parisian populace), when the actor, who was Napoléon for the night, gave to this painter the same decoration which he had just been giving to Massena, the General. And such was the feeling which formerly made the French bow to a despot whom they had seen boast of being a man of science! They understood from that boast that their emperor placed the power of the mind above every other power, and the respect which they paid his tyranny sprang from the thought that it was governed by intelligence.

the arts, and to keep her mistress of the seas—to spread with her wealth and her manufactures the love of the beautiful and the study of the sublime—to make commerce a carrier to science, and to impress on a riband, which shall traverse the world, the triumphs of modern industry, and the aspirations of classic times;—here is an object well worthy of a statesman—an object, difficult, but not impossible, to attain—an object the most noble, the most glorious, the most useful, that a British statesman ever yet pursued.

But, reader, when you are shown the child of the operative, walking about the fields and gathering and arranging flowers to improve the manufactures of Lyons—you must at the same time see (for one circumstance is connected with the other) what every successive government has done for men of letters and science in France.

The following are among the names of persons who, during the Empire, the Restoration, and since the Revolution, have received the rewards and honours of the state on account of their literary and scientific attainments.*

Under the Empire.—Bernardin de St.-Pierre, Legouvé, Andrieux, Luce de Lancival, Piis (chansonnier), Baour-Lormian, Picard, Chénier, Lebrun (le Pindarique), Lebrun (Pierre), Millevoye, Victorin Fabre, Jouy, Delrieu, Parseval-Grandmaison, Treneuil, Parny, Tissot, Campenon, Roger, Creuzé de Lessert, Lacretelle, Chénedollé, Castel, Soumet, Etiénne, Mercier (du tableau de Paris), Laya, Bonald, Féletz, Palissot, Arnauld, Esménard, Delille, Cuvier, Fourrier, Villemain, Guillard, Raynouard, Le Chevalier, Dacier.

To this list add the names of those persons whose literary talent raised them to the high ranks of the empire—Among the senators were:—

Fontanes, Lacépède, Laplace, Lagrange, Lebrun, Volney, Bougainville, Tracy, Pastoret, Garnier, Daru, Ségur, Bassano, Régnauld de Saint-Jean-d'Angely.

Under the Restoration.—Châteaubriand, Ancelot, Delaville, Victor Hugo, Nodier, Briffaut, Chazet (30,000 francs), c'est un chansonnier, Mazères, Barante, Augustin Thierry, Guiraud, Aimé Martin, Auger, J. Bonald.

Since the Revolution of July.—P. Lebrun, Arnauld, père, and Tissot (in reparation; they had been deprived of their pensions), Benjamin Constant,

* In this list the members of the four classes of the Institut are not included, though all, as members of this institution, receive incomes, the least of which is 1,500 francs, the largest 12,000 francs, per annum.

Thiers, Mignet, Alex. Duval, Say, Casimir Delavigne, Casimir Bonjour, Barthélemy, Méry, Jouy, D'Espagny, Lucien Arnauld, Augustin Thierry (augmentation), Rouget-de-Lisle (auteur de la Marseillaise).

Made Peers.—Cousin, Villemain, Royer-Collard, Bertin de Vaux, &c.

For the number of libraries, and for the number of books which these libraries contain, relative to the population in the different departments of France (the department of the Seine excepted), I refer the reader to the Appendix; but, as the provinces are far behind the capital, it is worth while remarking that, in Paris, the public has three volumes to every two individuals; *i. e.* there are 1,378,000 volumes, and 774,000 individuals.

For the number of works published in literature, the arts, and on science, I also refer my reader to the Appendix, where he will find a statement of the number of the establishments and societies founded by the state, or by individuals, for the advancement of different branches of knowledge among different classes of society.

Among these I would here, however, mention—

"Ecole royale *gratuite* de mathématiques et de dessin *en faveur des arts mécaniques*," where five hundred children, the children of artisans, receive instruction gratis. Observe, that this school was founded in 1760, and authorized by the letters patent of Louis XV.!

"Ecole royale et gratuite de dessin de jeunes personnes," where drawing in its various branches is taught for the same purpose.

The School of St. Peter, at Lyons—and for an account of which I refer to Dr. Bowring's evidence on the Silk Committee, which I have alluded to,—and "les Ecoles royales des arts et métiers"; the one at Châlons (Marne), the other at Angers (Maine-et-Loire). Here, the boys, going at fourteen or seventeen years of age, stay three years, and study every thing which can conduce to their understanding or practising their profession with skill and intelligence. They are not only taught the principles of science that would be applicable to their craft, they are made to apply those principles. They work in the carpenter's shop, at the forge; they handle the hammer and the file; and every pains is taken to make them at once clever men and good mechanics. In order to confine these institu-

tions strictly to persons connected with industry, none by a late rule are allowed to enter them who have not served for one year as apprentices to a trade.

Some of the children are apprentices to fathers who can afford to pay five hundred francs per year, the ordinary sum which those not admitted gratuitously pay; but there are one hundred and fifty who pay only half of this; one hundred and fifty who pay only three quarters; one hundred and fifty who pay nothing: besides, as prizes are distributed to those boys who distinguish themselves, many, who enter at two hundred and fifty francs per annum, gain their pension before the time is expired.* It only remains for me to observe that, so entirely does the government abstain from any improper influence in the patronage of these schools, those who are sent at a less rate than the five hundred francs, *i. e.* for two hundred and fifty francs, or for three hundred and seventy-five francs, or for nothing, are named on an examination *by a jury of the different departments.*

It is impossible to calculate the advantages of the establishments, since such advantages are not to be estimated by the number of persons who receive instruction, but by the extension which, through them, that instruction receives, and by the emulation which, through them, that instruction excites. It is by the union of practice and theory, of science and its application; it is by the Ecole polytechnique in one class, and these institutions in another; it is by these two fountains which, starting from two different sources, meet and blend in the great stream of social civilization, that the French are now extending the advantages of literary influence, and at the same time correcting the defects it was likely to engender . . . . But when by and by I speak more fully of industry and education, then will be the time to pursue the discussion of these matters—it pleases me now to turn back from the artisan and the workshop to the fine lady and the salon, and to show the same spirit presiding over the two extremes.

As the literary man is honoured in the state, so is he honoured in society. At Madame D——'s, at Madame de

* On quitting these schools, the pupils are placed out advantageously, according to their profession and their proficiency in it.

M——'s, at Madame de R——'s, you meet all the literary men who belong to all the different political opinions. Indeed, wherever you go, be sure that the person particularly noticed, if not a remarkable officer—is a remarkable writer.

This is the case in France, where we are met on the one hand by the evidence of Dr. Bowring—on the other by the list of pensions, donations, and appointments, that I have submitted to the reader. This is the case in France, where the advancement of men of letters seems to go hand in hand with the advance and progress of manufactures. But in England—where men of letters are least esteemed, and yet where industry ought to be most encouraged—what is the case in England and in the society of England?

A literary Frenchman whom I met, not long ago, in Paris, said to me, that a good-natured young English nobleman, whom I will not name, had told him that dancers and singers, &c. were perfectly well received in English society, but no men of letters.

"Est-il possible qu'on soit si barbare chez vous?" said the French gentleman to me. I think the young nobleman, to whom the persons pursuing literature in England must be very much obliged, rather exaggerated. I do not think the door is actually bolted upon you the moment you are found out to write—but I think it is opened to you with a much more cautious air—and I am quite sure it would not be opened to you wholly and solely because you had written.

To be known as a writer is certainly to your prejudice. First—people presume you are not what they call a "gentleman," and the grandfather, who, if you were a banker, or a butcher, or of any other calling or profession, would be left quiet in his tomb, is evoked against you. If this exhumation take place in vain, if a gentle genealogy be established, and the fact of your being, in vulgar parlance, "a gentleman," placed beyond denial, then your good blood is made the reservoir of all evil passions; you are obligingly painted as the incarnation of envy, of malice, and all uncharitableness; your picture is drawn in some friendly magazine, twisted into contortions that would terrify all the witches of the Hebrides. You have got a horrid nose, red hair, and a heart blacker than all Valpy's, and Whittingham's, and Bentley's printing

devils could paint it. At last, your banker's book is looked into, and it is found out, or presumed, that you are poor, or, if you are not poor, it is quite clear that you are penurious. You refused ten guineas to a dozen authors more forlorn that yourself, and did not give 100*l.*, as you ought to have done, to the Literary Fund.

How many gentlemen have refused, and how many gentlemen would refuse their purse to a poetical impostor, without being pelted with every species of abuse, as Horace Walpole was on that story of Chatterton, and simply because Horace Walpole, though a gentleman, and a moderately rich man, was also, unfortunately for him, an author! How many people does one meet quite as be-mummified and twice as ill-natured and disagreeable as poor Mr. R——, and who yet are neither called dead men nor such very odious and disagreeable men as every body, chuckling, calls Mr. R——, because—he is an author! A thousand husbands are as bad as Lord Byron ever was—and yet they are not cut, nor called diabolical, and satanic, as poor Lord Byron was cut and called, all this—because Lord Byron was an author. It is a most singular thing, but no sooner is a man pointed out in England as having wielded a pen with tolerable success, than every body spits upon him every kind of venom.

Some—many—of the reasons for this difference between France and England I have stated. They belong to history; they belong to the past; they belong to the fact, that a monarchy governed in France, which sought to humble the aristocracy, while an aristocracy governed in England, which sought to abase the Commons. But there are three causes which more especially operate at the present time to maintain the distinction originated by former laws, and customs, and institutions.

First—The influence of women in France, and the higher cast of their thoughts and their pursuits. Secondly—The *esprit de corps*, which, in France, as connected with the natural vanity of the French, I have already noticed. And lastly, The state of property in France—the state of property, which enters more than people imagine into every relation of life, into every production of human intelligence, into every law passed for social happiness, and which, when we consider the

present state of France, it is most especially our duty to keep before us.

The greater frivolity of English women, and consequently the greater frivolity of English society, necessarily create a kind of fear and horror among that body for a being who, having been guilty of writing, is supposed, oftentimes very fallaciously, to have been guilty of thinking, and who is therefore considered what a sober man would be by a set of drunken associates, viz.—a bore and a critic. The esteem which every man sets upon himself in England—so different from the vanity which makes every man in France connect himself, wherever he can with all that is greater than himself—induces persons to view with jealousy, instead of with pride, any man who, employing no more pens, ink, and paper than he does, contrives to make a greater reputation.

His first saying is, "that man *cannot* be cleverer than I am." Then, he says, "Why should he be more successful?" Then he hates and abhors him because he is more successful; and then he very naturally abuses him because he abhors him. No men in France hang more together than literary men; no men defend their order with more tenacity. M. Thiers, as *ministre*, does not forget that he is *homme de lettres*. No men in England pull one another so much to pieces. When Mr. Brougham, when Mr. Macaulay, first appeared as politicians, all the papers, and all the newspaper writers, poured forth their ridicule and their abuse on these literary young men who presumed to make speeches. It was utterly impossible, shouted forth all these gentlemen,—employed themselves every day, by the by, in writing and deciding upon the politics of Europe,—for any man who had also written to have any notion of these politics. It was indignation, it was scorn, it was vituperation, that these two gentlemen excited, just among those very persons who in France would have been most proud and most happy to say:—"We are delighted at Mr. Brougham's or Mr. Macaulay's eloquence; it shows the advantages of a cultivated taste; the position which literary men might and ought to aspire to," secretly whispering to themselves, "and we, too, are literary men."

As for property and its division in France, that subject is one too vast for me here to do more than glance at. But it is easily

seen that, where fortunes are not of themselves sufficient to make great and important distinctions; where every person is more or less in the situation of the basket-maker and the nobleman among the savages, and chiefly dependent for what he receives on what he is able to do: it is easy to see that, where the pen easily procures an income which not three thousand persons possess from land, the profession of writing must hold a different rank from that which it occupies in a country where fortunes are sufficiently great to overbalance every other distinction.

There are many things to say in disparagement and in favour of this, which as I observed before, I should wish to say more amply and satisfactorily, if I have the opportunity, elsewhere—which I should wish to say—after having more fully explained the various effects for good and evil which the great division of property in France has produced—effects which I shall presently attempt to trace in some matters which many would suppose they could hardly reach.

But I cannot conclude this chapter without observing, that even in France people do not seem sufficiently aware of the end to which the influence of intelligence, and the insignificance of fortune, must necessarily lead them. They do not seem sufficiently aware of the necessity of recognizing, and more fully establishing, that aristocracy—for aristocracy in every country there must be—that aristocracy which time and taste have already recognized—an aristocracy which would be powerful because it is national—which would be safe, because it is peaceably created, and which, when peaceably created, and historically established in a nation, is the most rational, because the best calculated to combine change with conservation, and moderation with improvement.

Yet may we see a new Chamber of Peers taken from the category of the Academy and the Institut;* yet may we see the

* The Institut, even at present, opens to the French a double ambition and a double career. It is there that the national character is represented, and that the national distinctions blend and meet. M. Thiers seeks the title of academician with an ardour at least equal to that which has carried him so far in the Chamber of Deputies. The Duc de Raguse was as proud of the title of "Membre de l'Institut," as of that of "Marechal de France." In that society the statesman is brought into honourable connexion with the poet, the philosopher with the soldier. In that society the passionate man, the literary man, the active man, the studious man, are blended together; a practical energy

concentration and the representation of the intelligence of the kingdom more fully acknowledged, as the proper mediator between the throne, which its political science would teach it to preserve, and the people, whom its natural affections would prevent it from betraying.

LITERATURE.

Literature.—Society in a transitory state.—Every epoch in civilization bears its certain fruit.—Afterwards, that society wears out, or must be invigorated by a new soil.—A new stratum for society produced in France a new era—The genius of this era first visible in the Army, now in Literature.—What I intend to do in speaking of French literature.

The three influences most popular in society, and most connected with the character and the history of France, are, then—the influence of arms, the influence of women, and the influence of letters—and the government that is wise will not endeavour to destroy, but will endeavour so to mould and employ these influences as to invigorate and embellish the institutions—to improve and to elevate the social existence—of the French. But there is another influence, an influence to which I have just been alluding—an influence of more modern growth—twining itself in with the history, incorporating itself with the character of the nation—an influence which, while other influences descend from the past, is now creating a future—an influence which, as I have just been speaking of the influence of literature, I will trace through the labours of literature itself.

"We, are not, as it seems to many, in the epoch of any peculiar revolution, but in an era of general transformation. All society is on the change. What period will see this movement cease? God alone can say."

"To what end is society directing itself? Behind us ruins;

is given to speculation, a nobility to ambition. The warrior, the orator, ennoble their conceptions by science; the historian, the professor, correct their theories by experience — the one learns to act with dignity, the other to think with truth.

before us an impenetrable obscurity; where we are, a terrible inquietude. Religions fall, other religions rise, or attempt to rise; the confusion of literary and political opinions is what it has rarely been before."

These are two passages, the one from M. de Châteaubriand, and the other from the preface of a youthful poet,* who seemed at one time likely to represent the character of his times. Society indeed is in France, as it is all over the world, in a state of transition; so if society always, we may say, for civilization, retrograding or advancing, never stands still. So is society always; yet there are periods to which the epithet of "transitory" may be peculiarly applied; for there are periods at which it is more evident than at others that a movement is taking place. No fixed tast epredominates; there is an incongruity in all things, a want of unity, a want of harmony; the sons have passed beyond the recognized rules of their sires, but they have not yet found any for themselves. They are on the search, they cry, they abandon, they adopt, they forsake. Each has his own scheme, his own thought; looking at them separately, these schemes, these thoughts are diverse: viewing them together, they appear less unlike, for there is always a general tendency throughout them all, a general tendency to *The New Age*, in which there will be unity, in which there will be harmony, in which there will be an insensibility to the movement that must always be going on. For society has its resting places, at which it collects itself and takes breath; at which it prepares for new efforts, engendering new ideas—ideas, which, until they triumph over those more antiquated, are unheeded; and then—comes another epoch of doubt, uncertainty, and search. So is it for ever..... †

That we are in one of those periods of search and discovery,

M. Barbier.

† The reign of Louis XIV. was a stationary epoch; remark the similarity between the government and the manners and the literature which existed then; remark the similarity, the harmony, if I may so express myself, between a royal ordonnance, a poem of Racine's, a court dress and a cabriole chair. Every thing was grand, stately, ceremonious, decorous; rigid in its rules of art and etiquette: the same genius presided over the drama that regulated the cotillon. It was the age of the court, of the unities, of the minuet. The reaction from the solemn regularity of one period was the irreligious disorder of the other. Then, men had thought too much—they wished to think no longer; and for a time the empire of action and of the sword replaced the theoretic realities of the revolutionary tribune.

of mingling and jarring doubts, of disputes, pretensions, and contradictions—that we are in one of those periods which the world calls 'transitory,' and which ought rather to be called 'confused,' there is no denying; but the vague truism which M. de Châteaubriand so pompously puts forth may hardly pass for a description of the peculiar genius which separates modern from ancient France.

Every epoch of civilization bears its certain fruit; but to get a further produce you must stir and upturn the ground anew, and invigorate the earth that is grown fatigued and old by mingling it with a fresh and uncultivated soil. This is not a matter of chance, it is a matter of necessity; it is the law of nature, the law of the world, which, incessantly perishing, is incessantly providing means for its regeneration and support.

The form of society, which since the period of Richelieu had been gradually developed, had arrived, at the period of the revolution, at its utmost state of refinement, and exhausted in the school of the eighteenth century all its powers. The wit, the grace, the incredulity, the scientific vice, the cold and bloodless philosophy of a *blazé'd*, debauched and clever court could produce nothing more than "La Pucelle,"—"l'Esprit"—"les Liaisons dangereuses." What could come after the philosophers and the poets and the novelists of Louis XV. and Louis XVI.—what could come after the profligate productions of an age, the life and spirit of which were completely enervated and worn out, but a long imbecility or a total change?—A *total* change took place, a new era came—for a new stratum for society was laid—a new era came, in which France was formed of new materials, endowed with new thoughts, and clothed with new expressions.

The genius of this dawning time did not first make itself visible in literature; for it is a mistake to suppose that because literature sometimes represents the mind of an epoch, it does so always. It does so *only* when that mind is not otherwise and more forcibly expressed. This is why the character of the empire was traced—not with the pen, but with the sword; while the placid sweetness of Delille, and the common-place prettiness of M. Jouy, were striking as a contrast to the marvellous magnificence of their age. But, from the fall of Napoléon, philosophy and letters have been gradually assuming an

ardent spirit and a vivid colouring, analogous with the glory and the fever of that man's reign. It would be far I fear, beyond the compass of this work, to enter fully into the merits of the different existing writers, or even to take an extended critical survey of the different species of writing now most popular in France. This I should have wished to do, if I had been able to devote a volume to the purpose. But all that I now hope is, to show that a great change has taken place in French literature—connected with the nature and the causes of which change we shall easily trace an influence—the influence of which I have spoken—and which, affecting the literature, has also affected the philosophy, and the religion, and the society, and the government of the French people.

HISTORY.

Consider History and the Drama.—France for the first time remarkable for historical composition.—The old Chronicles; the Memoirs that succeeded them.—The history of the eighteenth century.—The history of the nineteenth.—The first brought a bastard kind of antiquity into your parlour, the last carries you back into antiquity itself.—Michaud.—Barante.—Thierry.—Thiers.—Mignet.—Guizot.—Sismondi.—Châteaubriand.—The modern French Historian is like the old French Novelist, and attempts rather to *paint* than to *describe*.—Why?—History only interesting to those persons whose actions make history, and whose fortunes are affected by it.—The diffusion of honours, of employments, of property, has diffused the interest of History.—The Historian writes now to a country where he wrote formerly to a clique.—He adopts, therefore, a popular and more powerful style.

Confined, as I now am, in the observations I have to make on this part of my subject, I shall proceed to consider French Literature in its two most important divisions—History and the Drama—and perhaps the first thing to strike us in the present literature of France is, that it is, for the first, preeminent in historical composition.

The old chronicles, indeed, were bold and vigorous; the bones, if I may use such an expression, with which a history might have been formed: but the innumerable memoirs which

succeeded them, and in which the courtly times of France are handed down to posterity, appear as compiled exaggerations of the fashionable articles which could to-day be taken from the Morning Post. Alas! the authors of these memoirs never spoke, wrote, or thought, of the nation. They were satisfied in recording the minutest whisper that crept around the precincts of the throne. "Have you heard the most miraculous, the most extraordinary, the most stupendous, thing in the world?" says Madame de Sévigné, in her memorable Letter which announced the possibility of a Princess of the House of Orleans condescending to ally herself with the Duc de Lauzun. M. de Turenne, says Dangeau—from the utmost height of his sublime gravity—M. de Turenne, eldest son of M. de Bouillon, and *grand chambellan en survivance*, struck the king's nose the other day in giving him his shirt.

"Le roi se promena dans ses jardins, où il s'amuse à voir planter; il faisait un tems effroyable, et le chapeau du roi était percé: on envoya le porte-manteau en chercher un autre. Le porte-manteau donna le chapeau au Duc de Nismes, qui sert pour le D. d'Aumont, qui est en année. Le Duc de Nismes le présenta au Roi; mais Mons. de la Rochefoucauld prétendit que c'était à lui de le donner, et que le D. de Nismes empiétait sur ses fonctions. Ceci a fait une *assez grande affaire* entre eux, quoiqu'ils fussent bons amis."

On one of his days of business, Louis XIV. (says Mad. de Maintenon's memoirs) "remained with this lady but a short time before the minister came in, and a still shorter time after he had gone out. His majesty went to the *chaise percée*, returned to the bed of Mad. de Maintenon, where he stood for a few minutes, and then, wishing her good night, sat down to table."

The enumeration of facts like these is so far important:—when you see what the court was that governed the country, you may come pretty accurately to the conclusion that the country was very ill governed.

But for thinking of the country at all, as you read some hundreds of volumes, you are entirely indebted to a patriotic imagination. After the great fire which destroyed Rennes, there were discovered among the ruins different coagulated masses, of various colours, out of which a vast number of

pretty ornaments were made;—and it was from these useless trinkets on some ladies' dress, that the greater part of France became informed that the capital of a province had been destroyed—So, during the whole period I am speaking of, it is to some trumpery toy, to some paltry passion, to some miserable closet-wise intrigue, to some crafty confession of a still more crafty mistress, that we are to look, as the signs and tokens of a great people's destiny.

But if the memorialist was necessarily narrow in his range, he at all events contrived to give you some idea of the region he described. Not so the historian. While the one, impressed with the greatness of his subject, prosaically repeated the chit-chat of the royal nursery,—pompously perorated upon the *chaise percée* of a king—the other, passing in contemptuous silence over the character, the customs, the arts of the people he described, expended the fire of his genius in a tremendous outpouring of battles, sieges, victories, defeats, murders, and invasions. Quick over your mind rushed a deluge of dates and deaths; and the people who could count the greatest number of obscure names upon their fingers, and cite an insignificant fact with the nicest accuracy, were deemed, by all reputed judges, the most accomplished possessors of historical lore.

Voltaire rescued history from Daniel and Griffet. The "Essai sur les Mœurs," in its marvellous combination of wit, research, and philosophy, is, perhaps, one of the most astonishing evidences on record of the power of the human mind; but, wonderful as a testimony of intelligence, it is more than imperfect as a history. It wants the power without which all history is lifeless—it wants the power which transports you to distant regions and to distant times, and which brings the dim face of weird antiquity plain and palpably before you; it wants the power which makes you look upon the things and mingle with the men that are described. What you see in Voltaire's history is—Voltaire. His cynical, intelligent, and thoughtful face comes back to you from every page, as so many refractions of the same image from a broken mirror. You never get beyond the philosopher's study. Like Don Quixote in the Duke's castle, you pass through every atmosphere without stirring from the same place. It is the

shrewd old gentleman of the eighteenth century talking to you most sagaciously about a number of things which *he* has got carefully under lock and key, and will never let *you* get a glimpse of.

I forget who it is who says, that what is most visible in the history of every time, is the time of the historian writing—this, which is true of all the historians of the Voltairean school, is especially true of Voltaire. He looks at everything, and arguesupon every thing with the eyes and with the feelings, not merely of his own age, but of his own country and his own clique.

We know that Herodotus relates of the Babylonian ladies, that they were all obliged, once at least in their lives, to prostitute themselves to strangers in the Temple of Melita or Venus. "Can any one," cries Voltaire, "believe in such a story? Is it likely, is it possible, that such a custom should exist among a people in any state of refinement? What is not *natural* is never true." "Now," says Grimm, "it would be very difficult to say *what is natural*—and if we were to strike out from history every thing that seemed unnatural to us, there would only remain the chronicle of our own times." Did Grimm say the truth? Certainly, *human sacrifices* in any state of society *are not very natural. Suicide*, which was the fashion among one of the most sensible nations in the world, was one of the most *unnatural* fashions that can well be imagined. It was not very long ago that it was the fashion in England for all young ladies *to wear pads in order to make them appear with child;* which, among a people who set the highest value on female chastity, was also very *unnatural*, surely. The law of Babylon was at least as natural as the vow of celibacy; nor are we to suppose that, if the Babylonish ladies were refined, their notions of refinement must necessarily have resembled those of the Parisians. But the best part of the story is, that not above half a century after Voltaire wrote, a person appeared in France, actually in France, who preached nearly the same doctrines in the Chaussée d'Antin that, Herodotus says, were followed in Babylon.* Nay, there was even a moment of doubt as to whether the father of this creed was

* Enfantin.

not a true prophet—many have even still a faith in his success —so that, after all, what the Babylonian ladies practised as a solemn ceremony, the French ladies are not induced to shudder at from social usage. A man who says, "what is not natural cannot be true," and who looks at nature through the prism of his own epoch, cannot be a good historian; and Voltaire, with the industry which Gibbon acknowledged, and the genius which no one disputes, was not a good historian.

But the chief portion of that public for which Voltaire wrote, was a knot of philosophers, who imagined the time in which they lived a golden climax in civilization; who really thought that they could measure all things, past, present, and to come, by the ideal standard they had set up in their own minds; who looked back to history, not to form their opinions, but to illustrate their doctrines, and who, when the facts which they read clashed with the theories they believed, denounced the facts to cherish the theories. These men had no idea of a virtue that was different from their virtue; of the power and the force of a genius which was not cast in the mould of their own minds. They were at once too speculative to be struck by a picture, and too proud to think that the darker ages were worth portraying: all they wished for was reasonings similar to their own—the description of other times, which did not take them from theirs;—and the writer who pleased them most was the one who took a lesson from the artist, and drew Hercules in the costume of Louis XIV. Such were the men who formed the chief part of that public for which Voltaire wrote—and to these men were joined others equally cold and equally fastidious—courtiers, whose ideas were in rows, stiff, and trim, like the trees at Versailles; who were easily shocked, who could not be astonished, who liked to fancy they were being instructed, and who only wished to be amused. The popular writer of the day mirrored forth the taste of the popular critics of the day, and wit and dissertation were the combined materials to please the two classes of those critics.

But when a new school of history arose, it drew more especially from the stores which its predecessors had cautiously neglected.

"Time," said the Encyclopedists,* "is too precious, and

* Art. "Histoire." First edit. Encyclopedie.

the space of history too immense, to give the reader ridiculous fables and absurd theories of ignorant men."—"Without crediting the fables of ancient writers," says M. Michaud, "I have not disdained to make use of them, for *what these writers said, their contemporaries believed;* and in so much they show the manners, and the ideas, and the knowledge, which prevailed at the period they describe."* Here then are the two schools in direct opposition. The first brought a bastard kind of antiquity into your parlour; the second would carry you back into antiquity itself. Instead of reasoning upon the acts of your ancestors, the modern historian would show you those ancestors themselves, clad in the panoply, the passions, and the prejudices, of olden time. The writer of the "Crusades" does not coldly tell you that the religious adventurers who poured into Palestine were a set of superstitious soldiers clad in mail. No! you see the sun shine on their glittering harness; you hear them shouting, "Dieu le veut," as they rush to battle. "Lo! there are the warlike fanatics marching upon Jerusalem! They have fasted for three days, and, sallying forth, at length they walk, their weapons in their hands, but their feet bare, and their heads uncovered. Thus they walk three times round the sacred city; and before them march their priests, robed in white, and carrying the images of saints, and singing psalms; and the banners are unfurled, and loud sound the timbrel and the trumpet; for thus was it that the Israelites had thrice made the tour of Jericho, the walls of which crumbled to pieces at the sound of the warlike music."†

* * * * * *

"I have endeavoured," says M. de Barante,‡ "to restore to history the charm of romance, which romance had in fact borrowed from history;" and so, in a work, a model of its kind, this modern historian continually cites the old chronicles, and borrows himself something of their simple, and perhaps barbarous style of narrative, telling you things in a tone and with the colouring of a contemporary. The erudition which makes most works dry, makes his delightful.§ You see Charles the

* Michaud, Exposition de l'Histoire des Croisades.

† Michaud, vol. i. p. 412. Hist. des Croisades.

‡ Histoire des Ducs de Bourgogne: Preface.

§ M. de Barante is called a copyist; and so he is, a copyist of the old writers, from whom he has taken his materials. But, if an historian has any

Bold, his long black hair floating in the wind, his proud lip trembling, and his swart face pale with passion. You know the very name of his coal-black charger; and before him are the Swiss on their knees, and the heavens clearing at their prayer; and there you read how the Burgundians beseeched their prince to remember "his poor people," and how the clergy told him that he was defeated because he taxed the church. The age speaks to you in its own language, and expresses its own ideas. You make acquaintance with its personages, as they existed in flesh and blood; you learn its manners, without knowing you have been taught them. The first author of this school that I read was M. Thierry, and I yet remember the pleasure I felt at the following simple, but, I think, very admirable passage, in that part of his history which relates to the Norman descent.

"And now there arrived from Rome the consecrated flag, and the bull which authorized the descent upon England. The eagerness increased. Every one contributed to the enterprise, as best he could, and even mothers sent their favourite children to enlist, for the sake of their souls. William published his war-ban in the countries adjacent: he offered a large sum, and the pillage of England, to every man of tall and robust stature, who would serve, either with the lance, the sword, or the cross-bow; and a multitude poured in from all parts, from far and near, from north and from south, from Maine and from Anjou, from Poitou and from Brittany, from France and from Flanders, from Aquitaine and from Burgundy, from Piedmont and the borders of the Rhine; all adventurers by profession, all the brave and vagabond spirits of Europe, came eagerly and gladly at his call. Some were knights and captains of war; simple foot-soldiers, and servants at arms,—such was the phrase of the time.—These demanded money in hand; those, their passage and all the booty they could gain. Many wished for an estate in England, a domain, a castle, a town—or simply bargained for a Saxon wife.

* * * * *

"William refused no one."

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merit in infusing into you the spirit of the times whose actions he is narrating, to copy the writers of those times is a necessity and not a fault.

"And during the spring and the summer, in all parts of Normandy, workmen of all kinds were employed in constructing and in equipping vessels. Here were the blacksmiths and the armourers fabricating lances and coats of mail—and there were the porters incessantly carrying arms from the workshops to the ships—and during these preparations William presented himself at St. Germain's to the King of the French, and saluting him with a deference which his ancestors had not always paid to the Kings of France, 'You are my seigneur,' said he; 'if it please you to aid me, and that God give me grace to obtain my right in England, I promise to do homage to you for that realm, as if I held it of you.' Philip assembled his council of barons and freemen, without whom he could decide no important affair, and the barons were of opinion that he could in no wise aid William in his conquest.

"'You know,' said they to their king, 'how little the Normans obey you now—they will obey you less if they have England. Besides, it will a great expense to aid the duke in his enterprise; and if it fail we shall have the English for our mortal enemies."

"William, thus treated, retired ill contented from Philip.

* * * * *

"The rendezvous for the vessels and men at arms was at the mouth of the Dive, a river which falls into the sea between the Seine and the Orne. For a month, the winds were contrary, and the Norman fleet was retained in the harbour. At length a southern breeze carried it to St. Valery near Diéppe. There the bad weather recommenced, and it was necessary to cast anchor and wait for several days.—During this delay, the tempest shattered several vessels, and many of their crews perished. And at this accident murmurings arose among the troops, already fatigued with their long encampment. The soldiers, idle in their tents, passed the day in conversing upon the dangers of the voyage and the difficulties of the enterprise they were undertaking.

"'There has yet been no battle,' they said, 'and already several of our companions are no more;' and then they calculated and examined the number of dead bodies which the sea had thrown upon the sands. And these reports abated the

ardour of the adventurers who had enlisted with so much zeal; so that some broke their engagement and retired.

"In the mean time William, in order to check a disposition so fatal to his projects, had the dead buried secretly, and increased the supply of victuals and strong liquors. But the same thoughts of regret and discouragement still recurred. 'Very foolish,' said the soldiers, 'very foolish is the man who pretends to conquer another's land! God is offended at such designs, and now he shows his anger by refusing us a favourable wind!' At last, perhaps from real superstition, perhaps for the mere purpose of distracting their followers from unwelcome thoughts, the Norman chiefs conducted the relics of St. Valery in great pomp, and with a long procession, through the camp. All the army began to pray; and the following night the fleet had the wind they wished for.

"And now, four hundred ships, with large sails, and upwards of one thousand boats of transport, started from the shore at the same signal. The vessel of William took the lead, and he carried at his mast's head the banner sent from the pope, and a cross upon his flag. The sails were of divers colours, and in many parts of them were painted the three lions, the arms of the Normans; and at the prow was carved the face of a child carrying a bent bow with an arrow ready to fly forth.

This vessel, a better sailer than the rest, headed the expedition during the day, and at night was far in the advance. On the following morning the duke bade a sailor climb to the top of the main mast and see if there were any other vessel coming. 'I only see,' said the sailor, 'the sky and the sea,'—and thereupon the anchor was cast.

"The duke affected a gaiety that was to put down any appearance of care or fear among his friends, and he ordered a sumptuous repast and wines highly spiced. Anon, the sailor mounted again; and this time he said he saw four vessels, and presently afterwards he cried, 'I see a forest of masts and sails.'

* * * * * *

"Now, while this great armament was preparing in Normandy, Harold, the Norwegian, faithful to his engagements toward the Saxon Tostig, had assembled his soldiers and some hundreds of vessels of war and transports. The fleet remained

some time at anchor, and the Norwegian army, awaiting the signal for departure, encamped on the coast, as the Norman army had encamped at the mouth of the Dive.

"There, also, vague impressions of discouragement and inquietude manifested themselves, and under appearances yet more gloomy and conformable with the visionary imagination of the north. Many soldiers thought that they received prophetic revelations in their sleep. One imagined that he saw his companions debarking on the English coast, and in presence of the English army; and that before the front of that army a woman of gigantic stature galloped—a wolf for her steed. The wolf held in its jaws a human corpse dripping with blood, and as the wolf devoured one corpse the woman gave it another.

"A second soldier dreamed that the fleet was departing, and that a cloud of ravens, and vultures, and other birds of prey, settled upon the masts; and that on a neighbouring rock sat a female, holding a naked sword, counting and regarding the ships. 'Go,' said she to the birds; 'Go without fear—you will have to feast—you will have to choose—for I go with them—I go there.' And his followers remarked, not without error, that when Harold put his foot upon the royal *chaloupe*, the weight of his body pressed it down into the water more than usual."

* * * * *

Here is a picture where the skill of the artist is conspicuous in the ease of his work.

In these two or three pages you find almost every thing which could be told you, characteristic of the time described. You learn the nature of the Norman troops, the manner in which they enrolled, the hopes which they entertained, the very arms with which they fought; their restlessness, and their superstition. And by the side of the Normans come yet more darkly out the savage and mysterious dispositions of the Norwegian bands: and you see at once that William was a great commander, and a valiant and crafty man. A child, who read the passage I have cited, would be impressed with all these facts; and yet there has been no laying down the law, no teaching, no prosing, no explaining.

And now let us turn from this eloquent description of the

feudal time, to the awful narrative of our own. Let us take up M. Thiers!* For the somewhat solemn and chivalric gravity which suited the chronicles of the olden day, you have the vivid colouring, the rush of thought and style, the glow and flash of expression, which, startling at every step, carries you with an appropriate pace over thrones, and over constitutions, and over the mangled bodies of noble and mistaken men, down the fiery and precipitous path of a revolution destined to destroy. And here you see Mirabeau "terrible in the ugliness of his genius,"† hesitating (his great brow labouring with his idea), and then bursting on to the expression that he sought, his words falling like a torrent, from chasm to chasm—violent, irresistible, abrupt. And here you see the gigantic Danton, at the head of the dark multitude which stormed the Tuileries on the 10th of August,‡ waving that terrible and daring hand, a fatal signal to the proscribed! And, lo! Marat,§ hid during the attack in some obscure retreat, has came out since the victory, and marches, flourishing a sabre, through the town, at the head of the fierce Marseillians, while 'the neat and respectable-looking' Robespierre delivers to 'the Jacobins' one of his 'doctoral harangues.' I hardly know any passage in history more powerful than that in vol. iii. page 53, which begins—"*La terreur régnait dans Paris . . . .*"

It is not eloquent in point of diction. The narrative of those dreadful days, which Danton commenced by the declaration, "*qu'il fallait faire peur aux Royalistes*," is told in the simplest and least pretending manner; but, from the moment that these words have passed that terrible man's lips, a kind of mysterious horror breathes over the page: you feel that something sickening is to come: sentence after sentence this sensation grows upon you, and the object on which your apprehensions are to rest is now gradually and artfully pointed out:—Madame Fausse Landry entreats to be permitted to share the captivity of her uncle, "the Abbé de Rastignac," and Sergent answers her by saying—"Vous faites une imprudence; les *prisons ne sont pas sûres*." Then comes the declaration of Danton, the day after—"The cannon you are about to hear is not the

* La Revolution Française.
† Ibid. p. 124, vol. i.
‡ Ibid. p. 5, vol. iii.
§ Ibid. p. 54.

cannon of alarm, c'est le pas de charge sur les ennemis de la patrie."

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Then—"La ville entière était debout. Une terreur profonde régnait dans les *prisons* . . . . Les geôliers semblaient consternés. Celui de l'Abbaye, dès le matin, fait sortir sa femme et ses enfans. Le dîner avait été servi aux prisonniers deux heures avant l'instant accoutumé; *tous les couteaux avaient été retirés de leurs serviettes.*"

* * * * * *

At length the tocsin sounds! the cannon's heavy peal rolls through the city; the people rush to the Champ de Mars, throng round the "Commune" and the "Assembly," and group together in the great square. It is now—at this moment of gloom, of tumult, and agitation—chosen by chance or by intention for the purpose—that twenty-four priests are taken from the Hôtel de Ville to be transferred to the Abbaye. They are put into six hackney-coaches, and conducted, at a slow pace, along the Quais, and by the Pont Neuf to the Faubourg St. Germain. The savage and excited crowds kindle at the sight, like hounds in view of their prey; they grind their teeth, they howl round the carriage; they follow it; they butcher, they tear these unhappy men to pieces, as one by one they descend in the court of the Abbaye.

This is the first scene of Liberty's St. Bartholomew.*. . . . And now arrives Billaud Varennes. He comes decorated with his official badge; walks through the splashing blood, and over the mangled bodies, speaks to the crowd of assassins, and says—"People! thou slayest thy enemies, and thou doest well!" —"There is nothing more to do here!" cries Maillard. "Allons aux Carmes;" and to the Carmes they go; murder two hundred priests more, and then return to the Abbaye,—and here Maillard calls for wine "*pour les braves travailleurs, qui délivrent la nation de ses ennemis.*" And wine is served in the court, and these wretches drink and make merry, and shout, and revel—and around them are the ghastly carcasses of those whom they had butchered in the morning.

* The too famous massacres of September, 1792.

Let us pass from this scene, sketched with too horrible a truth! . . . . In the action of his narrative, and in the vividness of his paintings, consist M. Thiers' most striking merits as an historian; but his work, remarkable for its vivacity, is also remarkable for its clearness—whilst it displays a spirit that would be singularly impartial,—were it not warped at times by a system, false because it denies the possibility of an accident—horrible because it breaks down all distinction between crime and virtue—making both the necessity of a position.

M. Mignet, who has written upon the same epoch as M. Thiers, has been guilty of the same fault. He, too, has seen an infernal fatalism connecting all the horrors with all the energies, all the crimes with all the triumphs, of the Revolution. *

* According to this system, all the terrible leaders of that time are concentrated, as it were, into one executioner, all society into one malefactor. Now, Mr. Executioner, strike off the head of your victim; nobody can call you a bad man—you are only doing your duty, the duty which Providence has set you, and it is all for the benefit of the world and for the advantage of future generations! If the poor creature delivered to you be innocent, be no malefactor, that is no business of yours—the law, *i. e.* the law of destiny, has decided that you shall strike; therefore be quick, and never think there is any reason to be ashamed of your task, though it be a bloody one. Good God! what a progress has the human mind made in forty years! We are now doubting whether society has the right to inflict death on an individual: we were then believing that two or three individuals had a right to murder all society. "According to Messrs. Thiers and Mignet," says M. de Châteaubriand, "the historian must speak of the greatest atrocities without indignation—of the noblest virtues without affection. Il faut que d'un œil glacé il regarde la société comme soumise à certaines lois irrésistibles, de manière que chaque chose arrive comme elle devait inévitablement arriver. L'innocent ou l'homme de génie doit mourir, non pas parce qu'il est innocent ou homme de génie, mais parce que sa mort est nécessaire, et que sa vie mettrait obstacle à un fait général placé dans la série des événemens." And who is to judge of this necessity? The man of power will always think that necessary for the benefit of mankind which is necessary for his own advantage. Every wretch who wishes to place himself at the head of society will think, if he attain its summit for a moment, that it is for the advantage of the world, and that Providence requires, that he should maintain himself there by shooting little children, and drowning pregnant women, and massacring aged and feeble priests; and Carrier and Lebon will pass to posterity as patterns of those apostles whom God has designed to be the harbingers of liberty, prosperity, and civilization.

But the folly of this system is equal, if that be possible, to its horror and its danger. The Prussians retired before Dumourier, and there were the massacres of September!—*ergo*, the massacres of September saved

But, looking at these authors apart from their theory, the work of M. Mignet is as incomparable for fixing and concentrating your thoughts, as that of M. Thiers is for developing and awakening your ideas. M. de Châteaubriand calls the work of M. Thiers* a splendid picture, the work of M. Mignet a vigorous sketch:† it is impossible to choose a word so ill applied to M. Mignet's work as that word "sketch." Were the word applicable to either work, it would be far more applicable to the work of M. Thiers, which, varied, animated, and full of interest, is nevertheless in many parts hasty and unfinished. The peculiar beauty of M. Mignet's work, on the contrary, is, its perfect finish, its accurate and nicely adjusted proportions, its completeness in every one of its parts. Each epoch of the revolution stands just as it should do in respect to the other, and occupies precisely the space it should do to harmonise with what follows and precedes it. Comprising every circumstance within the smallest possible compass, M. Mignet has given every circumstance its exact and proper

the capital of Paris. Was it the massacres of September which gave Dumourier his quick eye, his extraordinary activity, his great courage and enterprise? Suppose he had been a stupid and a slow fellow—a bad general—what then? Did the massacres of September inspire him with one plan for his campaign, and his council of war with another? Did the massacres of September show him the march across the forest of *Argone*, or the passage of the *Aisne?* Did the massacres of September place him on the heights of Valmy? A false step, a wrong position, and then what would have been the result of the massacres of September?—Why, the re-establishment of the old despotism by foreign hands, and the preference, among all sober men, of that despotism to the bloody, and inhuman, and beastly, and infernal tyranny that had preceded it: the re-establishment of a despotism which would have stood upon those massacres firmer than upon a rock of adamant; while a sacred execration would have been bequeathed to all posterity for every man, however pure his motives or upright his intentions, who stood forward with the title of "reformer."

The comparative moderation of the Directory, the glory, the laws, the order of the empire, the long confusion of ranks, and the continued division of fortunes, made what had been the reveries of philosophers the habits of a people; and these habits, habits which could never have grown up without domestic tranquillity and security, were incompatible with a court despotism and the old distinctions. But for this the people of France are mainly indebted, I repeat, to the laws of the empire, and not to the massacres of the republic.

* The work of M. Thiers is in ten volumes, that of M. Mignet in two.

† M. de Châteaubriand seems to think that every thing on a large scale must be a picture, and every thing on a small one a sketch.

effect—looking at the events of those times with a magnifying glass, he has reflected them in a mirror. Many of his reflections are at once just, simple, and profound; his descriptions, rarer and shorter than those of M. Thiers, are still paintings. We see Camille Desmoulins (the memorable 12th of July) mounted on a table in the Palais Royal, a pistol in his hand, and shouting "To arms!" We see the bust of Necker, in those first days when the demands of liberty were so moderate, crowned with mulberry leaves and carried (singular ensign of revolutionary tumult!) round the city of Paris. And soon we see (10th of August) the corpulent and irresolute rather than timid king reviewing, with downcast look, the gallant and generous Swiss—who—far from their mountains, their simplicity, and their freedom—were burning with a loyal and chivalric enthusiam—and eager to fight in a foreign land for a sovereign whom they would have despised and resisted in their own.

And there is the Queen, the beautiful and graceful Queen, more warlike than her spouse, her Austrian lip curling, the nostril of her eagle nose dilating,—there is the beautiful and graceful Marie Antoinette, ready to stake the crown and sceptre of her child on the chance of battle.* And but too soon after we shall hear the shouts of the hot-blooded populace, and the heavy rolling of the cannons along the streets, and the beating of the melancholy drum—and lo! the son of St. Louis mounting to Heaven.† But, leaving M. Thiers and M. Mignet to the high reputation which their talents deserve, I come to M. Guizot, formerly Minister of the Interior, now Minister of public Instruction, and once Professor of History. M. Guizot, full of deep and lofty thoughts, and skilful in their combination, of a meditative rather than an active mind, is by nature less of a painter than a philosopher, but the popular taste pervades his own. He would be as an artist what he is not as a man, and gives at least its full value to the life and the colouring which constitute the charm of his countrymen and contemporaries. "Mr. Brodie," he says (in speaking of our writer on the English Revolution), "studies and does not see—discusses, and does not *paint—admires* the popular party without *bringing*

* Page 359.

† "Fils de St. Louis," said the priest officiating, "montez au ciel!"

it on the stage; his work is a learned and useful *dissertation:* mais pas une histoire morale et *vivante.*" So Sismondi complains of the little interest that the old histories of France, notwithstanding their learning, excited; and, in illustrating his own history by romances, shows why he supposed his predecessors to be neglected.

M. de Châteaubriand, whom I have had different occasions to quote in this chapter, and with whose opinions in criticism and in politics I very seldom agree, has nevertheless said, I think, every thing which can, and which ought to be said of the two styles of history—the philosophic history of the past century in France, the pictorial history of the present. Eminent as an artist himself, eminent for seizing and painting the costume of each particular time, and bringing before our eyes, as no other writer has done, the feudal customs, and stately and chivalric manners of a sturdier time, he has armed the critic, as it were, against his own excellence, and insisted on the imperfectness of a history which does not mingle thought and philosophy with ardour and description.

"La pensée philosophique," says he, "employée avec sobrieté, n'est-elle pas nécessaire pour donner à l'histoire sa gravité, pour lui faire prononcer les arrêts qui sont du ressort de son dernier et suprême tribunal? Au degré de civilisation où nous sommes arrivés, l'histoire de *l'espèce* peut-elle disparaître entièrement de l'histoire de *l'individu?* Les vérités éternelles, bases de la société humaine, doivent-elles se perdre dans des tableaux qui ne représentent que des mœurs privées? On the other hand," he continues, "history, as a work,—is not a work of philosophy—it is a picture. We must join to our narrative the representation of the objects of which we speak, *i. e.* we must design and paint. We must give to our personages the language, the sentiments of their time, and not regard them through the medium of our own opinions and ideas, a fault which has been the principal cause of those distortions of facts which have disfigured history.... Si, prenant pour règle ce que nous croyons de la liberté, de l'égalité, de la religion, de tous les principes politiques, nous appliquons cette règle à l'ancien ordre de choses, nous faussons la vérité; nous exigeons des hommes vivant dans cet ordre de choses ce dont ils n'avaient pas l'idée. Rien n'était si mal que nous le pen-

sons: le prêtre, le noble, le bourgeois, le vassal, avaient d'autres notions du juste et de l'injuste que les nôtres; c'était un autre monde, un monde sans doute moins rapproché des principes généraux naturels que le monde pressent, mais qui ne manquait ni de grandeur, ni de force, témoin ses actes et sa durée." Nothing, I think, can be more true, more just, than the ideas which are here expressed, or than the principles which are here laid down.

The historian, to be perfect, should show at once the peculiarities and costume of each separate epoch, and the common feelings and the common passions of all epochs. He should paint the man of the thirteenth century, the man of the nineteenth, he should know that both were men, under different circumstances, but possessing similar propensities; he should show what is nature, what's her costume—her costume, that ever varies; her naked figure which is always the same. My object, however, is not to write a general criticism upon history, nor even a general criticism upon the present historians of France, for I find that I have already outstepped my limits, and that I have said nothing of M. Girardin, nothing of M. Michelet,* nothing of M. de St. Aulaire, and his interesting picture of a time so interesting in the annals of France, so replete with the grace and the energy of the French character, so remarkable for uniting the chivalry of an age gone by with the grace of an age advancing. My object has simply been to show that history in France is in a new school—that the modern French historian follows the example of the great old French novelist and comedian, and like Le Sage and Molière attempts *rather to paint than to explain.* Why is this? Authors, since authors have mixed with mankind, have been modelled more or less by their public. The historian's public in the eighteenth century was, as I have said, a public of would-be philosophers and agreeable fine gentlemen, and the historian went trippingly along, now lecturing the one class, now chattering with the other. The historical style of the nineteenth century is different from the historical style of the

* I ought also, in that case, to have mentioned the very interesting narrative of Charles Edward by M. A. Pichot, an author who is the more deserving of praise from an English critic as being the first French critic who introduced modern English literature into France.

eighteenth; but the historian's manner has not changed more than his readers have changed. He was formerly read by a clique—he is now read by a country.

It is not only that more men read now than they used to do—this has not increased the number of those who disturb the dusty volumes in the royal library that treat of astrology and magic—it is not only that more men read than they used to do, but that more men read history—that more men naturally feel an interest in historical composition.

History is, in fact, not interesting far beyond the pale of those whose actions make history, and whose fortunes are affected by it. History *would not* be widely interesting in a country, where the great mass of the people were slaves and mendicants, without honours to gain or property to lose. History *would be* widely interesting in a country, where the great bulk of the people were proprietors! and where there was no post in the state which every citizen might not reasonably hope to obtain. In the one case it is an idle speculation to be studied from curiosity; in the other it is a practical lesson to be looked to for examples. With the general diffusion of honours, of employments, and more especially with the general diffusion of property—on which the diffusion of honours and employments mainly depends—has been diffused the interest of history.

The small herd of encyclopedists and courtiers who once listened to the historian, are now cut up, as it were, into an immense crowd of journalists, shopkeepers, soldiers, and mechanics.

This division and diffusion of property—bringing up a fresh class of feelings upon the surface of France—inverting the usual order of events—creating a new society when we might have been looking to the mature caducity of an old one—turning an aristocracy of readers into a democracy of readers—has made the historian a popular orator where he was formerly a wit and a metaphysician. Addressing a more numerous, a more impassioned, a less reasoning class of readers than his predecessor, he has assumed a more vehement, a more impassioned, a more powerful style of writing.

DRAMA.

Have spoken of History.—Speak of the Drama.—But one step from Racine to Victor Hugo and M. Alexandre Dumas.—"Hernani."—Proceed to "Lucrèce Borgia."

I HAVE spoken of history, that branch of French literature the least known to us, and in which the French of the modern day have most succeeded. I would now speak of the drama, that branch of French literature which we have most criticised, and in which the later successes of the French have been most disputed.

There are but two epochs in the French drama. Louis XIV. was on the throne, and in the declining shadow of one man* you yet saw the feudal vigour of the Fronde, and in the rising genius of another† you caught the first colouring of that royal pomp, of that Augustan majesty, which reigns in the verse of Virgil and the buildings of Versailles. And all things were then stamped with the great kingly seal. The orator was in the chair what the writer was on the stage. This was a great period of the human mind, and from this period to our own, tragedy has taken but one giant stride. The genius which governed the theatre stood unappalled when the genius which had founded the throne lay prostrate. The reign of Robespierre did not disturb the rule of Racine. The republican Chénier, erect and firm before the tyranny of Bonaparte, bowed before the tyranny of the Academy; the translations of Ducis were an homage to the genius of Shakspeare, but no change in the dramatic art.

In M. Delavigne you see the old school modernized, but it is the old school. I pass by M. de Vigny,‡ who has written

* Corneille. † Racine.

‡ More known for his very remarkable romance, "Cinq-Mars," and the publication of "Stello."

*La Maréchale d'Ancre ;** I pass by M. Soulier, who has written *Clotilde ;*† I pass by the followers to arrive at the chiefs of the new drama, M. V. Hugo‡ and M. A. Dumas,§

* The plot of "La Maréchale d'Ancre," a title taken from the well-known favourite of Marie de Medicis, turns upon a passion which this lady smothers for a Corsican adventurer, the bitter enemy of Concini, her husband; the love of Concini for this Corsican's wife, whose name he is ignorant of; and the divided feelings of the Corsican himself, who at once hates and pursues Concini, and loves and relents when he thinks of Concini's wife. Another passion also works in the drama—the jealousy of the Corsican's wife, who finds out that her husband is in love with the Maréchale, and appears in consequence as evidence against her on her trial for sorcery and witchcraft. This play, which falsifies history in making its heroine, the Maréchale, beautiful and amiable, which is just what she was not, is written nevertheless with great spirit, and contains some very eloquent passages and powerful situations.

† This is the subject of "Clotilde:"—Christian, an adventurer, is to marry her on such a day, and receive with her a large fortune; but in order to do this he must show himself to be the possessor of a certain sum. To obtain this sum, he murders the Jew who would not lend it him. Clotilde, however, who is passionately attached to him, quits her father's house at the very time he commits this murder, in order to live with him even as his mistress: this she rather inexplicably continues to do after the murder has been committed. At last Christian, who is about as great a rascal as one could desire to meet, determines on marrying an intriguante who can make him secretary of embassy, and quitting Clotilde. Clotilde, in despair at this treachery, and acquainted by his dreams with the crime of Christian, informs against him. He is condemned to death. She is in despair, and forces her way into the prison to see him. "What have you brought me?" says Christian. "Poison," says Clotilde; and they poison themselves together. The play is full of absurdities, but powerfully written.

‡ The father of M. Victor Hugo was a general. One of his relations of the same name still holds the same rank, and commands in one of the departments. In his early days his opinions were directly opposed to those he has since and now professes. On leaving college, he and his brother published a small newspaper of the same opinions as the "Censor;" it existed but a very short time. M. V. Hugo next published a novel which he had written whilst at college; afterwards a variety of odes appeared, on the Virgins of Verdun, on La Vendée, on the death of Louis XVII., on the death of the Duc de Berri, on the baptism of the Duc de Bordeaux, and on the death of Louis XVIII., and also one on Napoléon.

M. Victor Hugo received a pension from Louis XVIII. Charles X. wished to increase this pension; M. V. Hugo, in a letter which I have seen, honourably refused this addition.

§ M. Dumas, the son of a general also, has written his own life; as a portrait taken from the gallery of 'young France,' this life is too interesting to be crowded into a note, and I hope to have another opportunity of alluding to it. Coming up to Paris to make his fortune, the Chamber and the Theatre before him on one side, the Morgue and the Seine on the other, M. Dumas was placed, through the interest of General Foy, in one of the *bureaux* of the Duke of Orléans, where he improved his education and first received his dramatic inspirations.

two young men, two rivals; each has his enthusiastic partisans, but their talents are entirely different; and there is no reason why these writers, or their friends, should suppose that the success of one is incompatible with the reputation of the other. The first drama which M. Victor Hugo brought on the stage (for he had written Cromwell, a clever but cold performance some years before) was Hernani,* and as it has been already translated, it would be useless to enter here into any lengthened criticism upon its merits. Among M. V. Hugo's plays, however, Hernani stands alone. No other of his dramas has the same tenderness, the same gentleness, the same grace, the same nature; for Hernani was written by M. Hugo before he laid down for himself the extraordinary rules which I shall presently have to speak of.

In Hernani, then, you find the characters of Spain truly Spanish—in Hernani you find the old Spaniard, jealous and vindicative, and the young Spanish noble, high-minded, adventurous, and romantic, and the Spanish maiden ardent, fond, with all the love and all the enthusiasm which the warm sun of her country begets, and which the dark convent and the keen-eyed Duenna have been invented to check.

> Better go seek to rob the fiercest tigress
> Of her fond young—than rob me of my love.
> Know you the Dona Sol, and what she is?
> Long time, in pity for thy sicklied age
> And sixty years—I was all tenderness—
> All innocence, the soft and timid maiden.

More fortunate than many of his predecessors, his career was from the commencement a series of theatrical triumphs, and he almost immediately quitted the desk for the stage.

* The play turns on the love of Dona Sol, a young Spanish lady, for Hernani, first known to her as a bandit, but who afterwards proves to be a grandee of Spain. Dona Sol, however, is also beloved by her uncle, Don Gomez de Silva, whom she was originally engaged to marry. Don Gomez saves Hernani, in the early part of his career, from the vengeance of Charles V., and Hernani promises the old Spanish noble to give him the life he has saved whenever he shall ask for it. Towards the end of the play Charles pardons Hernani, on discovering his birth, and gives him Dona Sol in marriage. It is on the wedding-night of the young couple that the old uncle comes and claims Hernani's promise. This last scene is the best part of the play, and it concludes by Hernani and his bride both taking the poison that Don Gomez brings—the lovers die in each other's arms. Charles the Fifth's character, particularly in his wild and early days, is painted with a very masterly hand.

But see you now this eye? it weeps with rage;
And see you not this poniard, foolish old man!
Nor fear the steel, when menaced by the eye?—
Don Ruy, beware! I am thy blood, my uncle!
Ay, list thee well!—were I thy only daughter,
'Twere ill with thee, wert thou to harm my husband.
. . . . . .And yet, forgive me!
Pity me! Pardon me! See, I am at your feet!
Pity, alas! my lord! I'm but a feeble woman—
I'm weak, my force miscarries in my soul.
I feel my feebleness, I fall before you—
I beg your pity!—and you know, my Lord—
You know, we Spanish women have a grief
That measures not its wording.

Such is the heroine of the piece—such is the passion which she feels—a passion for the chosen of her heart—for her husband whom she marries when a noble—but whom she loved, whom she selected, whom she would have followed, when a bandit. With such a heroine, and with such a passion, we can sympathise.

But I will preface what I shall have to say of M. V. Hugo, and the observations I shall subsequently venture to submit on the present state of the French Drama, by translating certain parts of one of the most popular and recent pieces that this author has brought upon the stage.

CHAPTER I.

LUCRECE BORGIA.

Lucrèce Borgia is in only three acts. It begins at Venice. You are at Venice—it is Venice's gay time, and you see her carnival, her masked revels—and there—on the terrace of the Barbarigo palace, are some young nobles—and at the bottom of this terrace flows the canal de la Zueca, on which, through the 'darknesss visible' of a Venetian night, you see pass the gondola, and the masquerade, and the musicians.

Twenty years have gone by since the death of Jean Borgia.

The young nobles speak of that awful assassination, and of the body plunged into the Tiber, and perceived by a boatman, involuntary witness of the crime—and Comte de Belverana, supposed to be a Spanish seigneur, joins in the conversation, and seems indeed, to the surprise of the Venetians, better acquainted than any of them with the history of Italy. One young cavalier alone is inattentive, and even sleeps, while the rest pass their conjectures on the fate of the boy, son of Lucrèce Borgia, by Jean Borgia, who had perished in the manner described—victim, as it was said, of the wrath and jealousy of his brother and his rival, Cæsar.

At last the Comte de Belverana is left alone upon the stage with the young man who is still sleeping, and whose indifference to the conversation that had been going on has already been accounted for by his companions, on the ground that, ignorant alike of his father and mother, he could not feel an interest in those family stories which then agitated Italy, and had more or less affected every one of themselves.

A masked lady enters and addresses the Spaniard by the name of Gubetta. He reminds her of his disguise, and warns her also to be cautious.

"If they don't know me," says the lady, "caution is of little consequence—if they do, it is they who have cause to fear." It is easy to see that Gubetta, or Comte de Belverana, is an Italian bravo in the service of this dame, who now says that, for the future, she means to be all virtue and clemency, and that her only desire is to obtain the affections of the young man who is sleeping. Gubetta shrugs up his shoulders at what he seems to consider a very startling change of disposition, and thinks it better, under these circumstances, to leave his mistress and the sleeper together. Lucrèce, for the lady is no other, takes off her mask, and kisses the forehead of the youth; but in doing so she has been seen by two strangers, who had been watching her—one her husband,* the other a gentleman attached to his service, and of the same honourable profession as Gubetta. Gennaro (this is the name of the personage hitherto so quiescent) now awakes. He tells Lucrèce that he is a soldier of fortune, an orphan ignorant of his parents, and that he only lives to discover his mother, and to make himself worthy of her.

* The Duke of Ferrara.

"I mean my sword to be pure and holy as that of an emperor. I've been offered any thing to enter the service of that infamous Lucrèce. I refused."

"Gennaro! Gennaro!" says the lady, "you should pity the wicked; you know not their hearts."

It is at this moment that the young nobles with whose conversation the play commenced come again on the scene.

ACT I. SCENE V.

The same. Maffio Orsini, Jeppo Liveretto, Ascanio Petrucci, Oloferno Vitellozzo, Don Apostolo Gazella, Nobles, Ladies, pages carrying torches.

Maffio (a torch in his hand). Gennaro, dost thou wish to know the woman to whom thou art talking love?

Dona Lucrèce (aside, under her mask). Just Heaven!

Gennaro. You are my friends—but I swear before God, that whoever touches the mask of this lady is a bold fellow!—The mask of a woman is as sacred as the face of a man.

Maffio. But first the woman must be a woman, Gennaro; not that we wish to insult this lady—we only wish to tell her our names. *(Making a step towards Dona Lucrèce.)* Madam, I am Maffio Orsini, brother to the Duke of Gravina, whom your bravos strangled during the night while he was sleeping.

Jeppo. Madam, I am Jeppo Liveretto, nephew of Liveretto Vitelli, poniarded by your orders in the cellars of the Vatican.

Ascanio. Madam, I am Ascanio Petrucci, cousin of Pandolfo Petrucci, Lord of Sienna, whom you had assassinated in order to rob him more easily of his town.

Oloferno. Madam, my name is Oloferno Vitellozzo, nephew of Jago d'Appiani, whom you had poisoned at a fête, after having treacherously despoiled him of his good and lordly citadel of Piombino.

Don Apostolo. Madam, you had Don Francisco Gazella put to death upon the scaffold. Don Francisco Gazella was maternal uncle to Don Alphonso of Aragon, your third husband, killed by your order on the stairs of St. Peter's. I am Don Apostolo Gazella, cousin of the one and son of the other.

Dona Lucrèce. O God!

Gennaro. Who is this woman?

Maffio. And now that we have told you our names, do you wish that we should tell you yours?

Dona Lucrèce. No—no, my lords—not before him!

Maffio (taking off her mask). Take off your mask, madam, so that one may see whether you can blush.

Don Apostolo. That woman, Gennaro, to whom you were whispering love, is a murderess and an adultress.

Jeppo. Incestuous in every degree—incestuous with her two brothers, one of whom slew the other for her love.

Dona Lucrèce. Pity!

Ascanio. Incestuous with her father, who is pope.

Oloferno. A monster, who would be incestuous with her children, if children she had; but Heaven refuses issue to such creatures.

Dona Lucrèce. Enough! enough!

Maffio. Would you know her name, Gennaro?

Dona Lucrèce. Pity—pity, my lords!

Maffio. Gennaro, would'st thou know her name?

Lucrèce (*dragging herself to the knees of Gennaro*). Listen not, my Gennaro!

Maffio (*stretching out his arm*). It 's—Lucrèce Borgia!

Gennaro (*pushing her back*). Oh!

(*She falls, having fainted at his feet.*)

Soon after this, Maffio, Jeppo, Ascanio, Oloferno, Don Apostolo, are sent by Venice on a special embassy to Ferrara, where Lucrèce Borgia holds her court, and Gennaro accompanies them, being the sworn brother in arms of Maffio D'Orsini.

The passions in action are—the affection of Lucrèce for Gennaro—the jealous indignation of the Duke of Ferrara against Gennaro, whom he supposes, from what he saw at the mask of Venice, to be a lover—and the vengeance of Lucrèce, who has determined to punish the young Venetian nobles who had insulted her.

Gennaro lays himself open to the Duke's plans by the historical outrage of erasing the B from the front of the ducal palace, which left 'orgia' engraved upon that part which Lucrèce inhabited.

The first act ends with a meeting between the two emissaries of the Duke and the Duchess, the one seeking, as he supposes, a lover for Lucrèce, the other a victim for the Duke. In the difficulty of reconciling the two missions, the bravos decide, by tossing up, whether Gennaro shall be adored or murdered. The Duke's bravo gains.

The second act contains a most spirited scene between Lucrèce Borgia and her husband. Lucrèce, having first passionately demanded vengeance on the person who had outraged her palace, as passionately demands the offender's pardon, on discovering the insult to have been offered her by the young Gennaro. The Duke, however, more and more confirmed in his jealousy, persits in his determination that death shall be inflicted on the culprit, and only allows his wife to choose whether her supposed paramour shall be stabbed or poisoned:

on Lucrèce preferring the latter, the famous Borgia poison is administered to Gennaro, who, however, believes himself pardoned—and the Duke then, quitting the room, tells his wife that he gives her her lover's last quarter of an hour.

Lucrèce, on finding herself alone with Gennaro, offers him an antidote for the poison that he has taken—and there is a fine moment where he doubts whether the Duke de Ferrara has really poisoned him, or whether it is Lucrèce herself who wishes to do so. Finally, however, he swallows the antidote, and is warned by Lucrèce to quit Ferrara without delay.

But I pass by the second act, which, however, is fully worthy of the reader's attention, in order to arrive at the third act, which closes the play, opening with the insult given to Dona Lucrèce, at the masked ball in Venice, by the vengeance she takes for that insult at a supper at Ferrara. The five young Venetian noblemen have been invited by Lucrèce's order to an entertainment at the Negroni Palace, and Gennaro, whom she supposes distant from Ferrara, accompanies them thither.

ACT III.

Oloferno (*his glass in his hand*). What wine like that of Xerès?—Xerès of Frontera is a city of Paradise?

Maffio (*his glass in his hand*). The wine that we drink, Jeppo, is better than any of your stories.

Ascanio. Jeppo has the misfortune to be a great teller of tales when he has drunk a little.

Don Apostolo. The other day it was at Venice, at his serene highness's the Doge Barbarigo's: to-day it is at Ferrara, at the divine Princess Negroni's.

Jeppo. The other day it was a mournful tale; to-day it's a merry one.

Maffio. A merry tale, Jeppo!—How happened it that Don Siliceo, a fine cavalier not more than thirty, after having gambled away his patrimony, married that rich Marquesa Calpurnia, who has counted forty-eight springs, to say the least of it? By the body of Bacchus, do you call that a gay story?

Gubetta. It's sad and trite—a man ruined, who marries a woman in ruins; one sees it every day.

(*He turns to the table. Some get up and come to the front of the scene during the continuance of the orgie.*)

The Princess Negroni (*to Maffio, pointing to Gennaro*). You seem, D'Orsini, to have but a melancholy friend there.

Maffio. He is always so, madam. You must pardon me for having brought him without an invitation; he is my brother in arms—he saved my life in an assault at Rimini; I received a thrust intended for him in the attack of the bridge of Vicenza: we never quit one another. A gipsy predicted we should die the same day.

The Negroni (smiling). Did the gipsy say that it was to be in the night, or the morning?

Maffio. He said that it should be in the morning.

The Negroni. Your Bohemian did not know what he was saying. And you are friends with that young man?—

Maffio. As much as one man can be with another.

The Negroni. Well, and you suffice one to the other: you are happy.

Maffio. Friendship does not fill all the heart, madam.

The Negroni. My God! what does fill all the heart?

Maffio. Love.

The Negroni. You have love always on your lips.

Maffio. And you, madam, have love in your eyes.

The Negroni. You are very singular.

Maffio. You are very beautiful!

(*He puts his arm round her waist.*)

The Negroni. Monsieur Orsini!*

Maffio. Give me, then, one kiss upon your hand.

The Negroni. No.

(*She escapes.*)

Gubetta. (*approaching Maffio*).—Your business goes on well with the princess.

Maffio. She always says "No" to me.

Gubetta. But in a woman's mouth "No" is the eldest brother to "Yes."

Jeppo (*coming up to Maffio*).—What do you think of the Princess Negroni?

Maffio. She is adorable! Between ourselves, she begins to work upon my heart most furiously.

Jeppo. And her supper?

Maffio. As perfect as orgie can be!

Jeppo. The princess is a widow.

Maffio. One sees that well enough by her gaiety.

Jeppo. I hope that your fears of the supper are gone by this time?

Maffio. I? how then?—I was stupid.

Jeppo (*to Gubetta*).—Monsieur de Belverana, you would hardly think that Maffio was afraid of supping at the princess's?

Gubetta. Afraid!—why?

Jeppo. Because the palace Negroni, forsooth, joins the palace Borgia!

Gubetta. To the devil with the Borgia, and let's drink!

Jeppo (*in a whisper to Maffio*). What I like in this Belverana is, his thorough hatred of the Borgias.

Maffio (*in a whisper*). True, he never misses an occasion of sending them to the devil with a most particular grace. Nevertheless, my dear Jeppo—

Jeppo. Well?

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* The reader will observe that it is not my fault if the Count Orsini and the Princess Negroni behave a little too much like a young Oxonian and a Dover chambermaid.

Maffio. I have watched this pretended Spaniard from the beginning of the supper; he has drunk nothing but water.

Jeppo. What! at your suspicions again, my good friend Maffio! The effect of your wine is strangely monotonous!

Maffio. Perhaps so; I am stupid.

Gubetta (*retiring, and looking at Maffio from head to foot*). Do you know, Monsieur Maffio, that you are built to live ninety years, and that you are just like my grandfather, who did live to those years and was called, like myself, Gil-Basilio-Fernan-Ireno-Felipe-Frasco Frasquito Comte de Belverana?

Jeppo (*in a whisper to Maffio*). I hope you do not now doubt of his being a Spaniard— he has at least twenty Christian names! What a litany, Monsieur de Belverana!

Gubetta. Alas! our parents have the habit of giving us more names at our baptism than crowns at our marriage. But what are they laughing at down there?—(*Aside.*)—Those women must have same pretext to get away—what's to be done?—(*He returns and sits down to table.*)

Oloferno. (*drinking*). By Hercules, I never passed a more delicious evening! Ladies, taste this wine; it's softer than Lacryma Christi, more generous than the wine of Cyprus! Here, this is the wine of Syracuse, my seigneurs!

Gubetta (*eating*). Oloferno's drunk, it seems.

Oloferno. Ladies, I must tell you some verses that I have just made. I wish I were more of a poet than I am, in order that I might celebrate such admirable women!

Gubetta. And I wish I were more rich than I am, in order to present my friends with just such other women.*

Oloferno. Nothing is so agreeable as to sing the praise of a good supper and a beautiful woman!

Gubetta. Except to kiss the one and eat the other.

Oloferno, Yes, I wish I were a poet; I would raise myself to heaven—I wish I had two wings!—

Gubetta. Of a pheasant in my plate.

Oloferno. At all events, I 'll tell you my sonnet.

Gubetta. By the devil, Monsieur Marquis Oloferno Vitellozzo, I dispense you from telling your sonnet! Leave us to drink.

Oloferno. You dispense me from my sonnet?

Gubetta. As I dispense the dogs from biting me, the pope from blessing me, and the people in the street from pelting me.

Oloferno. By God's head, I believe, little Spanish gentleman, that you mean to insult me!

Gubetta. I don't insult you, colossus of an Italian; I don't choose to listen to your sonnet—nothing more. My throat thirsts more after the Syracusan wine than my ears after poetry.

Oloferno. Your ears, you Spanish rascal—I 'll nail them to your heels!

Gubetta. You are a foolish beast! Fie! did one ever hear of such a lout,

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* Rather singular language in a Princess's palace, and addressed to her and her friends!

to get drunk with Syracusan wine and have the air of being sottish with beer?

Oloferno. I'll cut you into quarters, that will I!

Gubetta (still carving a pheasant). I won't say as much for you; I dont carve such big fowls. Ladies, let me offer you some pheasant.

Oloferno (seizing a knife). Pardieu! I'll cut the rascal's belly open, were he more of a gentleman than the emperor himself!

The Women (rising from the table). Heavens! they are going to fight!

The Men. Come, come, Oloferno!

(They disarm Oloferno, who attempts to rush upon Gubetta. While they are doing this, the women disappear.)

Oloferno (struggling). By God's body.

Gubetta. Your rhymes are so rich with God, my dear poet, that you have put these ladies to flight. You are a terrible bungler!

Jeppo. It's very true: where the devil are they gone to?

Maffio. They were frightened; "steel drawn, woman gone."

Ascanio. Bah! they'll come back again.

Oloferno (menacing Gubetta). I'll find you again to-morrow, my little devil Bellivedera!

Gubetta. To-morrow, as much as you please.

(Oloferno seats himself, tottering with rage. Gubetta bursts out laughing.)

That idiot! to send away the prettiest women in Ferrara with a knife wrapped up in a sonnet! To quarrel about rhymes!—I believe indeed he has wings. It is not a man, it's a bird—it perches; it ought to sleep on one leg, that creature Oloferno.

Jeppo. There, there, gentlemen, let's have peace—you 'll cut one another's throats gallantly to-morrow: by Jupiter! you 'll fight, at all events, like gentlemen—with swords, and not with knives!

Ascanio. Apropos! what have we done with our swords?

Don Apostolo. You forget that they were taken from us in the antechamber.

Gubetta. And a good precaution too, or we should have been fighting before ladies, a vulgarity that would bring blushes into the cheek of a Fleming drunk with tobacco!

Gennaro. A good precaution, in sooth!

Maffio. Pardieu! brother Gennaro, those are the first words that have passed your lips since the beginning of the supper, and you don't drink! Are you thinking of Lucrèce Borgia, Gennaro? Decidedly you have some little love-affair with her—don't say "no."

Gennaro. Give me to drink, Maffio! I won't abandon my friends at the table any more than I would in the battle.

A black Page, with two bottles in his hand. My lords, the wine of Cyprus or of Syracuse!

Maffio. Syracusan wine, that's the best.

(The black page fills all the glasses.)

Jeppo. The plague seize thee, Oloferno! are those ladies not coming back again?—*(He goes successively to the two doors.)*—The doors are fastened on the other side, gentlemen.

Maffio. Now, Jeppo, don't you in your turn be frightened; they don't wish we should follow them, nothing can be more simple than that.

Gennaro. Let us drink, gentlemen!

(*They bring their glasses together.*)

Maffio. To thy health, Gennaro! and may'st thou soon recover thy mother!

Gennaro. May God hear thee!

(*All drink, except Gubetta, who throws his wine over his shoulder.*)

Maffio (*in a whisper to Jeppo*). This time, at all events, Jeppo, I saw it clearly.

Jeppo (*whispering*). What?

Maffio. The Spaniard did not drink.

Jeppo. Well, what then?

Maffio. He threw his wine over his shoulder.

Jeppo. He is drunk and you too.

Maffio. It is just possible.

Gubetta. Come, a song, gentlemen! I am going to sing you a song worth all the sonnets of the Marquis Oloferno. I swear, by the good old skull of my father, that I did not make the song, and that I have not wit enough to make two rhymes jingle at the end of an idea. Here's my song; it 's addressed to St. Peter, the celebrated porter of Paradise, and it has for its subject that delicate thought that God's heaven belongs to the drinkers.

Jeppo (*to Maffio, whispering*). He is more than drunk; the fellow's a drunkard.

All (*except Gennaro*). The song! the song.

Gubetta (*singing*).

St. Peter, St. Peter, ho!
Your gates open fling
To the drinker, who'll bring
A stout voice to sing
Domino! domino!

All in chorus (*except Gennaro*). Gloria Domino!

(*They clash their glasses together and laugh loudly. All of a sudden, one hears distant voices, which sing in a mournful key.*)

Voice without. Sanctum et terribile nomen ejus, initium sapientiæ timor Domini!

Jeppo (*laughing still louder*). Listen, gentlemen; by the body of Bacchus, while we are singing "to drink," Echo is singing "to pray!"

All. Listen!

Voice without (*a little nearer*). Nisi Dominus custodierit civitatem, frustra vigilat qui custodit eam.

(*They all burst out laughing.*)

Maffio. It's some procession passing.

Gennaro. At midnight?—that's a little late.

Jeppo. Bah! Go on, Monsieur de Belverana.

Voice without, and which comes nearer and nearer. Oculos habent et non videbunt, nares habent et non odorabunt, aures habent et non audient.

(*All laughing louder and louder.*)

Jeppo. Trust the monks for bawling!

Maffio. Look, Gennaro; the lamps are going out here—a minute more, and we shall be in darkness.

(*The lamps get pale, as if for want of oil.*)

Voice without, still nearer. Manus habent et non palpabunt, pedes habent et non ambulabunt, non clamabunt in gutture suo.

Gennaro. It seems to me as if the voices approached.

Jeppo. It seems to me as if the procession were at this moment under our windows.

Maffio. They are the prayers of the dead.

Ascanio. It's some burial.

Jeppo. Let's drink to the health of him they are going to bury!

Gubetta. How do you know whether there be not many?

Jeppo. Well, then, let's drink to all their healths!

Apostolo (to Gubetta). Bravo! and let's continue our invocation to St. Peter.

Gubetta. Speak, then, more politely; one says Mr. St. Peter, honourable holder of the patent place of gaoler, and door-keeper of Paradise.

(*He sings.*)

St. Peter, St. Peter! ho!
Thy gates open fling
To the drinkers who'll bring,
A stout voice to sing
Domino! Domino!

(*All.*)

Gloria Domino!

Gubetta. To the drunkard, who staunch
To his wine, has a paunch,
That by Jove you might ask—
Is't a man—or a cask?

All, (in clashing their glasses together, and laughing loudly.)

Gloria Domino!

(The great door at the further end of the stage opens silently to its full width. You see within—an immense room hung with black—lit by torches—and a large silver cross at the end of it. A long line of penitents in white and black, and whose eyes are visible through their hoods, cross on head, and torch in hand, enter by the great door, chanting in an ominous and loud voice—)

De profundis ad te, Domine!

(Then they arrange themselves on the two sides of the room, and stand immoveable as statues, while the young gentlemen regard them stupified.)

Maffio. What does this mean?

Jeppo (forcing a laugh). It's some joke.—I'll lay my charger against a pig, and my name of Liveretto against the name of Borgia, that they are our charming ladies who have disguised themselves in this fashion to try our courage, and that if we lift up one of those hoods, we shall find under it the fresh and wicked face of a pretty dame. Let's see!

(He raises, laughingly, one of the capuchins, and stands petrified at seeing under it the livid face of a monk, who stands motionless; the torch in his hand, and his eyes bent to the ground. He lets the cowl fall and totters back.)

This begins to be strange!

Maffio. I don't know why my blood chills in my veins—

(*The penitents singing with a loud voice.*

Conquassabit capita in terrâ multorum!

Jeppo. What a terrible snare! Our swords, our swords! Ah! gentlemen, we are with the devil here.

ACT III. SCENE II. *The same. Dona Lucrece* (*appearing of a sudden, robed in black, on the threshold of the door*). You are my guests!

All (*except Gennaro, who observes everything from the recess of a window, where he is not seen by Dona Lucrèce*) *exclaim,* Lucrèce Borgia!

Dona Lucrèce. It's some days ago, since all of you whom I see here repeated that name in triumph. To-day you repeat it in dread. Yes, you may look at me with your eyes glassed by terror. It's I, gentlemen! I come to announce to you a piece of news—you are poisoned, all of you, my lords; here is not one of you who has an hour to live. Don't stir! The room adjoining is filled with pikes. It's my turn now to speak high, and to crush your head beneath my heel. Jeppo Liveretto, go join thy uncle Vitelli whom I had poniarded in the cellars of the Vatican! Ascanio Petrucci, go rejoin your cousin Pandolfo, whom I had assassinated in order to rob him of his town! Oloferno Vitellozzo, thy uncle expects thee—thou knowest that Jago d'Appiani—whom I had poisoned at a fête. Maffio Orsini, go talk of me in another world to thy brother Gravina, whom I had strangled in his sleep. Apostolo Gazella, I had thy father Francisco Gazella beheaded. I had thy cousin Alphonso of Aragon slain, say'st thou:—go and join them! On my soul, I think the supper I gave you at Ferrara is worth the ball you gave me at Venice. Fête for fête, my lords!

Jeppo. This is a rude waking, Maffio!

Maffio. Let us think of God!

Dona Lucrèce. Ah! my young friends of last carnival, you did not quite expect this! Par Dieu—it seems to me that I can revenge myself. What think you, gentlemen? Who is the most skilled in the art of vengeance here? This is not bad, I think—hem! What say you? for a woman!—(*To the Monks.*)—My fathers, carry these gentlemen into the adjoining room which is prepared for their reception. Confess them! and profit by the few instants which remain to them to save what can be saved of their souls. Gentlemen, I advise those amongst you who have souls, to look after them. Rest satisfied! they are in good hands. These worthy fathers are the regular monks of St. Sixtus, permitted by our holy father the Pope to assist me on occasions such as this—and if I have been careful of your souls, I have not been careless of your bodies.—Judge!—(*To the monks who are before the door at the end.*)—Stand on one side a little, my fathers, so that these gentlemen may see.

(*The monks withdraw, and leave visible five coffins, covered each with a black cloth, and ranged before the door.*)

The number is there—there are five!—Ah! young men! you tear out the bowels of a poor woman, and you think she'll not avenge herself. Here, Jeppo, is your coffin—Maffio, here is yours. Oloferno, Apostolo, Ascanio, here are yours!

Gennaro (*whom she had not seen till then, steps forth*). There must be a sixth, madam.

Dona Lucrèce. Heavens, Gennaro!

Gennaro. Himself!

Lucrèce. Let every body leave the room—let us be left alone. Gubetta, whatever happens, whatever you may hear without, let no one enter here.

Gubetta. You shall be obeyed.

(*The Monks go out in procession, taking with them in their ranks the five seigneurs, tottering with wine.*)

Lucrèce now presses Gennaro to save himself by taking what remains of the antidote she had formerly given him. He asks,

Is there enough to save all?

She answers,

No; barely enough for one.

Gennaro then, furious at the death of his friends, seizes a knife from the table.

Lucrèce. Oh! Gennaro, if thou didst but know—if thou didst but know the relationship between us! Thou knowest not how near and dear thou art to me—thou knowest not how we are connected.—The same blood runs in our veins.—Thy father was Jean Borgia.

Gennaro. Your brother;—then you are *my aunt*.

"His aunt," says Lucrèce falteringly; and before her is death on one side, and *an acknowledgement to her own son of incest with his father* on the other . . . .

She hesitates—and Gennaro, who looks upon her as his aunt, and the persecutrix of his mother, is only more resolved in his plans of vengeance.

"Commit not this crime," she says, but she hesitates to add more, and upon Gennaro's brow gather yet more fixedly the thoughts of vengeance.

"A crime," he exclaims: "and supposing it be a crime, *am I not a Borgia?*"

At this instant the dying voice of Maffio d'Orsini comes to him from the adjoining chamber.

Je n'écoute plus rien. Vous l'entendez, madame, il faut mourir!

Lucrèce. Au nom du ciel!

Gennaro. Non! (*he stabs her.*)

Lucrèce. Ah! tu m'as tuée.—Gennaro! je suis *ta mère!*

CHAPTER II.

The merits of M. V. Hugo.—His theory.—M. V. Hugo aims at unattainable things.—M. Dumas at attainable things.—Translation from Antony.

I HAVE preferred thus copiously translating from Lucrèce Borgia to writing a more formal description, with short and imperfect extracts, of M. V. Hugo's different dramatic productions. In the first place, I thus give a tolerable idea of one of this writer's principal dramas. In the next place, by selecting a popular performance, I obtain the right to judge the audience which applauded that performance; and, lastly, by selecting for criticism a work which was written on a particular plan, and which, written on that plan, has succeeded, it cannot be said that I have taken an unfair opportunity of judging and condemning this plan itself.

As far as the talent of the author is concerned in Lucrèce Borgia, I own that I admire the dark, and terrible, and magnificent,—though coarse and furious energy that he has here brought upon the stage. The last act—the act in which you see the wine-cup and the bier, in which you hear the bacchanal and the dirge, in which, mingled with the voluptuaries garlanded with roses stalk forth the cowled instruments of assassination and religion;—the last act, in the wild mixture of death and luxury, of murder and superstition, exhibits one of the most striking, the most terrific, the most tremendous, pageants that has yet been brought upon the modern stage.

The author of Hernani and Lucrèce Borgia is not only a writer of extraordinary powers, but a writer of extraordinary powers in that very branch of composition wherein he has generally been deemed the least successful. M. Victor Hugo might aspire to the place (under a total change of the circumstances of life, and therefore under a total change in the rules of art) which Corneille or Racine once held upon the stage of his country, and, I had almost said, to a place near that which

Shakspeare once held upon our own. But why then—why is it that some of his attempts have been such signal failures? —why is it that, in some of his dramas, without ever soaring to the sublime, he has grovelled amidst the ridiculous, while even in the last piece I have quoted, in one of those where there is the most to admire, I confess that there appears to me at least as much to forgive.

It is not that M. Victor Hugo is incapable of being a great dramatist, but that he has laid down a set of rules which almost render it impossible that he should be one. The system which spoils the romance of "Notre Dame," * has been carried out to the most extravagant extent, where it is still less calculated to succeed; and, what is most extraordinary, M. Hugo lays it down with all the solemnity of profound wisdom, that the great art of exciting interest and propagating morality is to take for your heroes and your heroines the most atrocious characters, and to inspire them with some one most excessive virtue. It is hardly to be believed that such a doctrine should be gravely stated: but let us hear M. Victor Hugo himself!

"What is the secret thought of "Le Roi s'amuse?" This. —Take the most monstrous physical deformity— place it in the meanest and most degraded social position. † Well; give this creature a soul, and breathe into this soul the sentiment of paternity. The degraded creature will become sublime, the little creature will become great, the depraved creature will become beautiful.

"This is Le Roi s'amuse. And what is Lucrèce Borgia? Now take the moral deformity, the most hideous, the most disgusting, the most complete; put it, where it is most remarkable, in the breast of a woman, and plant in this breast the purest sentiment a woman can possess—the sentiment of maternity—and the monster will interest you, and the monster

* A beautiful romance—in which the most interesting person, however, is described as the likeness of a grotesque figure in a gothic church—and one of the most delicate females ever drawn by the pen of romance, trembles like—a galvanized frog!

† Triboulet, the well-known buffoon of Francis the First. The play turns on the grief of this wretch, painted by M. V. Hugo himself as the vilest of mankind, at his daughter's being seduced by the king, a misfortune which, according to his character and the character of his times, he would have been too happy to undergo.

will make you weep, and that soul so deformed will be replete with grace and loveliness .... The author will not bring Marion Delorme * on the stage without ennobling her with a pure affection, nor Triboulet without making him an excellent father; nor Lucrèce Borgia without making her a devoted mother." True, if there were any law to oblige a dramatist to choose the characters of Marion Delorme, and Triboulet, and Lucrèce Borgia, and awake in the mind of his audience an affectionate interest for such characters—if there were such a barbarous law as this—it might then be very well, and perhaps very right for the author to say—"I'll soften the characters I am obliged to use in this manner, and since I must make them as interesting, I will make them as virtuous, as I can."—It is very true, moreover, that a vicious buffoon *may* possibly love his daughter, that a depraved woman of the town *may* have a chaste and noble passion, that a murderess and assassin *may* adore her son. But when an author can choose any personage he thinks proper, and can give to that personage any part he things proper—if he wish to interest us with a tale of extraordinary filial affection, he should not take a villainous buffoon for his hero, any more than, if he wish to interest us in a tale of pure and romantic love, he should take a harlot for his heroine.

In allying things hideous with things beauteous, things vicious with things virtuous, instead of ennobling ugliness by the beauty, vice by the virtue, you connect with it, you too frequently make that ridiculous and ignoble which should be kept sacred, venerated, and religious.

"Affix God to the gibbet," says M. Victor Hugo, "and you have the cross." We know that punishment does not constitute crime, that God does not cease to be God for his crucifixion: but, to prove the value of M. Victor Hugo's theory, it would be necessary to show—not that Christ remained Christ after he was crucfied—but that he actually became Christ by the very act of his crucifixion.

Nothing can be so absurd as to attempt to arrive at a particular effect in opposition the natural sympathies that produce

* The famous prostitute of the time of Louis XIII. The force of the drama consists in the pure and passionate attachment of this lady for a youth, to save whom from prison she sacrifices once more her oft-sacrificed honour.

it. It is very true that a young man may be attached to an ugly old woman. We have all known instances of this; yet, if Romeo had killed himself for Juliet's aunt, or Juliet's duenna, or Juliet's grandmother, it is very doubtful whether the audience would not have been quite as much inclined to laugh at him for a consummate fool as to weep for him as a romantic lover. It is the grace, the beauty, the tender years of Juliet—it is this which makes us feel all the passion, and comprehend all the despair, of the Italian youth. The wonderful art of Shakspeare is that, without distorting a character into a caricature, he always takes care that it produces in us a right effect. We view Richard III. with horror, and yet he is a great captain—a wise and provident monarch—valiant—intelligent. The deformities of the usurper are not exaggerated, his merits are allowed; but still, in spite of the admiration we feel for his gallantry as a soldier, for his sagacity as a prince, we despise him as a hypocrite, and hate him as an assassin.

M. V. Hugo would have made us love him in spite of his hump, in spite of his murders, in spite of his dissembling, in spite of all these defects and a hundred others, if he *had* them; nay, on account of these very defects themselves, he would have selected him just as the person that we should love, that we must love, and this for some peculiar virtue, the very last we should have suspected him of.

If M. V. Hugo were to wish to inspire you with terror, reader, he would try to frighten you with a sheep; if he were to wish to give you an idea of swiftness, he would prefer doing it by a tortoise.

Lucrèce Borgia met with very deserved success, but this was *in spite* of the principle it was written upon, and not *on account* of it; it was *on account* of the vivid colouring, the passionate energy, the quick succession of action, the force and the magnificence of two or three dramatic situations, *and in spite of* the sentimental whining of an Italian mercenary after an unknown mother who had abandoned him, and the ridiculous and puling affection of such a woman as Lucrèce Borgia for her incestuous offspring, that this piece succeeded.

I remember a story, told in some learned nursery book, of a contest between the archers of King Richard and those of Robin Hood. The archers of King Richard, rather too confi-

dent perhaps in their skill, preferred showing it by shooting at the moon, while the shrewder archers of Robin Hood shot at the target. It is hardly necessary to say that the archers of Robin Hood carried off all the prizes. This is just the difference between M. Victor Hugo and M. Dumas. The one aims at attainable, the other at unattainable objects. The one looks to the success he is to obtain, the other at the theory through which he is determined to obtain it. For strength and poesy of language, for force and magnificence of conception, there can be no comparison between M. V. Hugo and M. Dumas. The first has nobler and loftier elements for the composition of a dramatic poet, the second produces a more perfect effect from inferior materials. M. V. Hugo never steps out of the sublime without falling at once into the absurd—however triumphant the piece you are listening to may be in a particular passage, you never feel sure that it will succeed as a whole—some word, some phrase surprises and shocks you when you least expect it. From the moment that the curtain is raised until the moment it falls, the author is in a perpetual struggle with his audience—now you are inclined to smile, and he suddenly forces you to admire,—now you are inclined to admire, and again you are involuntarily compelled to laugh.

In nothing is M. V. Hugo consistent—careless of applause, as you would suppose, and might really believe, from the plan he pursues—at times he testifies the most vulgar desire for a cheer—and a Lady declares to the pit at the Porte St. Martin, that there is something finer than being the Countess of Shrewsbury, viz. being the wife of a cutler's apprentice!!

Recondite in his research after costume and scenery, this writer despises and confounds, in the most painful manner, historical facts. In Marie Tudor,* Mary of England, whose

* It is very difficult to make the plan of Marie Tudor intelligible, more especially since the author has not succeeded in doing so. Marie Tudor, just before her marriage with Philip, has for paramour an Italian adventurer Fabiani. This Italian adventurer seduces a young woman betrothed to a cutler's apprentice,who appears to be in the lowest state of life, but who is in reality a Talbot, a Countess of Shrewsbury, and the Lord knows what besides. The queen, discovering this intrigue, is determined to be avenged, and, in order to be so, she asks the apprentice, as the reward for her recognizing the rights of the new Countess of Shrewsbury, to pretend to stab her (the queen), and accuse Fabiani of having bribed him to do it, in which case he and Fa-

chastity, poor woman, was her only virtue, is brought on the state with an Italian musician for her lover, in the character of Mary Queen of Scots, with whom it is impossible to believe that M. Hugo really confounded her.*

Monsieur Dumas is not quite so prodigal of these defects. The drama of Henry III. is almost perfect in its keeping with the times of that Prince's court. The gallantry, the frivolity, the confusion, the superstition of that epoch, all find a place there. The character of Henry III., crafty, courageous, weak, enervated, effeminate, sunk in vice, pleasure, and devotion—the character of Catherine de Medicis, reading, perchance believing, the stars—but not trusting to them—man in her ambition—woman in her ways—daring everything—and daring nothing openly—meeting the rebellious plans of the Duc de Guise by a counterplot against his marriage bed—advising her son to put down the League—by declaring himself its head—these two characters of Henry and his mother are as perfect historical portraits—as the melancholy, interesting, and high and stern-minded St. Mégrin is a perfect imaginative picture.

Set Henry III, by the side of Lucrèce Borgia—there is no

biani will both be disposed of by the executioner. Gilbert, the apprentice, consents in a most natural manner to this, and he and the Italian are accordingly condemned to death with the most pompous display of ignorance as to all the laws and customs of Great Britain.

Two great changes at this time take place in the two ladies' feelings: Marie is all agony to save Fabiani, whom she has taken such pains to have beheaded; and the Countess of Shrewsbury discovers that she never liked Fabiani, who had seduced her, but the apprentice, whom she had always before regretted she could not like. The interest of the play now turns on one of the prisoners having escaped—and each lady believing that it is her lover; and there is a fine scene, where London is shown joyful and illuminated on account of the execution, which the two ladies are both watching with intense anxiety from the Tower. Fabiani is beheaded, and Gilbert saved.

The follies of this play—the queen's solemn interview with Jack Ketch, the mysterious promenadings of a Spanish ambassador, the luxurious loves of poor chaste Marie Tudor herself—all these it is impossible to say anything of here, and it would be difficult in volumes to say enough of their grotesque and original absurdity.

* Rien n'y contredit l'histoire, bien que beaucoup de choses y soient ajoutées; rien n'y est violenté par les incommodités de la représentation, ni par l'unité de jour, ni par celle de lieu." In what Corneille said of Cinna, M. V. Hugo may find a lesson.

one part in Henry III.* to be compared with the last act—the supper in the Negroni Palace, in Lucrèce Borgia. There is no one part in Henry III. in which such splendid and gay and dark images are so massed together—where such terror and such luxury, such gaiety and such horror are thrust in vivid contrast at once upon you. But the play of M. Dumas, though it does not strike you as the product of *so powerful a talent* as that of M. Hugo, satisfies you better as the work of *a more natural talent*. Its action seems to you more easily animated, more unaffectedly developed. It does not startle you so much at different passages, but it keeps your attention more continually alive: it does not agitate you at times so terribly during the performance, but it leaves a more full and complete impression upon your mind when the curtain drops.

Between Henry III. and the other pieces of M. A. Dumas there appears to me, however, no comparison. There is in that piece a grace, a dignity, a truth, which one seeks in vain, as it appears to me, in the subsequent productions which crowded audiences have declared equally successful.

Antony is the play, perhaps, in which the public have seen most to admire. The plot is simple, the action rapid, the divisions decided—each act contains an event, and each event develops the character, and tends to the catastrophe of the piece. Antony is an illegitimate child, brought up by charity, and who never knew his parents. He is rich, however, and in love with Adèle (a young lady of good fortune and family) to whom he does not venture to propose on account of the mystery of his birth†—

* Henry III. has been so well translated, and is so well known in Catherine of Cleves, that I only refer to it. The plot consists in the fact I have alluded to. Catherine de Medicis, in order to occupy the Duc de Guise, foments a passion between the Duchesse and one of Henry's favourites, St. Mégrin. The Duc discovers the intrigue, intraps St. Mégrin, and has him slain. The whole play turns, as I have said in an early part of this work, on the Duchesse's *lost pocket-handkerchief*—which occasioned the lines I then quoted:

"Messieurs et Mesdames— cette pièce est morale;
Elle prouve aujourd'hui, sans faire de scandale,
Que chez un amant, lorsqu'on va le soir,
On peut oublier tout—excepté *son mouchoir*."

† One of the absurdities of this play, as a picture of French manners, is the extraordinary disgrace which the author has attached to illegitimacy in a capital where more than one illegitimate child is born to every two legitimate ones.

a mystery with which the young lady, and Antony's acquaintance in general, it would seem, are strangely unacquainted. Adèle, attached to Antony, but piqued and offended at his conduct, for he had left her suddenly, at the moment when she supposed him likely to claim her hand, marries a Col. d'Hervey. It is three years after this marriage, I think, that the play begins.

Antony then returns, and requests, as a friend, an interview with Adèle, which she determines to avoid, and, getting into her carriage, leaves her sister to receive the visiter. The horses, however, run away with her, and, by one of those old and convenient accidents, which authors have not yet dispensed with, Antony stops them, saves her life, gets injured in the chivalrous enterprise, and is carried by the physician's order to Madame d'Hervey's house. Here he soon finds an opportunity to tell his misfortune, his despair, the passion he feels,* and the reasons why he did not declare it sooner—and Adèle, after hearing all this, thinks it safer to make the best of her way after her husband, who is at Frankfort.

She starts, her journey is nearly over, when she arrives at a little inn, where she is obliged to stop, on account of another convenient accident—a want of post-horses. Here the following scene will explain what takes place.

SCENE VII.

HOSTESS, ADÈLE.

Hostess (*from without*). 'Coming! coming!'—*entering.*—Was it Madame who called?

Adèle. I wish to go. Are the horses returned?

Hostess. They were hardly gone when Madame arrived, and I don't expect them before two or three hours. Would Madame repose herself?

Adèle. Where?

Hostess. In this cabinet there's a bed.

Adèle. Your cabinet does not shut.

Hostess. The two doors of this room shut inside.

Adèle. True, I need not be alarmed here.

Hostess (*bringing a light into the cabinet*). What could Madame be alarmed at?

Adèle. This is silly.—(*Hostess goes out of the cabinet.*)—Come, for Heaven's sake, and tell me as soon as the horses are returned.

* This is the second Act.

Hostess. The very instant, Madam.

Adèle (*Going into the cabinet*). No accident can happen in this hotel?

Hostess. None. If Madame wishes it, I will order some one to sit up.

Adèle (*At the entry of the cabinet*). No, no—indeed—excuse me—leave me.
(*She goes into the cabinet and shuts the door.*)

(*Antony appears on the balcony behind the window, breaks a glass, pushes his arm through, opens the window, enters quickly, and bolts the door which the Hostess just went out at.*)

Adèle (*Coming out of the cabinet*). A noise—a man—oh!

Antony. Silence!—*taking her in his arms and putting a handkerchief to her mouth*)—It's I—I—Antony.

(*He carries her into the cabinet.*)

Thus ends Act III.

Some months have passed away. Antony and his mistress are then at Paris, and Col. d'Hervey still (this is again convenient) remains at Frankfort, whither Antony has sent a faithful servant, who is to watch over the movements of the unfortunate husband, and ride to Paris with the news, if he should take it into his head to return.

You are now taken to a ball*—and here Adèle gets insulted by a lady for her supposed weakness in favour of Antony—the weakness, as yet, is only supposed. Antony consoles his mistress for this insult, which one does not quite see why she received, since her friend, the hostess, and queen of the ball, has already changed her lover two or three times during the piece. But misfortunes, says the proverb, never come singly, and hardly can Adèle have gone home, after this insult, when the servant who had been stationed at Frankfort arrives, and announces that Col. d'Hervey will be at Paris almost as soon as himself.

Antony hurries to his mistress's house, and endeavours to persuade her to elope with him immediately.

ACT V. SCENE III.

Antony. Well, thou see'st! remaining here there is no hope in heaven . . . Listen, I am free—my fortune will follow me—besides, if it failed, I could supply it easily. A carriage is below. Listen and consider, there is no other course. If a heart devoted—if the whole existence of a man cast at thy feet, suffice thee, say 'Yes.' Italy, England, Germany, offer us an asylum. I tear thee from thy family, from thy country.—well, I will be to thee family—country. A change of name will disguise us from the world. No one will know who we were till we are dead. We'll live alone—thou shalt be my fortune,

* Act IV.

my God, my life. I'll have no will but thine, no happiness but thine. Come, come, we are enough to each other to enable us to forget the world.

Adèle. Yes, yes—but one word to Clara.

Antony. We have not a minute to lose.

Adèle. My child, my daughter—I must embrace my girl—seest thou—this is a last adieu, an eternal farewell!

Antony. Well, yes!—go, go.—(*He pushes her.*)

Adèle. O my God!

Antony. What ails thee?

Adèle. My daughter!—leave my daughter!—my daughter, who will be reproached one day with the crime of her mother, who will still live, perhaps, though not for her. My girl! my poor child! who will expect to be presented to the world as innocent, and who will be presented to it as dishonoured as her mother, and dishonoured by her mother's fault.

Antony. O my God!

Adèle. Is it not so? A blot once fallen upon a name is not effaced—it eats into it—it preys upon it—it destroys it. Oh my daughter, my daughter!

Antony. Well!—we'll take her with us: let her come with us. But yesterday, I should have thought it impossible to love her—the daughter of another—of thee. Well! she shall be my daughter, my adopted child. But come—take her, then; every instant is death. What dost thou consider about?—he is coming, he is coming!—he is yonder!

Adèle. Wretch that I am become! Where am I? and where hast thou conducted me? and all this in three months! An honourable man confides his name to me—places his happiness in me—trusts his daughter to me! I adore her.—She is his hope, his old age, the being in whom he hopes to survive. Thou comest—it is but three months. My smothered love awakes—I dishonour the name intrusted to me—I destroy the happiness reposed on me; and this is not all—no, this is not enough—I carry away from him the daughter of his heart. I disinherit his old days of his child's caresses, and in exchange of his love I give him shame, sorrow, solitude! Tell me, Antony, is not this infamy?

Antony. What wouldst thou do, then?

Adèle. Stay—

Antony. And when he shall have discovered every thing—

Adèle. He'll kill me.

Antony proposes they should die together—"Blessed be God," he says,—

Blessed be God who made my life for unity! Blessed be God that I can quit life without drawing a tear from eyes that love me! Blessed be God for having allowed me, in the age of hope, to have known and been fatigued with everything . . . One bond alone attached me to this world . . . Thou wert that bond—it breaks—I am content to die, but I would die with thee . . . I wish the last beatings of our hearts to respond—our last sighs to mingle. Dost thou understand? . . . A death as soft as sleep—a death happier than our life . . . Then—who knows? from pity, perhaps, they'll throw our bodies into the same tomb.

Adèle. Oh! yes! That would be heaven, if my memory could die with me —but if I die thus, the world will say to my child—"Your mother thought to escape shame by death . . . and she died in the arms of the man who had dishonoured her"—and if my poor girl say, "no;" they will lift up the stone that covers our grave, and say "There, see them!"

Antony. Oh! we are indeed damned, neither to live nor die!

Adèle. Yes, yes. I ought to die—I alone—thou seest it—. . . Go then, in the name of heaven—go!

Antony. Go! . . . quit thee! . . . when he comes . . . to have had thee, and to have lost thee! . . . hell! . . . And were he not to kill thee . . . were he to *pardon* thee . . . To have been guilty of rape, violence, adultery—to have possessed thee—and can I hesitate at a new crime, that is, to keep thee?—What! lose my soul for so little! Satan would laugh. Thou art foolish. No, no! Thou art mine as man is misfortune's (*seizing her in his arms*). Thou must live for me . . . I carry thee away.—Evil be on the head of him who would prevent me!

Adèle. Oh! oh!

Antony. Cries, tears, it matters not!

Adèle. My daughter! my daughter!

Antony. She's a child, and will laugh to-morrow.

(*They are just on the point of going out, when a double knock is heard at the street door.*)

Adèle (*bursting from Antony's arms*). Oh! it 's he.... Oh! my God! my God! Have pity on me! pardon, pardon!

Antony. Come, it is over now!

Adèle. Somebody's coming up stairs... somebody rings—(*It must be remembered this is a French house, and the knock was at the outer door*)—It's my husband—fly, fly!

Antony (*fastening the door*). Not I—I fly not... Listen!... You said just now that you did not fear death.

Adèle. No, no... Oh! kill me, for pity's sake!

Antony. A death that would save thy reputation, that of thy child?

Adèle. I'll beg for it on my knees.

(*A voice from without; "Open, open! break open the door!"*)

Antony. And in thy last breath thou wilt not curse thy assassin?—

Adèle. I'll bless him—but be quick... that door.

Antony. Fear nothing! death shall be here before any one. But reflect on it well—death!

Adèle. I beg it—implore it (*throwing herself into his arms*)—I come to seek it.

Antony (*kissing her*). Well then, die!

(*He stabs her with a poniard.*)

Adèle (*falling into a fauteuil*). Ah!

(*At the same moment the door is forced open, Col. d'Hervey rushes on the stage.*)

SCENE IV. *Col. d'Hervey, Antony, Adèle, and different servants.*

Col. d'Hervey. Wretch!—What do I see?—Adèle!

Antony. Dead, yes, dead!—she *resisted me*, and I *assassinated her.*

(He throws his dagger at the Colonel's feet.)

CHAPTER III.

The merits of M. Dumas.—"Angèle."—"Darlington."—"Teresa."—"Tour de Nesle."—Description of the effect produced by the "Tour de Nesle."—The characters of a time should be in the character of the time.—M. Dumas dresses up the nineteenth century in a livery of heroism, turned up with assassination and incest.

THERE is enough, I think, even in the short and imperfect translation I have just given from Antony, to show considerable energy and talent, and that kind of passion and movement which hurries away an audience. Indeed, the productions of M. Dumas, which lose much of their effect in reading, afford, in acting, a thousand proofs of this author's having taken every pains to study and to succeed in the arts of the stage. There is a line in Angèle, wonderful in its exemplification of his knowledge and his study of these arts.

Angèle,* a young lady, unhappily seduced, is desirous of confessing her misfortune to her mother—she says she has something to say—the mother inquires tenderly what it is—

* Angèle is a young lady, seduced by an adventurer who intends marrying her on a speculation, but, on finding the mother a better affair, he engages himself to her. Angèle, however, after being confined (which she is, one may say, on the stage), confesses the story to her mamma just before the marriage takes place.

D'Alvimar, the adventurer, is for making off, but is stopped by a Doctor Muller, a young physician, who, having long loved Angèle, had accidentally delivered her of her child, and now delivers her of her false-hearted lover, whom (by a most unmedical mode of destruction) he shoots—then marries Angèle, adopts her child, and (in order to make her quite happy and comfortable, I suppose) assures her he must die within the year of a pulmonary complaint.

Angèle weeps—the mother takes her hand, endeavours to soothe and encourage her; Angèle still weeps. "Is it something so very bad then?" says the mother, not suspecting her daughter's innocence. The daughter fixes her eyes upon her mother, sobs, struggles to speak—the audience is all attention. But how make the confession?

"Ah, si j'avais mon enfant je le mettrais à vos pieds."

A more enthusiastic burst than followed this exclamation (I saw the piece the first night of the representation) it is impossible to describe.*

M. Dumas has written Henry III., Antony, Angèle, Darlington,† Teresa,‡ and also claims a share in the Tour de Nesle. § The Tour de Nesle is the most powerful of these performances, and thrown back into a dark century is excusable in its ghastly accumulation of midnight horrors. This tower, the Tour de Nesle, built in the twelfth century, on the site now occupied by the college Mazarin, tall, round, and casting its gloomy shadow on the Seine, was the spot sacred to many of the old popular superstitions,

* I remember another instance, in the "Tour de Nesle:" immediately after the murder of Philippe Daulnay and all the abominations of Marguerite and her sisters, the guardian of the night is heard chanting without—"Il est trois heures; tout est tranquille—Parisiens, dormez!"

† Darlington is the illegitimate son of a hangman (this is in England), who is determined to make his fortune. To do this, nothing is so easy (N. B. This was in the days of unreformed parliaments) as to be returned M.P. for the County of Northumberland and the *Borough* of Darlington (both meaning the same thing). Darlington, then, is soon an M.P.; and he now makes a good speech, on which he is instantly sent for by the minister, and offered at once, *by the king in person*, a secretaryship of state, an earldom, and an immense estate, with the only condition of forsaking his principles and marrying a second wife, his own wife being yet living: this he of course complies with. But his wife is more difficult to be got rid of than his principles—and in his attempt to carry the good lady abroad, he is stopped by his moral, and virtuous, and indignant father, the hangman. Here ends the piece—*finis coronat opus*.

‡ Teresa is married to an officer older than herself, and who, indeed, has a daughter, Amelia, of nearly her age. Teresa is in love with a young man, Arthur, who marries Amelia and then intrigues with Teresa. Amelia gets possession of Teresa's letters, without knowing whose letters they are, but, suspecting some intrigue, places them in her father's hands, and her father finds his wife and his son-in-law to be little better than they should be. He satisfies himself, however, with hurrying daughter and son-in-law off on a foreign mission (in all M. Dumas' plays there is a foreign mission—no one has such interest in the diplomacy), and Teresa thereupon destroys herself, as will be seen in a note a little further on.

§ See the following note.

among which was a kind of Blue-beard story of a Queen of France, who, according to Brantôme, "se tenait là d'ordinaire, laquelle fesant le guet aux passants et ceux qui lui revenaient et agréaient le plus, de quelque sort de gens que ce fussent, les fesait appeler et venir à soy, et, après avoir tiré ce qu'elle en voulait, les fesait précipiter du haut de la tour en bas en l'eau, et les fesait noyer." The name of this Queen seems a matter much disputed, but Marguerite de Bourgogne, wife of Louis X., who, together with her two sisters, was convicted of practices something similar, furnishes the author of the piece with his heroine, and the plot turns on her intrigue with two brothers, whose parentage she was ignorant of, but who prove to be her own sons, by an adventurer, Buridan. One of these sons is murdered by the mother's order, another by the father's contrivance—there is hardly any crime to be found in the *Causes Célèbres*, which is not ingeniously crowded into the five acts of this drama.* There is hardly any horrible or ter-

* The main plot (for there are several other minor intrigues) of the Tour de Nesle is this. There are two brothers, orphans and ignorant of their parents, Philippe Daulnay and Gaultier Daulnay. Gaultier Daulnay is in the Queen's guard, and is beloved by the Queen. Philippe Daulnay, coming to see him, is seduced to the Tour de Nesle, and, after having partaken of the Queen's revels, is murdered, according to her usual orders. Buridan, who, as page to the Duc de Bourgogne, had formerly been the lover of Marguerite in early youth, before her marriage, and at her suggestion had murdered her father, Robert II., visits Paris, in order to take advantage of this secret, and finally insists on being made prime minister, and governing France in conjunction with the Queen. Marguerite apparently consents, but determines to contrive his death; while Buridan also begins to think Marguerite's death necessary for the security of his fortunes. This amiable couple then make a love-appointment at the Tour de Nesle, each intending that it should end in the death of the other. Marguerite posts assassins in the chamber through which Buridan is to pass, and gives them orders to despatch the first man who enters. Buridan informs Gaultier Daulnay of his rendezvous, excites his jealousy, and gives him the key that will admit him into the tower in his (Buridan's) place, while in the mean time he gives the captain of the guard an order in the King's own hand to enter the Tour de Nesle at the hour when he expected Marguerite and Gaultier would be there, and to seize whomsoever, without exception, he might find, as perpetrators of the horrid murders for which the place was famous. Hardly, however, has Gaultier left Buridan, before the latter learns that Philippe Daulnay, already slain by Marguerite, and Gaultier Daulnay, whose death he has just been contriving, are the offspring of his early loves with the Queen. He hastens then to the tower to save Gaultier, and, entering by the window, avoids the assassins. But he only comes in time to hear his son's cries under their hands; and as Gaultier, covered with

rible position of which the stage affords an example, in which the author has not contrived to place his heroine or heroes—there are some events (the sudden nomination, for instance, of Buridan to be prime minister) too improbable for even the necessities of the scene to justify; but there are no flagrant violations of history such as those in Marie Tudor—nor is there any wanton attempt to interest you in crime. You are not told that you should feel as M. V. Hugo would have told you that you should feel—the deepest interest for the lady who had been strangling her lovers all her life, because she felt some compunction at having accidentally strangled her son at last. Your feelings are allowed to run on in their ordinary course, and your breast is dark from every gleam of pity when the guard leads off the queen and her paramour, caught in their own snares, to execution.

If you choose to judge the Tour de Nesle by the ordinary rules of criticism, it is a melo-dramatic monstrosity; but if you think that to seize, to excite, to suspend, to transport the feelings of an audience, to hush them into the deepest silence, to wring out from them the loudest applause—to keep them with an eye eager, an ear awake, an attention unflagged from the first scene to the last—if you think that to do this is to be a dramatist—that to have done this is to have written a drama—bow down to M. Dumas, or M. Gaillardet—to the author of the Tour de Nesle—whoever he be—that man is a dramatist, the piece he has written is a drama. And yet, powerful as this play is, it wants poesy; there are no glorious passages, no magnificent situations,—written in prose, its prose is strong, nervous, but strictly prosaic. I should find it impossible to sum up an opinion of this performance, by calling it bad, or good—Go, reader, to see it! There is great art, great defects, great nature, great improbabilities, all massed and mingled up

wounds, totters into the chamber and dies at the feet of his parents, the King's guards enter. The captain of the guard advancing—

You are my prisoners.

Marg. and *Buridan.* Your prisoners?

Marg. I—the Queen?

Buridan. I—the prime minister?

Capt. of the Guard. There are here neither Queen nor prime minister: there is a dead body, two assassins, and an order, signed by the King's hand, to arrest this night whomsoever I should find in the Tour de Nesle.

together in the rapid rush of terrible things, which pour upon you, press upon you, keep you fixed to your seat, breathless, motionless. And then a pause comes—the piece is over—you shake your head, you stretch your limbs, you still feel shocked, bewildered, and walk home as if awaked from a terrible nightmare. Such is the effect of the Tour de Nesle.

I have said that the drear and distant times from which this tragedy is brought forth excuse its atrocities. These atrocities are part of the dark shadows of that haunted age. The crimes of Atreus, the punishment of Prometheus, the horrors and the passions of Medea were allowed on the Greek stage, because they also were sanctified by long superstition. But one does not expect a Buridan in every shopboy, or a Marguerite in every sempstress. The general colouring of modern days is too pale and commonplace for these strange and startling figures. They exist, they are in nature, but they are not in theatrical nature. The individual case which startles you in the newspaper is not the case to bring upon the stage. There *the characters of a time* should be in keeping with *the character of the time.*

The personages you can fancy in the dark and narrow streets, passing by the gaunt buttresses, and pausing under the dim archways of ancient Paris, you cannot fancy (though they may be found) strolling in the guinguettes, or dancing on the Boulevards of Paris at the present day. The Lara of an unknown land, corsair, captain, whose tall shadow shoots along the wall of his old ancestral castle, is not the kind of gentleman whom you expect to shake hands with at a banker's ball;* nor can you think that the footman who announced you at the door, has got a dagger in one pocket, and a bowl of poison in the other.†

M. Dumas having divined the costume of the dark and gloomy

* As Antony.

† In Teresa, the lady rings for her footman:—

Teresa. Paulo, when we left Italy, you must have thought that you would fall into some misfortune you would not survive?

Paulo. Yes.

Ter. And against such a misfortune have you no resource?

Paulo. Two.

Ter. What?

Paulo. This poison and this dagger!

times of Louis X. and the gay, and chivalric, and superstitious times of Henry III., appears (to me at all events) to have mistaken, or misrepresented, that of his own. As M. V. Hugo claps a republican cap on the sixteenth century, so M. Dumas dresses up the nineteenth century in a livery of heroism, turned up with assassination and incest. He parades before you a parcel of doctors, and adventurers, and fine gentlemen, all scowling, and plotting, and folding their arms. The stage is Burlington Arcade, on an August evening, crowded with those mysterious shopkeepers, who wear moustaches when their customers are out of town, and fold a mantle about their shoulders to keep out the heat, and look at every lady of Covent Garden saloon, as if they expected to find a nouvelle Heloise.*

But let us now pass from the authors of the new drama to that drama itself

CHAPTER IV.

The modern French drama naturally changed from the ancient one.—The person you meet in the streets of Paris not dressed as he was in the time of Louis XIV.—How expect the drama to remain the same.—What you should allow for.—What you should expect.

For years England disputed with France, and France with herself, the true principles of the dramatic art; for there were some to contend that, though the governments and the feelings of mankind are for *ever changing*, the rules which govern the expression of those feelings were *not to change.*

These critics would have declared that the gorgeous and kingly verse of Virgil ought to have been the model on which the abrupt, the stern, and supernatural genius of Milton should have framed its periods.

* Such gentlemen are capital characters for a comedy; no author need seek a better; but it is too bad to give them as heroes, and models of heroism, in sober earnest.

They would have said that the spirit of the bold age which solemnly adjudged a monarch to the death in the full gaze of Europe was not to vary in its style from that of the time in which one man had gathered to himself the ancient majesty of free Rome.

Is the person you meet in the streets of Paris dressed as you would have found him in the reign of Louis XIV., and can you expect the stage to appear in the old costume?

When a rigid order reigned over the arts, it reigned also over the world of action; and the stage was only subject to the same spirit which regulated real life. Society was a machine, in which every thing had a certain place, and moved in a certain way, by a certain law. The smallest atom had its appropriate sphere, beyond which it was impossible to soar. But when men rose daily to the highest ranks from the lowest, rapid and extraordinary in their own career, they soon lost all sympathy with the stiffjointed transitions of the poet. The slow proprieties of the world were broken through—what, then, were these proprities on the stage? The events which had created a new public, created necessarily a new theatre.—A change in the one, tardy in following, was still sure to follow the other. The movement which had taken place in the material world passed to the intellectual—the arts were subjected to the influences which had remoulded society.

A perfectly new style arose. . . . .

Racine overpurified and polished his language, as Pope too symmetrically modulated ours. In England, the sterile but bold and hardy genius of Gray founded a new, a more daring and energetic style of composition; but the author of "Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!" burst from the chains of the sing-song heroic with no less dignity than courage. There was as much elegance as force in the rhythm of his couplets, and to the old expressions, and to the rich and glowing epithets which he revived and coined, a purity was breathed, which set the accusation of quaintness or extravagance at defiance. It is almost curious, indeed, to find in Gray's correspondence with Mr. West, the trembling foot which he put forward to new regions, and the anxiety which he showed, to give each more daring syllable the authority of a forgotten usage. But Gray lived under the same government, in the same state of society, as Pope. No vast

deluge had swept over England during his time, destroying one set of things, quickening and producing another. The parent of our modern style, it was rather by the musings over a by-gone day, than by any inspiration drawn from what was passing around him, that he refreshed and invigorated his language, and caught a tone of simplicity and chivalry, which was not that of the society in which he lived.

In France, on the contrary, though the stir and rush of later times has been in sympathy with the stern and active genius of the middle ages, it has been the feelings of the present that have inspired a passion for the past, and not a study of the past that has breathed its influence over the present. The literature of the moment is *native* to the *moment*.

But the different English articles that I have seen on the state of the French drama have been written without notice of the circumstances which have produced its peculiarities; and while the absurdities and the atrocities of the French dramatists have been ridiculed and condemned, their merits have not been seen, nor their faults accounted for. The difficulty is in separating what is peculiar to the author himself from the time and the public for which he writes.

I do not blame an author for suiting himself to the period and to the people he addresses—he must be understood by his audience, but then he should elevate his audience. If he live in a time when exaggeration is to be expected, you hope to see that exaggeration softened by his skill and ennobled by his art. You hope to see him true to nature, though you know it must be the nature of his particular period. You hope to see him keeping to the ancient costume of history, though you know that that costume wil be coloured by the spirit of a new time. You hope to see him seize and concentrate the vaguer sentiments that are abroad, and deduce from them some kind of order which will give a character to his epoch. You hope to see him give force and clearness, rather than add pomp and paradox to what he finds. This you expect; and above all, you expect that he will awake and excite the better feelings, and make you forget or loathe the more mean and pernicious passions of your soul.

How has the modern French dramatist satisfied the hopes and the expectations that we had a right to form?

CHAPTER V.

How far the horrid subjects chosen for the French stage are allowable, and in what their offence consists.

The first consideration which opens upon us in relation to the present French drama is—

The horrid nature of its subjects and the manner in which those subjects are handled and introduced.

I shall now, therefore, proceed to inquire—How far those subjects are in themselves allowable, or how much they depend on the manner in which they are treated.

A subject is not allowable on the stage either because it offends the rules of art, or because it offends the still more important rules of morality.

Now I say here, as I said in speaking of the Tour de Nesle—no subject, as it appears to me, offends the rules of art which is in harmony with the character or with our general ideas of the character of the time in which it is introduced. The offence against the rules of art in bringing "bloody Mary" on the stage is, in not making "bloody Queen Mary" bloody enough: the offence against the rules of art in bringing Darlington on the stage is, in making Darlington a much greater political profligate than he could possibly have been.

I do not, then, I confess, join in the usual cant which denounces as an abomination the mere bringing Lucrèce Borgia and Marguerite de Bourgogne on the stage. I see no reason, as a question of art, why any person, why any passion, why any subject, should be prohibited the author that his audience does not forbid; but I do see every reason, as a question of art, why the persons he creates should be in the image of the times in which he creates them; why the persons for whom he is indebted to history should stand forth in their historical characters; why the countries of which he speaks should be spoken of with a knowledge of their manners; why the events that

take place in the drama should not be wholly unnatural in their comparison with the events of real life.

It is in these, the finer parts of their pursuit, that the present dramatic writers of France are universally defective. If M. V. Hugo and M. Dumas were schoolboys, and told to write about English history in the time of Mary Tudor, or English manners and laws at the present time, they would have been whipped for the ridiculous faults that they have both committed. These are not faults of genius; they are purely and entirely faults of negligence or ignorance.

I turn, then, from this first inquiry to the second, viz. how far these subjects offend, what every dramatist is most bound to protect, the laws and the interests of morality. King Lear is a horrid subject—Macbeth is a horrid subject: do they offend the morals of an audience?—

It is of the rules of morality as of the rules of art: it is not the horrid nature of a subject that offends either the one or the other; it is in the manner in which that subject is treated that its beauty as a piece of composition, or its value as a lesson of virtue, depends. The immorality of M. V. Hugo and of M. Dumas is not in having brought Marion Delorme and Antony upon the stage, but in affecting to breathe a mawkish interest over the infamy of the prostitute, and attaching a romantic heroism to the adulterous seducer of female honour.

The inverted philosophy of M. Hugo appears to me, as I have frankly said, a kind of unphilosophic madness, with which I have no sympathy, for which I think there is no excuse; and what I say of the intentional follies of M. V. Hugo, I say of the wild and whining vice of M. Dumas.

And why is this? Why, M. Dumas, instead of attempting to breathe a false poesy into the grovelling amours of a Parisian salon, or holding up for imitation a political profligacy —which, thank God, is yet untrue—in the public men and the parliament of Great Britain—why have you sought for no truer, no better, no brighter models for the emulation of those ardent youths who admire your talent and worship your career?—Are there no characters you can take from the heroes of July, or the enthusiasts of June?—are there no models of female heroism and devotion you can draw from the revolution of 1789, and he restoration of 1815? Have Madame Ro-

land and Madame Lavalette lived in vain? Have you had no men in France who have been disinterested and brave? Have you had no women in France who have been noble and virtuous? Must you fill your stage with sickly-faced apothecaries in the frontispiece attitude of Lord Byron, and fourth-rate fine ladies vulgarly imitating the vices and the ton of Mad. de Mirepoix? Why should you invent imaginary personages in the representation of your age who are exceptions to your age? Why should you take as the heroes and heroines of your drama the creatures whom it would sicken you to meet in the commerce of daily life?

And you, M. V. Hugo!—you, the promise of whose youth was so generous—in whose Odes breathed a spirit no less remarkable for its purity than its poesy—you, who seemed by instinct to have caught the chivalry and the grace of the old knightly time, with the popular language that goes to the heart of the present day—have you no better mode of elevating your countrywomen than by teaching them to be good mothers by the example of Lucrèce Borgia, or devoted mistresses by the example of Marion Delorme? What! have you found no cleverer mode of elevating the people in their own esteem, than by telling every unwashed apprentice that a Countess wishes to marry him—not because he is a good man, and a steady apprentice—Oh, no! simply because he is an apprentice, because he is a working man?

Is not this stuff? is not this prostrate and dust-licking flattery? Can you talk of the cringing of a courtier to his monarch, when you bow thus slavishly before the meanest of your mob? Nor is my praise or censure indifferent to you—if I—a foreigner—far away from all your petty jealousies and rival cliques—if I—who not even as a man of letters—a title to which I have not the honour to pretend—if I, who neither as a countryman, nor even as a literary man, can possibly have any rivalry with you—if I, who honour your talents, love your country, and approve of many of your principles—if I, who, if any wish were stirring in my mind, can only have the wish to propitiate your friends, to obtain and enjoy the pleasure and honour of your acquaintance—if I have allowed words to be wrung out from me—words of reproach—strong words—words expressive of more than my regret—at the manner in which

you have allowed ignorance, and prejudice, and adulation, and negligence, and indifference, and immorality to obscure and to tarnish the lustre of talents for which such a country and such a time as that in which you live opened so great, and so noble, and so heart-cheering a path to fame—if I have had language—such as that which I have used, unwillingly, I declare—extorted from me—is it not possible that, far away from that feeble chorus of easily-enchanted friends, who, like the bird in the Arabian Nights, pass their lives in repeating "There is but one Poesy, and Dumas and Victor Hugo are its true prophets!"—is it not possible, I say, that, far away from these sicklied sounds, there is an opinion rising, gathering, swelling, an opinion which shall be the opinion of Europe—the opinion of posterity—an opinion which might have raised you in a new time to such pedestals as those of the old time occupy—an opinion which shall break as busts of clay what you might have made statues of stone and of marble—an opinion which shall leave you the lions of a drawing-room, and which might have made you the land-marks of an epoch?

But I pass from this.—And now, having expressed an opinion in respect to the present French drama, let me come to a yet more interesting consideration, and inquire what the present French drama proves in respect to the present French public.

Does it follow as a matter of course, that, if greater atrocities than formerly were exhibited on the French stage, the French people would be more atrocious? Does it follow as a matter of course, that, because there is less delicacy than formerly used in mentioning, and less ceremony than formerly used in manifesting on the stage, all the possible circumstances connected with adultery and seduction, there are in real life more cases of adultery and seduction?

At first sight there is, I admit, a strong coincidence between the number of murders, the number of rapes, the number of suicides, the number of natural children in France, and various scenes which are represented on the stage. But the connection is not so easily established, or so easily traced, as we may at once be induced to imagine; for the representations of the stage are far less influenced by the morals of a people than by their manners.

A refined audience will do many things that it will not bear to see represented; a vulgar audience will see a great many things represented that it would not do.

The people of Athens, who were a dissolute people, would have been shocked at the spectacles of the Lacedæmonian people, who were a sober people.

The courtiers of Louis XV. who would have shuddered at poor Mademoiselle Angèle's being brought to bed upon the stage, would have been far more likely to seduce her than the bourgeois of Louis Philippe, who smiles in very decent complacency at this interesting spectacle. The English, who tolerated all the stabbings and the poison-takings of Shakspeare on their stage, committed hardly any crimes during the fervour of that civil war which let loose all the political and religious passions of two hostile parties. The French would have been horror-struck at a drop of blood theatrically spilt at the moment that they were sending fifty of their fellow-citizens every day to the guillotine.

We should be the more cautious in forming wrong and hasty conclusions upon this subject, since it was from conclusions exactly similar that the French did us for many years the honour very seriously to believe that we were little better than a set of barbarians, whose nature, as Fielding says, rendered acts of blood and murder—duels and assassinations—a sort of necessary amusement.

That, however, which renders it more clear than any thing I might yet continue to say—that the scenes of the present French stage do not prove a great actual increase of atrocious crimes, is—the fact, which every public document gives us—viz. that crimes of this nature, in France, are very much on the decrease.*

But, indeed, notwithstanding all that has been said, it is not in their subjects themselves that the great difference between the old and the new drama exists. We shall find, on referring to the old and classic French theatre, that at times it represented the same things, or things even more shocking than any represented now—the great difference being in the manner—the more delicate and less shocking manner in which these things

* There are some curious documents that prove how long even suicides have been prevalent among the French people, contrary to the vulgar belief.

were represented. What was the subject of Phèdre and of Œdipe, that the chaste imagination of the critic should repudiate the loves, where, by the way, the incest is unintentional, of Queen Marguerite and her sons? "Our tragedy," says Rousseau, "presents us with such monstrous characters, that neither is the example of their vices contagious, nor that of their virtues instructive."* This is what Rousseau said of the stage in his time, and so far I agree with Rousseau, that the exhibition of those terrible passions which seldom visit us is less likely to have an influence upon our character, because they enter less into the relations of our life than others of a more ordinary and household nature. But mark! The very subjects which Rousseau condemns, because they do not affect human actions, are those very subjects which modern critics have condemned with the greatest fury, as most likely to affect national morals.

From what we see of the French stage, and what succeeds on the French stage, we are fairly justified in saying that the audience has become less refined than formerly, but there is nothing that can induce us to say that it is more immoral; in fact, the same causes that have given more energy and life to history have given more force, and extravagance, and coarseness to the stage. The same mass that go to history for information, go to the theatre for amusement; but to one they go singly, to the other collectively. The historian speaks to each, the dramatist speaks to all.†

"There are a thousand images of the grotesque, and only one of the beautiful," says an author I have largely quoted from. §

The Frencq were ever a nation devoted to effect. The an-

* Rousseau, Lettre à d'Alembert.

† The same man who is merely animated and picturesque in conversation, is apt to become bombastic and extravagant before a popular assembly.

§ M. Victor Hugo says this, when he prefers the first to the last: *i. e.* the grotesque to the beautiful. The beautiful—regular, chaste, symmetrical in its proportions, growing into magnificence as you gaze upon it, rather than startling you into admiration at a first glance—the beautiful, such as the classic and dreamy days of antiquity have bequeathed it to us, and which always wanted for its admiration a quiet and a repose of disposition, ill suited to the artificial and ostentatious character of the French—the beautiful certainly is little calculated for the restless, agitated, adventurous, and vulgar crowd, that expects to be startled at once, and cannot afford the time to have its feelings gradually and quietly developed.

cient courtier was satisfied with the painter who drew a god in the attitude of a dancing master—and the modern mob admire the author whose hero is writhed into the grotesque contortions of a devil. The old drama was calculated for effect—the new drama is calculated for effect. The old drama was calculated for effect in the reign of Louis XIV.—the new drama is calculated for effect in the reign of Louis Philippe. The writer, as I began by saying, is not to blame for writing differently to a different audience—the audience is not to blame because it has different feelings, derived from different habits, different pursuits, different educations. I do not blame the audience then for being less refined in its taste; I do not even blame the writer for being violent in the energy, and ostentatious in the colouring, of his piece. The milliner on Ludgate-hill does not make up the same goods for her customers as the milliner near Berkeley-square. I blame the dramatic author in France, not for the materials he uses, but—I return to the accusation—for the use he makes of those materials. I blame him, because with the same energy of action, with the same floridity of colouring, he might be moral and magnificent where he is immoral and extravagant; he might elevate his audience where he abases it; he might instruct his audience where he misleads it. I blame him for saying, that "as the political revolution of 1789 must have had its scaffolds, so the literary revolution of the present day must have its nightmares." * I blame him for saying this, because I believe that the one was no more necessary to public liberty than the other is to dramatic excellence.

But do we not see here, and in all I have just been saying, the effects of that diffusion of property of which I spoke before? Do we not see that it is this which has removed the critics who governed the state from the stage? Do we not see that it is this which has made the persons to please, who were formerly a small set, more easily shocked by errors than struck by beauties, a great crowd, composed of that class who in every country are most

The unity of the beautiful is the consequence of its perfection—but the round and graceful dome of a Greek temple, the full image of which swells out, as it were, over your mind while you examine it, neither surprises nor arrests your attention, like the thousand and one figures of a Gothic cathedral, which strike you as much by their variety as their horror.

* M. Victor Hugo.

struck by the marvellous, and most inclined to mistake the extraordinary for the sublime? Do we not see that it is this which has taken away the few who criticised, to leave the many who applaud?

When the energy which had been born of a new epoch, and and the equality which was based not merely on the statute, but on the soil—when that energy and that equality were drawn into the armies of the empire, those armies, whatever the character of their chief, were inspired by popular passions, and formed and conducted upon popular principles. It is the passions and the principles which animated the armies of France that animate her drama. The same persons are to have the honours and enjoyments of the one that had the honours and the dangers of the other. You must look at every thing in modern France with the recollection, that it is for no polished or privileged class, but for an immense plebeian public. You must look at every thing in modern France with the remembrance that almost every Frenchman has some interest in the property of France, and expects to have some influence in her honours, emoluments, and amusements.

"But how is this?" I can fancy my reader saying; "you have shown us the advantages that the division of property has had upon one branch of literature, and now you point out to us the defects as well as the beauties—the extravagance as well as the force—that it has given to another! I thought, at all events, when you entered upon the subject, that you had some startling theory to develop, and that you would prove that this division of property produced every evil or every good." This is not what I believe; and, indeed, my object was to show not so much *how* this great and pervading cause had affected the modern French literature, as to show that *it had affected* that literature; for if it has affected the literature, it has still more deeply affected the philosophy, the religion, the society, the agriculture, the industry, the government of France; and it is only when I have traced it through all these, and balanced its various advantages and disadvantages together, that I can be justified in giving an opinion upon one of the most important problems that modern society has to solve.

I wished to have shown in this book the literature of the day

in all its branches—history, the drama, and lighter works. But I now defer the consideration of these topics, as I defer other subjects, to a succeeding portion of the present work; wherein my course will be—after reviewing the state of the periodical press, of philosophical and religious opinion—each so singular—to come to the great question with which I connect these, and shall connect other phenomena,—and to take at once a view of the state of property, and its various ramifications into the literature, the philosophy, the religion, the industry, the social state, and the government of the French people.

Here we shall have opened to us the question of centralisation, now so interesting, and the opportunity will occur for considering where this mode of government is an effect, where it is a cause—how far the evils it brings upon France ought to be dreaded by ourselves, how far the advantages it secures to France may be required or attained by us.

Many subjects, in reality as much domestic as political—the army, the two chambers, the church, the budget, the system of education in France—subjects replete with questions that come home to the heart and hearth of every Englishman, are present to my mind.

To pass by these questions in a work of this kind, I need hardly say, is far from my design—but to have treated of them without first treating of the history and the character of the French, and the influences (arising out of that history and that character) to which the French people are subject—would most probably have led my reader to some of the false conclusions which we are too apt to arrive at when we consider what present laws and government do, without remembering what habit, and nature, and time have done.

Besides, it seemed to me first necessary to bring a people upon the stage, to show what they have been and what they are—and then to pierce more deeply into the latent causes which no doubt govern a great part of their existence.

When I have proceded thus far, it will be the time at which, justified by preceding observations, I may more fully review the policy, and more boldly look forward to the prospects, of the government that has risen from the revolution

of 1830—while, in attempting to trace the future destinies of a great and neighbouring nation, it will necessarily be my task to draw some comparison between its actual situation and our own.

It is bearing in mind this my intention, that I have adopted a title which refers as much to what I shall shortly publish, as to the observations that I now conclude.

END OF BOOK III.

APPENDIX.

(DOCUMENTS REFERRED TO—Chabrol's Statistique de Paris—Dr. Bowring's Report—Census of Paris.)

It was at the end of the reign of Louis XV. that gambling-houses, privileged by the police, first established themselves at Paris. Then there were:—

Dufour, rue Neuve-des-Mathurins.—Amyot et Fontaine, rue Richelieu.—Deschamps, Faubourg-St.-Germain.—Nollet, rue Richelieu.—Andrieu, au Pont-au-Choux.—Chavigny, rue Montmartre.—Delzène, rue Plâtrière.—Pierry, rue Cléry.—Barbaroux, rue des Petits-Pères.—Herbert, au café de la Régence.—David et Dufresnoy.—Odelin, rue Neuve-des-Petits-Champs.—Latour, rue Feydeau.—Bouillerot, à l'Arche Marion.—Boyer et Remy, rue Richelieu.

At present Paris contains eight such gambling-houses. Four at the Palais-Royal, Nos. 124, 129, 113 et 36.—One, rue Marivaux, No. 13.—One rue du Bac, No. 31—One, at Frascasti, rue Richelieu.—One, at the grand salon, rue Richelieu.

The privilege is at present granted at the price of 6,500,000 francs, which are paid into the treasury through the medium of the city of Paris, which receives 6,500,000 and pays 6,000,000. The company, besides this, are obliged to surrender to the municipality three-quarters of its clear benefits, and the police assist every day at the closing of the accounts.

Income of one thousand francs according to Mr. Millot.

	fr. c.
For Taxes direct, indirect, local, &c.	136.05
Food, of which the proportions per cent. are 26 drink 34 animal food 19 bread 11 colonials 7 vegetables 2 condiments 1 water	352.43
Education of children.	35.75
Rent and repair of buildings.	114.
Clothing.	70.48
Light and fuel.	68.18
	776.89

	fr. c.
Report.	776.89
Washing.	36.
Furnishing houses.	68.02
Expenses for servants.	46.
Horses and carriage.	32.88
Coach hire.	11.54
Tobacco.	6.51
Baths.	3·20
Charity.	11.12
Medical attendance.	11.56
Newspaper.	3.43
Theatres.	7.09
Other expenses.	6.44
	1020.98

Dr. Bowring has, I find, in his late report, given this calculation. Nothing can be more false as a picture of the expense of any individual, but as far as the habits of the mass are concerned, it gives, if correct, a general idea.

Consumption of the City of Paris for the year 1832.

Wine.	595,585	hectolitres.
Brandy.	27,794	"
Cider and Perry.	12,352	"
Vinegar.	17,902	"
Beer.	78,948	"
Oxen.	678,159	head.
Cows.	15,290	"
Calves.	60,237	"
Sheep.	306,327	"
Swine.	67,241	"
Meat of all kinds.	3,117,759	kilogrammes.
Pork.	492,820	"
Dry Cheeses.	986,532	"
Oysters.	731,590	francs
Fresh-water Fish.	399,967	"
Butter.	9,196,274	"
Eggs.	4,053,959	"
Poultry and Game.	6,660,590	"
Hay.	7,655,592	bundles.
Straw.	11,511,976	"
Oats.	693,873	hectolitres.

It is not worth while to put in the "carte" of a restaurant referred to, but I have had the curiosity to count the number of articles it contained, and which I gave as 200—I find 302.

REPORTS FROM M. CHABROL.

It was my original intention to have quoted very largely from the reports published annually, during the time M. Chabrol was Préfet de la Seine, the materials for which still continue to be collected—reports which contain the most curious, and interesting, and valuable information. It was my original intention to have closed this volume with a great variety of tables taken from these reports.* I have been induced, however, to refrain from this; first, because I have some consideration for the feelings of those readers who would have shrunk in dismay from a book which put on so formidable and business-like an appearance; and, secondly, because I find these reports, though not originally sold, may yet be purchased, and it is therefore possible to refer to them. Refer to them I do, therefore, and in order that the reader may not be disappointed, I subjoin an enumeration of the contents of one volume, published as, "Recherches Statistiques sur la Ville de Paris et le Département de la Seine, 1826."

Énumération générale des objets contenus dans ce Recueil.

TABLEAUX STATISTIQUES.

Tableau météorologique (1822).—*idem* (1823).

Résumé des principales observations qui ont été faites à Paris depuis le milieu du XVII.e siècle.

Tableau de la hauteur des eaux (1822).—*idem* (1823).

Chemins de halage des bateaux le long de la Seine et de la Marne, dans le département.

Canal de la Seine à la Seine.—I.re branche. Canal S. Denis. 2.e *idem*. Canal S. Martin.

Note de rectification à faire dans le rapport des hauteurs de différens points du département de la Seine au niveau de l'Océan (*Recueil publié en* 1823, *tableau* 21).

Tableau géologique du sol du département de la Seine.

Aperçu géognostique du territoire du département de la Seine.—*Idem* du territoire de chaque commune (arrondissement de Saint-Denis).—*Idem* (arrondissement de Sceaux).

Substances minérales combustibles.

Substances métalliques;—pierreuses et terreuses.—Chaux carbonatée.—*Idem* sulfatée.—Quartz;—Cailloux roulés, gravier, sable et sablon.—Argile et marne.—Diverses.

Relevé général des actes de l'état civil dans le département de la Seine, pour chaque mois et par arrondissement (1822).—*Idem* des actes de naissance dans le département, pour chaque mois et par arrondissement (1822).

Détails concernant les enfans naturels (1822).—*Idem* concernant les enfans morts-nés (1822).

* These reports have been framed by the 'Chef du bureau de Statistique de la ville de Paris,' under the direction of M. Fourier, 'Secrétaire de l'Académie des Sciences,' and the author of the very remarkable memoirs at the head of each volume.

Relevé des actes de mariage dans le département, pour chaque mois et par arrondissement (1822).—*Idem* des actes de décès dans le département pour chaque mois et par arrondissement (1822).

Tableau des décès, avec distinction d'âge, de sexe et d'état de mariage (*ville de Paris*, 1822).

Détails concernant les morts accidentelles (*ville de Paris*, 1822).—*Idem* concernant les suicides (1822).—*Idem* concernant les décès pour cause de petite vérole, et les vaccinations gratuites (*villes de Paris*, 1822).

Relevé général des actes de l'état civil dans le département de la Seine, pour chaque mois et par arrondissement (1823).

Relevé des actes de naissance dans le département, pour chaque mois et par arrondissement (1823).

Détails concernant les enfans naturels (1823).—*Idem* concernant les enfans morts-nés (1823).

Relevé des actes de mariage dans le département, pour chaque mois et par arrondissement (1823).—*Idem* des actes de décès dans le département, pour chaque mois et par arrondissement (1823).

Tableau des décés, avec distinction d'âge, de sexe et d'état de mariage (*ville de Paris*, 1823).

Détails concernant les morts accidentelles (*ville de Paris*, 1823).—*Idem* concernant les suicides (1823).—*Idem* concernant les décès pour cause de petite vérole, et les vaccinations gratuites (*ville de Paris*, 1823).

Mouvement moyen de la population dans chacun des 12 arrondissemens de la ville de Paris (1817, 1818, 1819, 1820 et 1821.)

Nombre moyen annuel des naissances dans chacun des 12 arrondissemens de la ville de Paris, rapporté à la population des deux sexes (1817, 1818, 1819, 1820 et 1821.)—*Idem* des naissances d'enfans légitimes dans chacun des 12 arrondissemens de la ville de Paris, rapporté à la population des deux sexes et au nombre des mariages (1817, 1818, 1819, 1820 et 1821.)—*Idem* des naissances d'enfans naturels dans chacun des 12 arrondissemens de la ville de Paris, rapporté à la population des deux sexes et au nombre des enfans naturels reconnus (1817, 1818, 1819, 1820 et 1821).

Nombre moyen des enfans morts-nés dans chacun des 12 arrondissemens de la ville de Paris, rapporté à celui des naissances pour les deux sexes (1817, 1818, 1819, 1820 et 1821).—*Idem* des mariages dans chacun des 12 arrondissemens de la ville de Paris, rapporté à la population (1817, 1818, 1819, 1820 et 1821.)—*Idem* des décès à domicile dans chacun des 12 arrondissemens de la ville de Paris, rapporté à la population des deux sexes (1817, 1818, 1819 et 1821.)—*Idem* des décès dans les hôpitaux et hospices civils de Paris, évalués pour chacun des arrondissemens, et rapporté à la population des deux sexes (1817, 1818, 1819, 1820 et 1821.)

Observations relatives au nombre des décès dans les hôpitaux et hospices civils distribués proportionnellement dans chacun des 12 arrondissemens de la ville de Paris (*tableau* N. 49.)

Nombre moyen annuel des décès à domicile et aux hôpitaux et hospices réunis, pour chacun des 12 arrondissemens de la ville de Paris, rapporté à la population des deux sexes (1817, 1818, 1819, 1820 et 1821.)

Comparaison des nombres respectifs des naissances dans les différens mois de l'année (1770 à 1787.)—Des valeurs moyennes des nombres respectifs des naissances dans les différens mois de l'année (1770 à 1787.)—Des nombres respectifs des mariages dans les différens mois de l'année (1770 à 1787.)

Comparaison des valeurs moyennes des nombres respectifs des mariages dans les différens mois de l'année (1770 à 1787.)

Secours administrés aux individus noyés (1822.)—*Idem* (1823.)

Tableau des voitures de place, voitures publiques, &c. dans la ville de Paris (1824), et renseignemens concernant le nombre des voyageurs.

Service des inhumations (1824.)

Cimetière du Nord (*Montmartre*, 1824.)—Du Sud-Ouest (*Vaugirard*, 1824.) —de l'Est (*de Mont-Louis ou du Père la Chaise*, 1824.)

Récapitulation des monumens et sépultures des trois cimetières.

Catacombes.

Jugemens rendus par le tribunal de commerce du département de la Seine; nombre des faillites et arrestations en vertu de contrainte par corps (1822 et 1823.)

Tableau des décisions rendues par le conseil de préfecture du département de la Seine, depuis l'an 8 jusqu'en 1823 inclusivement.

Résumé général des levées qui ont été faites dans *le département de la Seine* en vertu de la loi du recrutement, pendant les années 1816, 1817, 1818, 1819, 1820, 1821, 1822 et 1823.

Détails concernant la composition du contingent et les causes d'exemption pour les mêmes années.

Tableau des différentes espèces d'infirmités ou difformités qui ont donné lieu à l'application de l'article 14 de la loi du recrutement, et du nombre des jeunes gens qui ont été réformés pendant les mêmes années.

Récapitulation des différentes professions des jeunes gens compris dans la liste départementale du contingent pour les mêmes années.

Recherches statistiques relatives à l'ancienne conscription pendant les années 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14; 1806, 1807, 1808, 1809, 1810, 1811, 1812, 1813 et 1814.

Tableau des maladies, difformités et infirmités qui ont motivé la réforme des conscrits du département de la Seine, pendant les années 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14; 1806, 1807, 1808, 1809 et 1810.

Résumé général des comptes de situation des hospices et hôpitaux civils de la ville de Paris, années 1821, 1822, 1823.

Tableau des indigens secourus à domicile, années 1821, 1822.

Détails concernant les secours distribués à domicile (1822.)

Tableau des indigens secourus à domicile (1823.)

Détails concernant les secours distribués à domicile (1823.)

Tableau comparatif de la population des établissemens hospitaliers de la ville de Paris, en 1786 et en 1822.

Résumé général du mouvement de population des aliénés dans l'hospice de Bicêtre, pendant les années 1815, 1816, 1817, 1818, 1819 et 1820; et rapports divers relatifs aux causes d'aliénation et aux professions des aliénés. — Du mouvement de population des aliénées dans l'hospice de la Salpêtrière, pendant les années 1815, 1816, 1817, 1818, 1819 et 1820; et rapports divers relatifs aux causes d'aliénation et aux professions des aliénées. — Du mouvement de population des aliénés dans l'hospice de Bicêtre, pour l'année 1821; et renseignemens concernant les causes d'aliénation, la profession, l'âge et la durée du séjour des aliénés à l'hospice.—Du mouvement de population des aliénées dans l'hospice de la Salpêtrière, pour l'année 1824; et renseignemens concernant les causes d'aliénation, la profession, l'âge et la durée du séjour des aliénées à l'hospice.

Etat des consommations principales dans la ville de Paris pendant les années 1822, 1823 et 1824.

Relevé des différens prix du pain blanc dans la ville de Paris, pendant les années 1821, 1822, 1823 et 1824.

Etat et prix moyen des bestiaux vendus sur les marchés de Poissy, Sceaux et S. Denis. Années 1822, 1823, 1824.

Tableau des prix courans de la viande sur pied aux marchés de Sceaux et de Poissy, pendant les années 1822, 1823 et 1824.

Tableau des engagemens et des dégagemens faits au Mont-de-Piété, pendant les années 1821, 1822, 1823 et 1824.

Tableau concernant les récoltes dans les deux arrondissemens ruraux du département de la Seine (1822.)—*Idem* dans le département de la Seine (1822).

Tableau concernant les récoltes dans les deux arrondissemens ruraux du département de la Seine (1823).—*Idem* dans le département de la Seine (1823).

Tableau concernant les récoltes dans les deux arrondissemens ruraux du département de la Seine (1824).—*Idem* dans le département de la Seine (1824).

Fabrication du verre et du cristal;—de la bière;—de diverses couleurs.

Fabrication d'encre à écrire et d'encre d'imprimerie;—du borax par l'acide borique.

Raffinage du camphre,—du sel.

Fabrication du salpêtre,—de l'iode,—de la potasse factice,—d'eau de javelle,—de sous-chlorure de chaux,—de deuto-chlorure de mercure (*sublimé corrosif*),—de chlorate de potasse,—d'acide pyroligneux et d'acétate de fer et de soude,—d'acide nitrique,—d'acide sulfurique,—de soude et d'acide muriatique,—de sulfate de kinine.

Epuration d'huiles de graine.

Fabrication d'huile de pied de bœuf, onglons aplatis et colle noire;—de colle-forte;—de suif d'os;—de cordes et autres produits de boyaux;—de charbon ou noir animal et de sel ammoniaque;—de cirage.

Fonderies et forges de fer.

Affinage des matières d'or et d'argent.

Affinage des matières plombeuses et argentifères.

Fabriques de plomb ouvré.

Tableau des marchandises qui ont été exportées à l'étranger par la douane de Paris (1822 et 1823).

Relevé des quantités de diverses marchandises coloniales ou exotiques introduites annuellement à Paris.

Devis estimatif des frais de construction d'une maison neuve, à Paris, dans des proportions données, et renseignemens divers relatifs à la construction des maisons (1824).

Tableau systématique des ouvrages qui ont été imprimés en France pendant l'année 1824, et dont une très-grande partie sort des presses de la ville de Paris.

Tableau comparatif de l'exposition des produits de l'industrie dans le département de la Seine (1821 et 1823).

Rapport fait par M. le Comte *de Chabrol*, Conseiller d'état, Préfet du département de la Seine, au Conseil général de ce département, sur le moyen d'amener et de distribuer les eaux dans la ville de Paris et sa banlieue.

This enumeration is long, but it is more important than may at first appear; it is important because it tells the reader at once what he can find by a reference to the volumes in question—it is more important because it shows the vast extent of those subjects, on which, by a little order and arrangement, it is possible to give the most interesting information;—here it will appear that there is hardly any subject which can interest the inhabitants of Paris and the department of the Seine, which may be curious to the traveller, or interesting to the statesman, that the government has not found it possible to procure and to give, not with perfect accuracy, perhaps, but still with sufficient accuracy to enable one, on a long series of years, to come to certain conclusions. That we are to receive all statistical documents with a certain hesitation, I have already said in the course of this work is my belief; and I should be very cautious in building up, or in placing confidence in any improbable theory which rested upon such foundations. There are many subjects, however, in these reports—some the most interesting—which the system of administration in France affords every facility for ascertaining. The tables in question, then, place the vast number of suicides,* and the number of natural children, in Paris and its environs, beyond dispute. These tables allow you to form some opinion as to the physical and moral effect of the different seasons, their effect on births, deaths, and marriages. These tables give you the general climate of the French metropolis, and they detail to you all the circumstances connected with the industry, with the charity, with the wealth, with the distress, with some of the most interesting maladies, such as madness, that are to be found in the department. It is with regret that I confine myself to extracting a few among the facts relating to these subjects.

Population *in* 1822.†—Paris: births, 26,880; born in marriage at home, 16,341; in hospitals, 288; total in marriage, 17,129. Out of marriage at home, 4,896; in hospitals, 4,765; total illegitimate, 9,751. Illegitimate children recognized at their birth, 2,270; not recognized, 7,481. Recognized after birth by celebration of marriage, 700; otherwise recognized. 172. Add (recognized at birth) 2,270; total recognized, 3,142, out of 9,751.

Violent deaths.—Females, 181; males, 427; total, 608. By capital punishments, 5. Asphyxiés, 14; by charcoal, 38; by suffocation, 14; by drowning, 169; by fire-arms, 24; by strangulation, 20; by poison, 8; by suicide, the means being unknown, 11: assassinated, 3; falls, 84; burns, 52; wounds by sharp instruments, 49; fractions, contusions, &c. 96; run over, 20. It is to be observed, that in all the easy modes of death, asphyxiés by charcoal, suffocation, and poison, there are as many female as male deaths. In accidents by fire, 38 women perish, and but 14 men.

Suicides dans le Département de la Seine, année 1822.—Male, 206; females, 111; total, 317. Followed by death, 215. Effected or tried: not followed by death, 102. By unmarried individuals, 161; married, 156; total, 317.

The average amount of the population of Paris (taken from different tables) in the years 1817, 1818, 1819, 1820, and 1821, is as follows:—Births—males, 12,337; females, 11,877; total, 24,214. Marriages, 6,316. Deaths—males, 10,906; females, 11,410; total, 22,316. Births at home, of both sexes, 24,214, of which 15,472 are legitimate. Proportions of legitimate children to marriages will be: marriages, 6,316; number of births to one

* The calculation is, as I have said, under the mark.

† The part on population is the best.

Détails concernant les Suicides dans le Département de la Seine. Année 1822.

MOYENS DE DESTRUCTION EMPLOYÉS.	NOMBRE des SUICIDES.	NOMBRE des SUICIDES.	MOTIFS PRÉSUMÉS DES SUICIDES.
Chutes graves volontaires.	33	24	Passions amoureuses.
Strangulation.	24	128	Maladies, dégoût de la vie, faiblesse et aliénation d'esprit, querelles et chagrins domestiques.
Instrumens tranchans, piquans, etc.	34		
Armes à feu.	48	30	Mauvaise conduite, jeu, loterie, débauche, etc.
Empoisonnement.	15	39	Indigence, perte de places, d'emplois, dérangement d'affaires.
Asphyxiés par le charbon.	49	8	Crainte de reproches et de punitions.
Idem par submersion.	120	74	Motifs inconnus.
Total.	317	317	

Nota. Les suicides commis *extrà muros*, provenant pour la plupart de la population de Paris, il n'en a été fait aucune distinction dans le tableau.

marriage, 2, 4 (1.) Natural children, born at home, males, 2,320; females, 2,234; born at the lying-in hospital, males, 2,143; females, 4,463; total, 8,760; of which 2,056 are recognized.

Marriages between bachelors and maids, 5,128; with widows, 314. Marriages contracted by bachelors, 5,442; by widowers, 874. Between widowers and maids, 652; widowers and widows, 222. Total by maids, 5,780; total by widows, 536.

According to the table of the married and unmarried population, for the year 1817, published under No. 4, in 1821, we have,

1. The number of married men to that of married women in the report is as 128 to 129.
2. The number of bachelors of all ages to widowers is as 11,78 to 1.
3. The number of maids of all ages to widows is as 3,71 to 1.
4. The number of maids of all ages to bachelors of all ages is as 1,075 to 1.
5. The number of widows to widowers is as 3,41 to 1.

Number of Deaths.—At home: males, 6,259; females, 7,058; total, 13,317. In hospitals and charitable institutions: males, 3,634; females, 4,082; total, 7,716.

Deaths on 10,000 inhabitants during these five years: 145 males to 163 females. Total number of deaths in each year, 21,033: females, 11,140; males, 9,893. Died at home, 13,317; in hospitals and benevolent institutions, 7,716.

By a calculation taken from the year 1670 to the year 1787, it would appear that there are the most births in February, the fewest in December, and the boys seem to be five per cent. above the number of girls born in the different months. So in respect to marriages, taking the same period, there seem to be the most marriages in February, the fewest in December.

COMMERCE.—Before the Tribunal of Commerce, in 1822 and 1823, there were 13,707 cases decided, and 280 bankruptcies, and 692 arrests for debt; out of the number of persons thus arrested, 463 were imprisoned, and 228 discharged by making some arrangement.

CHARITY.—*City of Paris.**—In 1786, the population in the different hospitals and charitable institutions of Paris was 28,855; *i. e.* children, 17,672; persons in the charitable institutions, 8,162; in hospitals, 3,021. In 1822, total number 35,630; *i. e.* children, 20,545; charitable institutions, 9,990; hospitals, 5,095; increase, from 1786 to 1822, 6,775 persons.

	fr.	c.
Revenues of hospitals and charitable institutions in 1822,	9,849.652	94
Expenses.	9,705,689	26
Balance in hand	143,963	68

The number of persons who received assistance at home from the bureaux of charity in 1822, was 54,371; *i. e.* 7,753 girls; 7,657 boys; 25,127 women; 13,834 men; expense, 1,182,483 francs. Nature of relief—561,773 loaves of two kilos. each loaf;† of meat 134,939½ kilos.; flour to the 'mères nourrices,' 130 sacks; tickets for soup, 5,500; bundles of wood, 52,891; in money distributed, 40,979 francs. The rest in shoes, stockings, petticoats, shirts, mattresses, &c. &c.

* There is much valuable information on this subject in a book, entitled, "Le Visiteur du Pauvre," 1 vol. in 8vo.

† The kilogramme is equal to 2lb. 3oz. avoir.

Tableau des Engagemens et Dégagemens faits au Mont-de-Piété pendant l'année 1822.

ENGAGEMENS.				Articles.	Sommes.	Valeur moyenne d'un article.	Rapport de la différence à la somme moyenne de 6 années publiées en 1823	
							En plus.	En moins.
					francs.	f. c.		
Reliquat au 31 Décembre 1821.				509,148	9,670,029	18 99	»	»
Engagemens pendant l'année 1822.				1,113 809	18,390,596	16 51	0,007	»
Total.				1,622,957	28,060,625	17 28	»	»
DÉGAGEMENS.								
Valeur moyenne d'un article dégagé.		Effectués par	Articles.	Sommes.				
fr. c.				francs.				
15 23	Retrait.		913,259	13,910,321	1,100,971	17,948,548	16 30	»	0,017
23 94	Renouvellement.		137,995	3,303,981					
14 77	Vente.		49,717	734,246					
16 30	Total.		1,100,971	17,948,548					
Restant en magasin au 31 Décembre 1822.					521,986	10,112,077	19 37	»	»

PROVISIONS. — The average price of white bread is 0,61 centimes for the loaf of two kilogrammes.

The average price of cattle at the various markets, in 1823,—for oxen, first quality, 1 fr. 3 c. per kilogramme; cows, first quality, 0,88 c.; calves, first quality, 1 fr. 27 c.; sheep, first quality, 1 fr. 9 c.

There are two or three tables of which I more particularly regret the omission: one, which gives in detail all the expenses of building a house, the materials and the work necessary for each part, the revenue to be derived from the building, and each part of the building, when constructed; the number of persons employed in the different departments of house building, and the increase of houses in Paris.

Another, which gives the number of persons insane, their professions, the causes of their insanity, the length of time they stay in the establishment of Bicêtre, &c.*

To these I should have wished to add one at least of the tables, in which the different manufactures of Paris are analyzed—their number, the value of their machinery and utensils, the designation of the persons they employ, the number and the wages of those persons, the articles they use, their general expenses, and their general returns, all clearly and systematically given.

These tables I certainly omit with great regret, but the only two which I think myself, upon the whole, justified in inserting, are the two that follow, and which give the double movement of the human mind in the French metropolis.

* Since writing this, I have found in Dr. Bowring's report many of these tables given.

Tableau des Marchandises qui ont été exportées à l'étranger par la Douane de Paris. (Années 1822 et 1823.)

DÉNOMINATION DES MARCHANDISES EXPORTÉES.	Valeur déclarée pour les années	
	1822.	1823.
	francs.	francs.
Antimoine	»	10,030
Armes de luxe	142,190	136 099
Bimbeloterie	90,210	81,452
Bois communs; baguettes dorées, bois d'acajou, liége, etc.	45,976	22,432
Boissons fermentées Vins	26,238	18,640
Boissons fermentées Vinaigres	11.161	6,884
Boissons Liqueurs distillées	17,544	9,640
Chandelles	250	170
Cheveux		
» non ouvragés	»	28,680
» ouvragés	»	31,200
Cire		
» ouvrée	11,230	4,400
» non ouvrée	»	1,650
Coton en feuilles, filé, gommé; ouates	»	1,020
Couleurs		
» Cochenille	»	9,300
» Diverses	»	9,940
» Encre	32,945	21,370
» Noir de souliers	»	3,176
» Vernis	22,850.	14,020
Coutellerie	35,200	40,290
Crayons	7,069	10,580
Cuivre		
» doré, battu, laminé	»	156,010
» ouvré	95,617	86,960
Eau minérale	»	470
Etain ouvré	7,570	4,460
Farineux et pâtes d'Italie	3,820	10,078
Fanons de baleine	»	3,270
Fer		
» de tréfilerie. (Fil de fer)	50,404	54,170
» ouvré	49,190	7,850
» platiné, étamé, fer-blanc	»	23,310
» carbonaté. (Acier ouvré)	1,070	850
Feutres. (Chapeaux)	154,064	123,294
Fil retors blanchi	6,900	»
Fil retors teint	31,245	19,260
Fil coton filé blanc	5,900	8,280
Fil coton filé teint	10,170	6,530
Fruits secs et confits	»	21,420
Graines, semences de jardins, et de prairies	23,910	18,240
Horlogerie		
» Ouvrages montés	738,379	231,570
» Fournitures d'horlogerie	1,050	19,710
Habillemens neufs	»	107,020
Instrumens		
» Outils à métiers	35,110	41,500
» Caractères d'imprimerie	65,825	50,660
» Cardes à carder	25,604	30,352

DÉNOMINANION DES MARCHANDISES EXPORTÉES.	Valeur déclarée pour les années	
	1822.	1823.
	francs.	francs.
Instrumens		
» Machines et mécaniques	153,510	120,623
» de sciences et d'arts libéraux	94 189	98,063
» de musique	163,975	136,491
Médicamens		
» composés	107,511	158,200
» Sucs végétaux, espèces médicinales.	»	26,623
Mercerie		
» commune	1,947,496	1,635,992
» fine	1,254,478	1,506,060
Métaux communs		
» plaqués	277,539	208,420
» argentés et dorés	1,555,957	1,419,538
» vernissés et moirés	823,212	626,820
» moirés métalliques	22,301	»
Métaux précieux		
» Argent brut ou lingots	»	400
» Or (monnayé)	»	44,500
» Or battu en feuilles	16,886	23,720
» Or filé, soie	»	4,600
Or brut, lingots	»	3,120
Bijouterie d'or ou de vermeil	29,758	136,990
» Bijouterie *id.*, ornée de pierres fines.	451,709	370,090
» Bijouterie *id.*, ornée de pierres et perles ordinaires	»	36,210
» Orfévrerie d'or ou de vermeil	297,994	238,600
» Orfévrerie, argent	269,971	386,960
» Orfévrerie, platine	4,690	»
» Bijouterie, argent	71,721	59,590
» Bijouterie, platine	800	»
Meubles	438,558	507,912
Modes		
» (Ouvrages de)	1,730,683	510,452
» Fleurs artificielles	481,209	518,554
Moutarde	30,973	19,300
Objets de collection hors de commerce		
» Histoire naturelle	40,599	128,962
» Curiosités	28,078	13,560
» Statues et bustes en bronze	24,798	37,156
» *Id.* en marbre	11,956	3,392
» Tableaux	410,200	389,058
» Dessins à la main	6,800	1,792
» Médailles	10,840	8,256
Papier		
» carton moulé	82,410	115,770
» Blanc	93,800	68,910
» colorié, pour reliures	21,080	84,620
» peint, pour tentures	909,484	726,742
» Librairie	2,473,969	2,634,050
» Cartes géographiques	39,450	36,510
» *Id.* à jouer	»	20,860
» Gravures	223,381	218,500
» Musique gravée	46,999	56,340
Parapluies	111,274	51,530
Parfumerie	586,244	643,840

DÉNOMINATION DES MARCHANDISES EXPORTÉES.	Valeur déclarée pour les années	
	1822.	1823.
	francs.	francs.
Peaux		
» préparées ou apprêtées.	491,400	658,860
» ouvrées	1,417,056	579,150
Pelleteries		
» ouvrées	»	34,500
» non ouvrées	363,642	531,560
Perles fines (non montées)	131,900	121,900
Pierres, etc.		
» Marbre (ouvré)	6,270	11,120
» Albâtre (ouvré)	19,348	9,410
» Plâtre moulé	12,845	16,624
» à aiguiser et à feu.	»	4,124
Pierres gemmes, diamans et pierres de couleur.	91,800	86,900
Plants d'arbres	»	41,190
Plumes		
» à écrire	»	8,090
» de parure	292,999	278,660
Poils et laines		
» en masses (Mérinos).	1,470	6,330
» laines filées	45,704	33,860
Poterie		
» de grès fin	41,395	34,496
» Porcelaine	1,740,231	1,451,730
Produits chimiques	103,742	81,818
Sellerie en cuir et autres	111,789	157,146
Sucreries. (Bonbons, etc.)	22,289	26,770
Soie		
» à coudre, par petits écheveaux	51,340	37,560
» à tapisserie.	8,710	5,090
Tabac fabriqué.	»	33,310
Tabletterie	227,150	247,850
Teintures, tannins, safrans, cochenilles, etc.	357,607	468,415
Tissus de lin et chanvre		
» Toiles	168,236	121,500
» Cordages	»	1,900
» Batistes et linons.	974,818	814,230
» Dentelles	168,118	56,758
» Bonneterie.	6,510	9,150
» Passementerie	45,388	50,890
» Rubans.	7,180	1,490
Tissus de laine		
» Couvertures.	1,110	1,780
» Tapis	22 640	30,820
» Casimirs	247,849	417,450
» Draps	334,129	208,940
» Schals	937,946	1,178,630
» Bonneterie.	28,650	12,790
» Passementerie.	30,340	40,390
Tissus de poils angora		
» Schals	4,330	»
» Bonneteries	20	7,200
Tissus de crin. (étoffes et crin frisé)	23,312	14,945
Tissus de soie		
» Etoffes	4,755,985	4,824,780
» *Idem* broché en or fin et faux.	»	6,900

DÉNOMINATION DES MARCHANDISES EXPORTÉES.	Valeur déclarée pour les années	
	1822.	1823.
	francs.	francs.
Tissus de soie		
» Schals soie et laine	2,087,255	458,310
» *Idem* pure soie	»	445,810
» Gaze	778,594	844,600
» Crêpe	77,962	303,460
» Tulle	38,408	84,550
» Dentelles de soie, dites blondes	593,310	543,982
» Bonneterie	540,490	606,590
» Passementerie d'or ou d'argent fin	76,343	39,520
» *Idem* d'or ou d'argent faux	34,208	20,290
» *Idem* sans mélange	415,889	436,990
» Rubans	1,556,824	1,081,080
» Bourre de soie, façon cachemire	»	395,780
Tissus de coton		
» Toiles écrues. (Calicos.)	»	820
» *Idem* blanches. (*Idem*.)	16,454	6,820
» *Idem* peintes et imprimées	56,713	52,870
» Tulle	»	2,200
» Piqués. (Basins.)	78,483	97,000
» Schals et mouchoirs	44,030	61,580
» Couvertures	10,916	5,440
» Bonneterie	27,440	18,200
» Chapeaux	»	13,210
» Passementerie	28,621	45,190
Vannerie		
» Feuilles tissues et non tressées	42,009	24,040
» Paniers d'osier	»	6,920
» Nattes ou tresses	24,065	24,280
» Chapeaux de paille et écorce	196,041	402,830
Vanille	»	20,800
Verres et cristaux. (Glaces.)	»	200,756
Verreries et cristal	328,488	266,804
Verreries, verres à lunettes, à cadrans	»	25,490
Voitures à ressorts	33,188	7,272
Viande de bouche, volaille et gibier	»	6,490
TOTAUX	36,475,745	35,279,703

Marchandises exportées sous la réserve de la prime.

TRIMESTRES.	Année 1822.	Année 1823.
	fr. c.	fr.
1er	1,282,735 65	1,492,984
2e	1,675,466 39	1,499,253
3e	2,160,764 95	3,225,418
4e	1,480,238 90	2,737,482
Totaux généraux	6,599,203 19	8,655,134

IMPRIMERIE.—*Tableau systématique des Ouvrages qui ont été imprimés en France pendant l'année* 1824, *et dont une très-grande partie sort des Presses de la ville de Paris.*

Division systématique des ouvrages	Proportions sur 100 ouvrages imprimés.	Nombre des ouvrages par divisions	Nombre des ouvrages par sous-divisions	Sous-divisions systématiques des ouvrages.	Proportions sur 100 ouvrages dans chaque division.
Théologie.	7	378	35	Bibles et ouvrages y relatifs.	9
			42	Liturgie.	11
			65	Catéchismes, cantiques, sermonnaires.	17
			236	Apologistes, mystiques, traités divers.	63
Jurisprudence.	6	306	18	Droit naturel romain et étranger.	6
			288	Droit français.	94
Sciences et Arts.	32	1,649	89	Encyclopédie, philosophie, logique, métaphysique, morale.	5
			189	Education.	12
			359	Economie politique, administration politique.	22
			158	Finances.	9
			50	Commerce, poids et mesures.	3
			84	Physique, chimie, pharmacie.	5
			98	Histoire naturelle.	6
			58	Agriculture, économie rurale, vétérinaire et domestique.	4
			192	Médecine et chirurgie.	12
			35	Mathématiques.	2
			18	Astronomie.	1
			16	Marine.	1
			89	Art, administration et histoire militaire.	5
			34	Sciences occultes et jeux.	2
			53	Arts et métiers, écriture, imprimerie.	3
			127	Beaux-arts.	8
A reporter.	45	2,333			

Division systématique des ouvrages.	Proportions sur 100 ouvrages imprimés.	Nombre des ouvrages par divisions	Nombre des ouvrages par sous-divisions	Sous-divisions systématiques des ouvrages.	Proportions sur 100 ouvrages dans chaque division.
			12	Cours et traités divers.	1
			121	Langues.	7
			53	Rhétorique et éloquence.	3
			601	Poétique et poésie.	36
Belles-lettres.	33	1,685	283	Théâtre.	17
			320	Romans et contes.	19
			31	Mythologie et fables.	2
			162	Phylologie, critique, mélanges.	9
			67	Polygraphes.	4
			39	Epistolaires.	2
			33	Géographie.	3
			59	Voyages.	5
			11	Histoire universelle, ancienne et moderne.	1
			62	Histoire sacrée et ecclésiastique.	5
			27	Histoire ancienne, grecque et romaine.	2
Histoire.	22	1,135	255	Histoire de France.	23
			92	Histoire moderne des différens peuples.	8
			43	Antiquités.	4
			121	Sociétés particulières, savantes, etc.	11
			63	Sociétés savantes.	6
			19	Histoire littéraire et bibliographie.	2
			156	Journaux.	14
			187	Biographie et extraits.	16
Report de ci-contre.	45	2,333			
Total général des ouvrages imprimés.	100	5,153			

Nota. Le recueil précédent donne des renseignemens généraux sur le commerce de l'imprimerie dans la ville de Paris, et sur les produits moyens d'une année pour cette branche d'industrie.

Census of Paris.

1833.

In 714,000 inhabitants, there are 446,300 men, and 267,700 women.—340 high public functionaries.—70,000 national guards.—490 persons in the law.—1140 members of the Institut and the University.—18,460 clerks—47,000 students.—19,000 soldiers in garrison.—77,200 inscribed indigent poor, but the office of charity relieves nearly 90,000.—80,000 servants.—266,000 living on their incomes.—290,800 day labourers.—13,700 sick, infirm, or old, in the hospitals.—12,160 foundlings.—12 parishes.—27 chapels of ease.—38 religious establishments.—2 basilics.—19 libraries.—13 royal schools.—9 royal colleges.—269 pensioners of both sexes.—26 theatres.—84 barracks. 10 prisons.—16 gates.—41 markets.—4 aqueducts.—210 fountains.—3,900 grocers,—600 bakers.—2,000 wine shops.—9 cemeteries.—12 mayoralties, forming twelve divisions.—48 wards.—1,190 streets.—120 blind alleys.—13 enclosures.—130 arcades.—73 squares.—33 quays.—20 bridges.—98 toll-houses.—23 boulevards.—8 palaces.

The annual expenditure of Paris is estimated at 894,032,893 francs, equal to about 36,000,000*l.* which on a population of 875,000 gives an average of about 1,120 frs. a head; and this division forms the basis for that calculation I have given from M. Millot. The annual consumption of food and drink in Paris is about 12,349,800*l.*, giving each individual for his share 14*l.* 1*s.* 11*d.*

EXTRACTED FROM DR. BOWRING'S VERY INTERESTING REPORT.

Questions of the British Commissioners concerning the Workmen of Paris.

1. What has the fall in salaries or wages been during the last five years?
2. How many days in the week do workmen, in general, labour? and how many hours in the day?
3. In what trades is it customary to take apprentices?
4. At what age, and on what terms is that done?
5. Do workmen, in general, spend the whole of their income?
6. Do they frequently place their savings in the savings' banks?
7. On what day of the week do they receive their wages?

Answers given by an intelligent Parisian Workman.

1. The fall in prices was but immaterial during the three years preceding the Revolution; it has only been important since that epoch, and has even yet much affected only trades of luxury,—such as jewellery, carving, gilding, cabinet-work, engraving on gems, watch and clock-making, coach-making, &c. In these trades the fall has been from 1 fr. to 3 fr. par day; in others it has been from 50 c. to 1 fr., and in some, but a small number it is true, no fall has taken place.

2. In general,* workmen labour all the week, and in some trades even half the Sunday. About one-eighth part of the whole may be excepted,—for

* I believe the words 'in general' to be incorrect.

those who have contracted the habit of making holidays of Sunday and Monday. The time of work is twelve hours per day for builders—such as masons, locksmiths, carpenters; in other trades thirteen hours, from which, however, two hours are to be deducted for meal-times.

3. Masons and stone-cutters are the only trades that do not take apprentices at Paris: workmen of these classes coming from the country sufficiently acquainted with their business. All others receive apprentices.

4. Boys are put out as apprentices from the age of 12 to 14. In some trades they were formerly boarded in the master's house, but this system is almost abolished. The time of apprenticeship is three years in easy trades, and four years in those of greater difficulty; during this term the apprentice receives no pay.

5. Workmen generally expend all they earn.

6. We may safely affirm that hardly one-sixth of them are economical enough to put any thing into the savings' banks. *

It may be reckoned that one half of the workmen belong to benefit societies; the members of these societies impose upon themselves a slight contribution of 1 fr. 50 c. per month; in return for which they, in case of sickness, receive medicines gratis, are attended, also gratuitously, by the physician employed by the society, and have an allowance of 2 fr. per day till their complete recovery.

These societies are very numerous in Paris; the most numerous does not contain more than 200 or 300 members; and, according to a statement drawn up by the Philanthropic Society, the poorest, even, has a fund of from 2,000 to 3,000 fr. placed either in the savings' bank, or at the Mont de Piété.

7. It is in general on each Saturday night that the workmen receive their pay: in a few trades only are they paid by the fortnight.

Paris, 28th February, 1832.—Food of the Workmen of Paris.

This may be arranged under four heads:—

1. The terrace-makers and labourers live very economically, not expending more than from 16 to 17 sous per day: in the morning they repair to the low eating-houses, called Gargottes, where for 7 sous they get soup, and a plate of meat with vegetables; their custom is to breakfast on the soup and vegetables, and carry the meat away with them for their dinner.

* The following is the state and progress of these banks. The first institution of savings' banks was in 1818. They succeeded but very slowly; but are now spreading, and exist in Bordeaux, Douai, Dunkerque, Hâvre, Lyon, Luneville, Metz, Mulhausen, Nantes, Nîmes, Orléans, Paris, Rennes, Reims, Rouen, St. Etienne, Toulon, Toulouse, Tours, Troyes, and Versailles, and most of the other great towns seem inclined to adopt them.

SAVINGS' BANK OF PARIS.

Comparative Table.

Years.	Invested.	Drawn.
1829 . .	6,278,134 frs. . .	1,105,700 frs.
1830 . .	5,195,651 . . .	3,756,911
1831 . .	2,463,563 . . .	3,318,368
1832 . .	3,613,221 . . .	2,260,735

Thus these 7 sous, two pounds of bread, 8 sous, and, perhaps, for wine, 2 sous, make 17 sous.

2. The masons, paviours, lockmiths, &c., do not exceed 20 or 21 sous; their only addition to the above being four or five sous for supper. 21 sous.

3. The other classes of trades shown upon the list, such as carvers, saddlers, gilders, printers, mechanics, upholsterers, &c., spend from 25 to 27 sous. thus:—

Soup and meat for breakfast	7
Dinner	6
Wine at ditto	6
Two pounds of bread	8
Sous	27

4. The fourth class may, perhaps, spend from 30 to 36 sous. This class comprises the jewellers, engravers, watch-makers, tailors, &c.

Breakfast, estimated at	12
Dinner, at an ordinary, at per head	22
Other expenses	2
Sous	36

Lodging.—The workmen who have their own furniture may get apartments for from 40 fr. to 100 fr. per annum: they who hire furnished rooms, pay—

	Fr. per ann.
For a whole room, twelve francs per month	144
For a room with more than one lodger, eight francs per month	96
For the half of a bed, five francs per month	60

Clothing.—The expense for clothing cannot be precisely estimated, from the difference existing in the dress of the various classes of workmen. The masons, smith, &c. who wear very coarse clothing, do not expend more 100 or 120 fr. for dress, washing, shoes, &c.; while the jewellers, watchmakers, and engravers spend at least 300 fr., perhaps 350 fr. but not more.

Amusements.—We shall not here speak of those thriftless men,* who, on the Sunday and Monday, spend three fourths of their weekly earnings in intemperance, and who, to defray their daily expenses, contract debts they never pay, but of prudent men who base their expenses on their income.

Some of these content themselves with spending 25 to 30 sous in the houses of entertainment in the suburbs; others frequent the public balls of Paris, and spend in entrance money and refreshments from 40 sous to 3 fr., perhaps 3 fr. 50 c.; others go to the theatres, where the price of admittance to the pit varies with the different houses; there are some of 1 fr. 25 c., and others of 2 fr. 50 c.; we may add about 50 c. for unforeseen expenses, raising the whole to from 1 fr. 75 c. to 3 fr.

* All my inquiries and observations lead me to believe that these thriftless men, as Dr. Bowring calls them, form a considerable part of the Parisian workmen. But as I shall treat this subject at length elsewhere, I do not now enter upon it.

There are, moreover, secret expenses, on which we can say nothing.

[*Answers from the Workmen of Paris to Questions of the British Commissioners.*

The Official Returns for 1827 in Paris, give for the average Price of Labour the following statements :—

Number of Workpeople.		Average. Francs.
1054	Tobacco manufacturers, highest rate, fr. 3.25 per day, lowest, fr. 1.45	2.08½
1000	Fan-makers; men, fr. 2.50, women, fr. 1.25, children, c. 60.	
4116	Paper-stainers; men, fr. 3 to 4, women, fr. 1.50 to 2, children, c. 80 to fr. 1.	
600	Wool-washers	1.80
400	Ditto, in the fleece	1.70
1050	Blanket manufacturers	2.50
200	Lapidaries	4.00
3345	Working jewellers, lowest rate, fr. 2.50, highest, fr. 4.50	
925	Marble-workers and statuaries, lowest rate, fr. 2.50, highest, fr. 6.20.	
750	Glass manufacturers	4.00
417	Lithographic printers, lowest rate, fr. 1.50, highest, fr. 5.00.	
46	Gas-work labourers	2.75

Taking on an average of 12 years the prices of labour for the following trades, (from 1817 to 1828) are thus given:—

	Lowest. Francs.	Highest. Francs.	Last rate. Francs.
Stone-cutters	3.25	4.25	3.50
Bricklayers	3.75	5.00	4.50
Ditto (assistants)	2.50	3.50	3.25
Day-labourers	2.00	3.00	2.30
Masons	3.25	4.50	3.50
Mortar-makers	2.50	3.25	2.75
Boys (employed by builders)	1.90	2.40	2.10
Carpenters	3.25	4.00	3.48

The price paid to sawyers was :—

	Lowest. Francs.	Highest. Francs.	Last rate. Francs.
Sawing oak	230 per 100	260	240
Ditto, fir	160 »	210	170

[*Préfet of the Seine.**

In the iron works at Vandelesse (Nièvre), the price of labour is fr. 1.50 per day (Dupin. p. 293); at Nevers, for manufacture of iron cables, 2 fr.; at Fourchambault (where 2385 are employed in wood-cutting), fr. 1.60 is the average rate; the workmen in the potteries at Nevers gain fr. 1.75 per day; at Nogent, in the manufacture of linen goods, the wages are, to men, fr. 2, women, fr.1.25, and children, 60 c. to 80 per day; at Mouy, in the woollen manufactures, men are paid from fr. 1 to fr. 150, and boys of fifteen, 1 fr.;

* These prices are taken from M. Chabrol's reports.

in the Department de l'Aube, the weavers of fine cloths get fr. 1.75, stocking-makers, fr. 1, cotton-spinners, fr. 1.50 per day, reelers and winders, fr. 1, tanners, 2 fr. to 2 fr. 10 c.; at St. Etienne, the wages paid to the miners are, diggers, fr. 3.50, drawers, fr. 3 per day; at Rive de Gier, fr. 4.25 and fr. 3.50; nailors receive either 7 to 10 centimes per lb., or from fr. 1 to fr 1.50 per 1,000. The tenders on silk worms are paid from 50 c. to 1 fr. per day. Women employed in reeling silk, receive 1 fr. per lb. At the forge of Janon (Vienne), a master founder is paid 8 fr., a founder, 4 fr. to 5 fr., a labourer, 2 fr., and a boy from fr. 1 to fr. 1.25 per day. At Rive de Gier, the labouring makers of coke receive from fr. 2 to fr. 2·50 per day.

The "Ponts et Chausseés" pay their labourers 36 fr. per calendar month. —*Dupin*, p. 263.

M. Dupin, as the result of his observations and investigations as to the medium price of manufacturing labour, calculates fr. 2.26 for the northern, and fr. 1.89 for the southern provinces of France;—giving, with a reference to the whole population, fr. 2.06 as the average rate.—*Sundry Sources.*

Statistic of the number of Houses, and the Inhabitants in the chief Cities of Europe.

	Houses.	Inhabitants.
London	174,000	1,400,000
Paris	45,000	774,000
St. Petersburg	9,000	449,000
Naples	30,000	360,000
Vienna	7,000	300,000

The Chief Cities of the World, with their distance from Paris.

	Leagues.		Leagues.
Amsterdam	112	Moscow	620
Anvers	78	Naples	410
Bâle	117	Palermo	406
Berlin	225	Parma	225
Brussels	69	Petersburg	500
Cadiz	395	Rome	325
Constantinople	556	Stockholm	330
Copenhagen	250	Turin	167
Dantzic	300	Warsaw	375
Dover	75	Venice	248
Dresden	213	Vienna	275
Dublin	185	Alexandria	756
Edinburgh	190	Cape of Good Hope	2400
Ghent	70	Saint Helena	1700
Geneva	145	Pekin	2350
Gibraltar	410	Jerusalem	810
The Hague	90	Pondichery	2390
Leipsic	189	Smyrna	630
London	98	Mexico	2189
Madrid	300	Philadelphia	1109
Milan	153		

Colonies in the Possession of France.

Algiers	409	Guadaloupe.	1530
Isle of Bourbon.	2996	Guinea	1600
Senegal	910	Martinique.	1530*

* Extracted from the Almanach du Peuple.

PAGE 153. THESE reports are too long to find their room in the Appendix; but they are most interesting to any one wishing to know the state of parties at that time in France, and the causes which, gradually developing themselves, produced the revolution of July. They are to be found in the History of the Restoration, to which I have once or twice referred, a book very unequally written, and far too long for the matter it contains, but still presenting, in a collected form, more information of the time it treats of than can elsewhere be met with. M. Lacretelle's work is also worth attending to.

PAGE 171. The address first expressed the consent of the Chamber to the views taken by his majesty relative to the negociations that were opened for the reconciliation of the princes of the House of Braganza, and the wish that a termination should be put to the evils under which Portugal was groaning.

"Sans porter atteinte *au principe sacré de la légitimité*, inviolable pour les rois non moins que pour les peuples.

"Cependant, Sire, au milieu des sentimens unanimes de respect et d'affection dont votre peuple vous entoure, il se manifeste dans les esprits une vive inquiétude qui trouble la sécurité dont la France avait commencé à jouir, altère les sources de sa prospérité, et pourrait, si elle se prolongeait, devenir funeste à son repos. Notre conscience, notre honneur, la fidélité que nous vous avons jurée, et que *nous vous garderons toujours*, nous imposent le devoir de vous en dévoiler la cause. La charte, que nous devons à la sagesse de votre auguste prédécesseur, et dont votre Majesté a la ferme volonté de consolider le bienfait, consacre comme un droit l'intervention du pays dans la délibération des intérêts publics.

"Cette intervention devait être, elle est, en effet, indirecte, sagement mesurée, circonscrite dans des limites exactement tracées, et que nous ne souffrirons jamais que l'on ose tenter de franchir; mais elle est positive dans son résultat, car elle fait, du concours permanent des vues politiques de votre gouvernement avec les vœux de votre peuple, la condition indispensable de la marche régulière des affaires publiques. Sire, notre loyauté, notre dévouement, nous condamnent à vous dire que ce concours n'existe pas. Une défiance injuste des sentimens et de la raison de la France est aujourd'hui la pensée fondamentale de l'administration: votre peuple s'en afflige, parce qu'elle est injurieuse pour lui, il s'en inquiète, parce qu'elle est menaçante pour ses libertés. Cette défiance ne saurait approcher de votre noble cœur. Non, Sire, la France ne veut pas plus de l'anarchie que vous ne voulez du despotisme; elle est digne que vous ayez foi dans sa loyauté comme elle a foi dans vos promesses. Entre ceux, qui méconnaissent une nation si calme, si fidèle, et nous qui, avec une conviction profonde, venons déposer dans votre sein les douleurs de tout un peuple jaloux de l'estime et de la confiance de son roi, que la haute sagesse de votre Majesté prononce! Ses royales

prérogatives ont placé dans ses mains les moyens d'assurer entre les pouvoirs de l'état cette harmonie constitutionnelle, première et nécessaire condition de a force du trône et de la grandeur de la France."

PAGE 205. THE CONSTITUTIONAL CHARTA OF FRANCE.

As given June 4th, 1814, by Louis XVIII., born King by the grace of God.	As accepted Aug. 9th, 1830, by Louis Philippe I., elected King by the choice of the nation.
ARTICLE I.*	
All Frenchmen are equal in the eye of the law, whatsoever be their titles or ranks.	
II.	
They are to contribute indiscriminately, according to their several fortunes, to the support of the state.	
III.	
They are all equally admissible to all civil and military employments.	
IV.	
Their individual liberty is equally assured; no one can be prosecuted or arrested but in cases provided for by the law, and according to its prescribed forms.	
V.	
Every person may with equal liberty profess his religion and obtain for his creed the same protection.	
VI.	
Nevertheless, the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion is the established religion of the state.—(*Suppressed in the new charta.*)	
VII.	VI.
The ministers of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion, and those of other Christian sects, may alone receive salaries from the royal treasury.	The ministers of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion, as professed by the bulk of the French nation, and those of other Christian sects, may alone receive salaries from the public treasury.
VIII.	VII.
Frenchmen have the right to publish and to cause to be printed their opinions, conformable to the laws enacted for the suppression of any abuse of the said liberty.	Frenchmen have the right to publish or cause to be printed their opinions, conformable to the laws. The censorship can never be re-established.
IX.	
All property is inviolable, without any exception for that which is termed national, the law knowing no distinction between them.	
X	
The state can demand the sacrifice of a property legally proved to be for the public weal, but with a previous indemnification.	

* The articles running across the page and not in columns are the same in both the chartas.

XI.

All inquiry as to opinions and votes previous to the restoration are forbidden; also all judicial prosecutions for the same to drop.

XII.

The conscription is abolished; the recruiting for the army and navy is provided for by a law.

XIII.

The King's person is inviolable and sacred; his ministers are responsible. The King alone is invested with the executive power.

XIV.

The King is the head of the state; he commands the forces of the land and the forces of the sea, declares war, forms treaties of peace, of alliance, and of commerce; appoints to all offices of public administration, and frames all rules and regulations for the just enforcement of the laws and the security of the state.

XV.

The legislative authority to be jointly administered by the King, the Chamber of Peers, and the Chamber of Deputies of the departments.

XVI.

The King proposes the law.

XVII.

The proposition of the law is submitted, with the consent of the King, to the Chamber of Peers or to that of the Deputies, with the exception of the taxes, which ought first to be submitted to the Chamber of Deputies.

XIII.

The King is, &c. for the just enforcement of the laws, without ever being able to put aside the laws themselves or suspend their execution. No foreign troops shall ever be admitted into the service of the state but by virtue of an especial law.

XIV.

The same, with the exception of the word "departments."

XV.

The proposition of laws belongs to the King, to the Chamber of Peers, and to the Chamber of Deputies. Nevertheless, all taxes ought to be first voted by the Chamber of Deputies.

XVIII.

Every law ought to be freely discussed and voted by the majority of both the Chambers.

XIX.

The Chambers have the right to request the King to propose a law for any object, and to suggest the best mode of framing the law they wish him to propose.

XX.

This demand can be made by either of the Chambers; but, after having passed a special committee, it shall not be forwarded to the other Chamber under the space of ten days.

(*Articles* XIX. *and* XX. *are suppressed in the new charta.*)

XXI.

If a proposition is adopted by the other Chamber, it will be submitted to the King; if it is rejected, it cannot again be brought forward the same session.

XVII.

If the proposition of a law has been rejected by either of the three powers, it cannot be again presented during the same session.

XXII.

The King ratifies and promulgates the laws.

XXIII.

The civil list is fixed for the whole reign by the first legislative sitting that is held after the accession.

XXIV.

The Chamber of Peers is an essential portion of the legislative power.

XXV.

It is convoked by the King conjointly with the Chamber of Deputies. The session of both begins and ends at the same time.

XXVI.

Any sittings of the Chamber of Peers, after the closing of the session of the Chamber of Deputies, or which have not been especially convoked by the King, shall be held null and void.

XXII.

Any sittings, &c., null and void, excepting when assembled on trials, then it can only exercise judicial power.

XXVII.

The creation of Peers of France belongs exclusively to the King. Their number is unlimited; he can make them either for life or hereditary.

XXVIII.

Peers can take their seats in the Chamber at twenty-five years of age, but cannot speak or discuss until thirty years of age.

XXIX.

The Chamber of Peers has for president the Chancellor of France; during his absence a peer appointed by the King.

XXX.

Members and princes of the blood-royal are Peers by right of birth, and rank immediately after the president, but have no voice in the Chamber before the age of twenty-five years.

XXVI.

The princes of the blood are Peers of France by right of birth; they rank immediately after the president.

XXXI.

The princes cannot take their seat in the Chamber but by order of the King, given for each session by a message, under pain of rendering null and void all that may have been passed in their presence.—(*Suppressed.*)

XXXII.

The discussions in the chamber of Peers are secret.

XXVII.

The sittings of the Chamber of Peers are public, like those of the Deputies.

XXXIII.

To the Chamber of Peers belongs the right of prosecution for high treason, or for state-offences, according to law.

XXXIV.

No Peer can be arrested but by order of the Chamber, and be judged by the same in criminal matters.

XXXV.

The Chamber of Deputies to be elected by the electoral colleges, which shall be organised according to the law.

XXXVI.

Each department to have the same number of Deputies that it has had until the present time.—(*Suppressed.*)

XXXVII.

The Deputies to be elected for five years, and in such a manner that the Chamber be reinforced a fifth every year.*

XXXVIII.

No Deputy can take his seat in the Chamber if he is under forty years of age, and if he does not pay direct taxes to the mount of 1000 fr.

XXXIX.

If, nevertheless, there should not be found in the department fifty individuals of the prescribed age and paying direct taxes of 1000 fr. their number may be completed by the next highest taxed below the 1000 francs, and these can be elected with the concurrence of the first.

XL.

Electors have no right to vote for the election of Deputies if they pay less than 300 francs direct taxes, and are under thirty years of age.

XLI.

Presidents of the "Collèges électoraux" to be named by the King, and are by right members of the college.

XXXI.

The Deputies are elected for the space of five years.

XXXII.

No Deputy can take his seat in the Chamber if he is under thirty years of age, and if he does not unite all the other requisitions according to the law.

XXXIII.

If, nevertheless, there should not be found in the department fifty individuals of the prescribed age and eligibility, according to law, their number may be completed by the next highest taxed below them, &c.

XXXIV.

No person is an elector under twenty-five years of age, and uniting all other requisites fixed by the law.

XXXV.

Presidents of the "Collèges électoraux" shall be chosen by the electors.

XLII.

Half at least of the Deputies to be chosen from among the eligibles, who have their political dwelling in the department.

XLIII.

The president of the Chamber of Deputies to be chosen by the King from a list of five members presented by the Chamber.

XXXVII.

The President of the Chamber of Deputies to be elected by the Chamber at the commencement of each session.

* The Chamber sits seven years, unless dissolved by the King,—Law of the 9th of June, 1824.

XLIV.

The sittings of the Chamber shall be public; but the demand of five members suffices to form it into a secret committee.

XLV.

The Chamber divides itself into sections, in order to discuss the propositions made by the King.

XLVI.

No alteration can be made in a law, if such has not been proposed or agreed to by the King, and if it has not been sent to and discussed by the sections.—(*Suppressed.*)

XLVII.

The Chamber of Deputies receives all proposals for taxes; it is not until they have been passed that they can be carried to the Chamber of Peers.—(*Suppressed.*)

XLVIII.

No tax can be imposed or enforced without the consent of both the Chambers and the sanction of the King.

XLIX.

The manorial tax is to be granted only for a year. Indirect taxes can be imposed for several years.

L.

The King convokes the Chambers every year; he prorogues them, and can dissolve the Chamber of Deputies; but in such a case he must call another within the space of three months.

LI.

A member of the Chamber cannot be arrested during the sittings or six weeks before and after the sittings.

LII.

A member of the Chamber cannot be arrested for any criminal offence during the sittings, unless it be of a flagrant nature, and then only with the consent of the Chamber.

LIII.

Any petition to either of the Chambers must be made in and presented in writing; the law forbids any petition being presented personally at the bar of the Chamber.

LIV.

Ministers can be members of either Chamber; they have the right to enter both the Chambers, and be heard when they demand it.

LV.

The Chamber of Deputies has the right to impeach the ministers, and to have them tried by the Chamber of Peers, which alone has the privilege of judging.

LVI.

They can only be impeached for high treason or embezzlement. Special laws are provided for the prosecution of such crimes.—(*Suppressed.*)

(*Articles* LVII. *to* LXII. *of the Old the same as Articles* XLVIII. *to* LII. *in the New Charta.*)

LXIII.

There cannot, consequently, be appointed any commissions and 'tribunaux extraordinaires.' But the naming of the provost's jurisdiction is not included under this denomination—if their re-establishement is deemed necessary.

LIV.

There cannot, in consequence, be appointed any special commissions or special sittings of Courts of Law, under any title or pretence whatever.

(*Articles* LXIV. *to* LXXII. *of the Old the same as Articles* LV. *to* LXIII. *in the New Charta.*)

LXXIII.

The Colonies to be governed by special laws and regulations.

LXXIV.

The King and his successors at their coronation shall swear faithfully to observe the present constitutional charta.

LXV.

The King and his successors on their accession shall swear before the united Chambers to observe faithfully the constitutional Charta.

LXXV.

The Deputies of France, after a dissolution, to retain their seats until they are replaced.—(*Suppressed.*)

LXXVI.

The first renewal of a fifteenth of the Chamber to date not earlier than the year 1816.—(*Suppressed.*)

The following belong to the New Charta only.

LXVI.

The present Charta and its privileges are confided to the patriotism and courage of the national guards, and the citizens of France.

LXVII.

France reassumes her colours, and for the future no other cockade shall be worn than the tri-coloured cockade.

Special Provisions.

LXVIII.

All appointments and creation of Peers made during the reign of Charles X. declared to be null and void.

LXIX.

Separate laws, to be provided for the following objects with as little delay as possible :—

1. Use of Jury to crimes of the press, and political offences.
2. The responsibility of ministers and other agents of power.
3. The re-election of Deputies and public functionaries who receive salaries
4. Annual vote for the contingencies of the army.
5. Organisation of the national guards, with the intervention of the said guards in the choice of their officers.
6. Arrangements which shall establish by law the state of officers of all ranks in the army and the navy.
7. Municipal and provincial institutions founded on an elective system.
8. Public instruction, and liberty to teach.

9. Abolition of the double vote, and fixing conditions as to election and eligibility.

LXX.

All laws and ordonnances contrary to the present reform of the Charta, are declared to be null and void.

Page 256. Mr. T. Dehay, in his list of cities and towns in France (those of the department of the Seine excepted), gives—195 cities and towns possessing public libraries, containing between two to three millions of volumes, which, for a population of 32,000,000 souls, gives a proportion of *one volume to every fifteen inhabitants*. Paris, on the contrary, as I have said, has nine public librairies, containing 1,378,000 volumes, or three volumes to every two inhabitants, the capital containing 774,000 souls.

The number of works published in 1833, may be thus divided !

Poems, songs, incidental pieces, and irregular verse, 275.—Science, medicine, law, natural history in all its varieties, political economy, 532.—Novels, tales, translated novels, fabulous legends and traditions, works of imagination, 355.—History, facts, private and local narratives, disputations, sketches of history, 213.—Philosophy, metaphysics, morals, theories, 102.—Fine arts, travels and voyages, 170.—Devotion, theology, mystical history, 235.—Theatre: pieces in verse and prose, performed or not performed, 179.—Foreign works, 604; Greek, Latin, &c.—Lastly, pamphlets, libels, prospectuses, legal claims, pleadings, speeches, flights of fancy, unstamped publications, 4346.—Total number of works published, 7011.

There are in Paris seventy-six newspapers and periodicals connected with literature; and in this number are not included the manuals published by the different professions.

LIST OF THE VARIOUS LITERARY ESTABLISHMENTS IN PARIS HAVING FOR THEIR OBJECT THE DIFFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE OF SEVERAL KINDS AMONGST THE DIFFERENT CLASSES OF SOCIETY.

Bibliothèques.—Royale; de l'Arsenal; Mazarine; Sainte-Geneviève; de la Ville de Paris; de l'Institut; de l'Ecole de Médecine; du Jardin; de l'Université.

Muséum, d'Histoire naturelle; Jardin des plantes; Composition des Tableaux et Dessins; au Louvre pour les auteurs décédés; au Luxembourg pour les auteurs vivans.

Musées, des Antiques; de l'Artillerie; Cours d'Archéologie; Conservatoire de Musique; Société des Amis des Arts.

Ecoles, des langues Orientales vivantes, annexée au Collége par Louis-le-Grand; des Chartes; Polytechnique; Militaire; spéciale de Pharmacie; des Longitudes; de Théologie; de Droit; de Médecine; des Sciences et des Lettres; Normale (for the instruction of professors); des Mines; des Ponts et Chaussées; de Peinture; de Dessin; d'Architecture; de Natation; d'Equitation; trois spéciales du Commerce; centrale des Arts et Manufactures; de Commerce et des Arts industriels; Académie Royale de Médecine.

Colléges.—Britannique, Irlandais, Ecossais et Anglais (founded in Paris for young Catholics of the three kingdoms, who wish to be educated in France); de France; Bourbon, 700 in-door pupils; Charlemagne, 8 to 900 out-door pupils; Henry IV., 772 in and out-door pupils; Louis-le-Grand, 924 in and out-door pupils; Saint-Louis, in and out-door pupils; 750 de l'Industrie; Stanislas et Rollin, 550 in-door pupils (both of these are private); Concours d'Aggrégation (no one can be appointed a Professor to any Royal College without having first obtained the title of "Aggrégé" at the Concours); Cours Normal.

Sociétés.—Universelle de la Civilisation; libre des Beaux-Arts; Géologique de France; Nationale pour l'Emancipation intellectuelle; des Sciences Physiques, Chimiques et Arts; Agricole et Industrielle; de Médecine pratique; de Médecine de Paris; de Pharmacie; de Géographie; pour l'Instruction élémentaire, Grammaticale; des Bons Livres; de Statistique Universelle; de la Morale Chrétienne; Médico-philanthropique; Médicale d'Emulation; de Chimie Médicale; d'Encouragement pour l'Industrie Nationale; des Antiquaires de France; Phrénologique; Athénée des Arts; de Médecine de Paris; l'Athénée; Conservatoire des Arts et des Métiers; Exposition des Produits de l'Industrie; Association libre pour l'Education du Peuple.

THE END.

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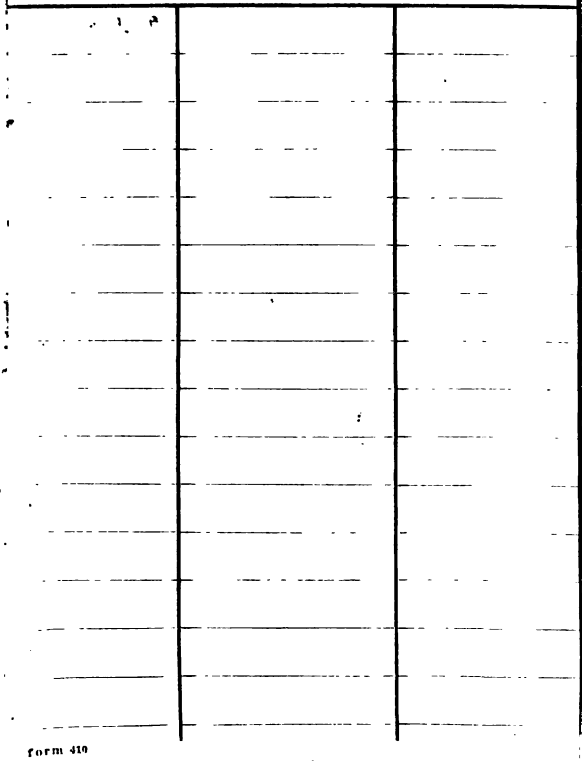

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